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TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE.
Produced by G. H. H. H.

THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1844.

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EDITED BY JOHN HOLMES AGNEW.  
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PUBLISHED BY LEAVITT, TROW, & CO.,

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1844.

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THE
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AUGUST, 1844.

TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE.

From Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

ACT II. SCENE IV. A HALL IN BLACKFRIARS.
—King Henry, Queen Katherine, the two cardinals Wolsey and Campeius, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph, Lords, Priests, Officers of the Court, &c.

* * * Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will when you are humble; nay,
before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Hath blown this coal between my lord and me,—

Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. * * * * I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking.
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your words
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge: and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it, 'tis not well.—
She's going away!

King H. Call her again.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE BRETONS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Barzas-Breiz. *Chants Populaires de la Bretagne, recueillis et publiés, avec une Traduction Française, des Eclaircissements, des Notes, et les Mélodies originales.* (Popular Songs of Brittany, &c.) Par M. de la Villemarqué. 2 tom. Paris. 1839.

In a recent article on the habits and superstitions of the Bretons,* we prepared

* The Sept. No. 1843, of Ec. M.

AUGUST, 1844. 28

our readers for the subject upon which we now propose to enter. In that article we depicted the social and moral characteristics of the Bretons; their 'way of life,' primitive, antique, and uniform, presenting in the midst of the refinements and transitions of modern civilization, a sort of petrified specimen of the middle ages; their religious enthusiasm, their aboriginal hospitality, and their superstition. An inquiry into the Popular Poetry of the Bretons will form a proper pendant to that picture. The poetry that exists familiarly amongst a

people, giving a voice to their domestic affections and national usages, is generally the safest, as it is always the most confidential, exponent of their history and character.

It would carry us out of the line which, for the sake of clearness, we have prescribed to ourselves in this paper, were we to venture at large into the general subject of Breton poetry. It will be as much as we can now accomplish to lay before the reader a complete view of the ballad poetry of Brittany; which, however, like ballad poetry in general, amongst races who continue to preserve their early simplicity, embraces in its various forms nearly every aspect of their poetical genius. By this strict limitation of our design, we escape the half-historical problems which lie on the borders of the old Breton romances, and reserve for future and separate consideration the longer, but intrinsically less interesting poems of a still earlier age, and which, in fact exercise very little present influence over the tastes or feelings of the people. It is more true of the Bretons, perhaps, than of any other distinct race in Europe, that their ballad poetry—comprising the songs of every class, serious and humorous, religious, festive, and mournful—presents a perfect epitome of their whole literature. Indeed the Bretons possess no other living literature. All the rest is ancient and traditional, while this alone goes on receiving occasional accessions, but without undergoing the slightest modification in style or spirit.

Before we touch upon the collection of ballads, to which in the volumes of M. Villemarqué, we shall presently refer in detail, it will be desirable to say a few words about the popular poetry of the Bretons generally, by way of introduction to the examples we shall adopt from his pages.

When Brittany was united to France, she lost much of her peculiar physiognomy by the change. With her independence went something of her individuality as a separate people; and, although, to this hour, Brittany is so essentially different from the rest of France, that the moment the traveller crosses the bridge of Pontorson, which separates Brittany from Normandy, he becomes as conscious of a new race as if he had passed into a new atmosphere, yet the Bretons themselves are sensible of the influence of altered institutions, increased intercourse outwards, and the rush of a strange moving population, with

unfamiliar costumes and ever-shifting fashions, through the very core of their territory. This influence has not been without its visible effect upon the people in the immediate neighborhood of the great highways; while in the remote interior very little external modification of the primitive manners can be detected, notwithstanding that some movement of decay or progress must have set in every where over the country.

But whatever changes may take place, or may possibly be fermenting in a nation, its poetry is always the last to forsake the soil. It even lingers long after the sources of its inspiration have perished, long after its allusions have ceased to be understood, or its peculiar forms preserved; and when it is no longer a living principle, it continues to haunt the old place in the shape of a tradition. Thus it was, and is, with the poetry of Brittany. The higher classes had abandoned their nationality, sold it, bartered it for places or for honors, for they are always the first to be reached or corrupted by foreign influences:—the poor cherished their nationality still. With their old national rights and usages the rich gave up also their old poetry. What business had they with a Muse who could only remind them of the associations they had relinquished, of the reverend customs and traditional faith they had renounced? Turned out of doors at the chateaux, like an acquaintance of former days who had all of a sudden gone out of fashion, or out at elbows, and of whom people of rank and station had grown ashamed, this discarded Muse knocked at the doors of the cabins, and was received with joy and enthusiasm. There she has lingered ever since, lovingly protected in the hearts of the peasantry, the companion of their solitary thoughts, and the intimate participator in their woes and pleasures.

Surviving thus, however, in the domestic affections of the people, it still became necessary to change something of her habits or style. She was still the same Muse as ever, faithful to her nationality, but she was now placed in a new state of society, and surrounded by new forms and new classes of men. She had no longer to speak to chevaliers about the historical glories of their houses, the prowess of their ancestors, their loves, their feats of arms,—or to fine ladies about their vows or their beauty—but to the common people, in a common language they could universally understand. Instead of being the muse of

princesses and knights in arms, this poor fallen Muse of Brittany was compelled to be satisfied with being simply the Muse of men and women; she was obliged to lay aside her fine spangled court suit, and to go work in a blouse with real nature. It is needless to say how much she gained by her fall, by the loss of all that fictitious splendor in which she was wont to bask, how much more natural and truthful she became, how much healthier and sounder, how much more vigorous and elastic. Hence all the Breton poems that have descended from that period, are distinguished by their freedom from artifice, their naked truth, and bold simplicity. Here and there a few traces of the old *lais* may be detected—just as a broken light may seem to linger on the summits of hills long after the sun is actually set—but their traces are nothing more than reminiscences of the antique spirit breathed unconsciously into the comparatively modern verse.

The ballads which grew up under those circumstances, and which, consequently, do not date farther back than the close of the fifteenth century, still survive amongst the people in all their early purity, and in such numbers, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to form any thing like an estimate of their extent. They exhibit great propriety of diction, perfect regularity in the stanza, and a metrical elegance that could scarcely have been expected from such sources. Those which are written in the Celtic language (and which, of course, refer to a very ancient period) are almost invariably found in association with some well-known national air; the music in such cases forming so completely an integral part, or original element, so to speak, of the composition, that it is never to be traced in a separate state of existence from the words, nor could the words be recovered by the singer except by the help of the music. These pieces are always sung throughout, from the commencement to the end, which frequently involves a very laborious operation, as they are sometimes of a most extravagant length. Souvestre confidently asserts that, in some cases, a man could not finish one of these songs in a day. The only circumstance which can possibly entitle such productions as these to the name and functions of song is the shape, musical and metrical, in which they are written.

Of the more modern ballads, the great majority are composed without much system, and sung, as birds sing, out of a kind of

impulse, with a remarkably melodious instinct, but, at the same time, an entire independence of all rules. The singer is, in most cases, the composer; generally a young candidate for the priesthood, under the influence of a love-melancholy,—a village schoolmaster, taking advantage of his superior attainments to astonish the natives—some forlorn, dreamy country youth, inspired by the wild and desolate scenery amidst which he is bred up—or, as very frequently happens, a poor sailor, who superadds to his land-crosses the hazy superstitions of the sea. It is a remarkable feature in these songs, that the last stanza usually announces the name and profession of the singer or composer, with such family particulars as he may consider desirable for general circulation. The simplicity of all this is abundantly apparent.

The best way to judge of these quaint old ballads, is to listen to one of them on a still summer evening, as they are sung with responses from rock to rock, in the presence of old Druidical ruins, and feudal monuments massed into deep shadow, and recalling to mind, by their dark and broken outlines, their cumbrous forms and dismal grandeur, the modes of the antique life to which they refer. It is like a dream, conjured up in the imagination out of Ossian.

Metre and rhyme form the basis of Breton prosody. The songs are written generally in distiches or quatrains of equal measure: indeed, the uniformity of the measure is very striking. The most popular form is that of couplets, consisting of seven-syllabled lines; but sometimes the lines consist of six, and sometimes of eight or nine syllables; occasionally extending even to twelve, thirteen, and fifteen. The cesura is observed with as much distinctness in these Breton lyrics as in legitimate French verse, with which they are in some instances identical in this particular. In lines of twelve syllables, the cesura falls on the sixth—in those of fifteen, on the eighth. There is another peculiarity worth noticing in these poems—that every stanza, line, and even hemistich, is perfect in itself, so far as the sense is concerned, very rarely trespassing, for the completion of its meaning, upon the stanza, line, or hemistich, which follows. The object of this scrupulous exactitude in the structure of this species of poetry, seems to be the attainment of such an accurate balance of sound and sense, as may be most easily seized upon by the ear and committed to memory. Every incident

that enters into the formation of the Breton songs, favors the final purpose of the composers; and it is, no doubt, with an especial view to this end, that the rhymes are invariably consecutive, there not being, we believe, a single instance—at least M. Villemarqué, who is an unexceptionable authority, never met with one—in which the rhymes are alternate, or, to use the French expression, in which they cross each other.

Amongst some of the ancient ballads there are other peculiarities, which seem to have been engrafted upon them, such as alliterations in the body of the verse, and the employment of tercets, instead of couplets and quatrains, artificial forms which are certainly irreconcilable with the simple character of popular poetry. These strange introductions are of rare occurrence, and would be scarcely worth noting, if they did not indicate something like a correspondence with other literatures, which might, possibly, afford the historical student some help in his arduous investigation into the chronology of these compositions.

But investigations of this kind are not now likely to be attended with very satisfactory results. One writer asserts that the Bretons have had a regular literature, containing three distinct species of popular poetry, the historical, the amatory, and the religious, since the sixth century:—this is M. Villemarqué. Another says that, with the exception of some of the religious pieces, which he throws back as far as the third century, the great bulk of the poetry is not more than from two to four hundred years old:—this is M. Souvestre. Both these gentlemen are Bretons; both have mixed largely with the people, are familiar with their habits, dialects, and literature: and both are credible witnesses. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The method of investigation is by no means determined in questions of this nature. Every historical antiquary thinks he has laid down an infallible mode of testing the age of literary productions; yet when we come to compare the results of these infallible standards, we find them totally irreconcilable with each other. Now, as it is quite clear that only one can be right, it is equally certain that all the rest must be wrong. But the difficulty is to know, not which are those that are wrong, but which is the one that is right. M. Villemarqué's mode of proceeding is excellent, as far as it goes. The objection to it is,

that it is applicable only in special cases. Like certain poison tests, it will detect the presence of the element it seeks, if the element be there; but if it be not, the test is useless. He founds his method of investigation into the age of popular poems upon his own definition of the character and attributes of popular poetry. The principle of this poetry, he thinks, is the soul, unsophisticated in its good faith and native candor: destitute of the resources of knowledge, and stimulated by an instinctive want to confide to some traditional monument the records of contemporaneous events, of religious dogmas, or the adventures of heroes. If this definition be correct (and we have no desire to say any thing against it, except that it is *very* French), then it follows that popular poetry in general must be contemporaneous with the facts, or the sentiment, or the tradition of religious belief of which it is the organ; and that, consequently, the date of such compositions may be determined by the age to which their allusions apply. There is no gainsaying this. The same rule may be addressed with equal propriety to every work of art, in which any such allusions can be traced. But what is to be done where there are no such allusions? M. Villemarqué's method is evidently unavailable in such cases. It is fortunate, however, that the Breton poetry contains numerous local and historical references, by the aid of which the industrious antiquary is enabled to speculate with some confidence on the age of the composition. In some instances the date is actually fixed by the poet himself in that declaratory stanza, in which he confides the secret of his birth, parentage, education, and calling, to his intimate friend, the reader. Satisfied, then, that M. Villemarqué has applied to the Breton poetry a test peculiarly applicable to a large portion of it, and convinced, moreover, that he is ably qualified in all other respects for his task, we are disposed to accept his estimate of the antiquity of some of these ballads in preference to that of M. Souvestre.

It is hardly necessary to observe, however, that the age of each song is determined by its own internal evidences; and that all we can here be considered to concede or admit is, that M. Villemarqué makes out a good case for the existence of this class of poetry, in its different forms, thirteen centuries ago. We have never, ourselves, had any doubt whatever upon that point—independently of the proofs

of it we find scattered through the works of native writers; but how much of this ancient literature has been preserved in its original purity, how far it has been interpolated and tricked out in its progress down the stream of time, and to what extent the existing traditional ballads, in which no direct vouchers of antiquity can be traced, may be taken upon trust, or by analogy, are questions with which we must not, at present, venture to meddle.

To a people like the Bretons, lyrical poetry must at all times have been an absolute necessary of life. How could such a people—ignorant of art, utterly unrefined, living in a state of the rudest simplicity, and cowering down under the shadows of the darkest superstitions—how could such a people, in the absence of all other means of giving a current language to their sympathies and wants, exist without a locomotive poetry? To such a people, the song is as essential as the crop of buckwheat; it sustains their spiritual vitality just as their animal vitality is nourished by their black bread—and they could almost as easily dispense with one as the other. The Breton of to-day is, in this matter of song-necessity, much the same man he was at the earliest date of his musical budget. There are somewhere about 1,200,000 of this singing, buckwheat cultivating race, thinly dispersed over the face of the province once known as Brittany (earlier still as Armorica), but better known to the mere traveller, *en route*, by the departmental names of the Côtes du Nord, Finistère, Ile et Vilaine, Loire Inferieure, and Morbihan. Of this 1,200,000 people, it is tolerably certain that, with a very insignificant exception, there is scarcely one who knows how to read or write. Throughout all Christendom, at this hour, there is not another race, we suspect, so entirely dependent upon traditional lore for such intellectual pleasure as they are able to obtain. To them the popular ballad is every thing—it represents the consolations of religion, the delights of the fête, the communication of the affections: it carries love messages from commune to commune; it warns, exhorts, and rewards; it even supersedes the laws themselves, than which, amongst this primitive people, it is ten thousand times stronger.

Here, then, are 1,200,000 living and thinking beings, speaking no language but the old, uncouth Breton tongue, wholly uneducated, having no other cultivation than the oral instruction they receive from

their clergy, and no other wealth than their legends and their lyrics; and who are unavoidably thrown upon the singers for all the leisurely mental pleasure within their reach. It is not surprising, therefore, that this class of persons—the wandering singers—should occupy at this day in Brittany a position really as important, although, in this altered age of the world, not so formal and imposing, as that which, in the elder times, was held by the bards. These singers, or poets, for they are generally both, discharge for the Breton population the complicated offices of historian, novelist, story-teller, poet, and singer. This very circumstance stamps upon their productions the fresh and immediate impress of popular feeling. He who lives to please, must please to live. The travelling rhymer selects for his theme such subjects of recent or fugitive interest as happen to be familiar to every body. The multitude, in fact, indicate to him the subject he is to illuminate with his happy genius: it is to their tastes, their instincts, their passions, he must address himself—he expresses their ideas, translates their opinions, identifies himself completely with them throughout. This condition of adaptation to surrounding circumstances is imperative, and not to be trifled with. He must please the people at any price—it is a question of life and death with him. If he select a topic remote from the manners, or epoch, or tastes of the people, he may as well sing to the mountain torrents. He will not have a single listener, instead of undergoing a greater squeeze than one may find any night in the season in the crush-room of the Opera. He must either write for the people, or not write at all. His audiences are not only critical in their tastes, but inexorable in their decisions. Hence all really popular songs are destined to a long existence, because they are born under circumstances peculiarly favorable to traditional preservation, having their roots literally laid in the popular mind and affections. They are very appropriately compared by M. Villemarqué to those delicate plants, which are crowned with flowers only when they have been sown in ground previously prepared for them.

We adverted, in a former article already mentioned, to the rather curious custom in Brittany, by which this art of popular song is universally identified with particular classes of the population—almost with particular crafts, only that the pleasant rogues who profit by this identification, seem to

profess certain crafts without practising them. Thus the tailors and millers, *par excellence*, the collectors of old rags, and the beggars are generally recognized as the authors of the current ballads, although in many instances it is not unlikely that they are only the singers and retailers of them. Notwithstanding, however, their nominal classification, these poetical vagrants all lead the same sort of wandering life, making the tour of the whole country, visiting cities, towns, and villages, calling at manors and farm-houses, resting alike with the poor and the rich, attending at all the fairs and markets and festivals, collecting news and gossip which they put into doggrel, and sing as they go along from place to place; and this song, thus composed, and thus cast like seed upon the winds, is carried on the wings of the jingling *refrain* from one end of Brittany to the other. The beggars appear to confine their humbler labors to the accumulation and repetition of these songs, for there is no evidence that they ever ascend to the loftier ambition of composing rhymes of their own. Yet, humble as their ministry of poetical delight undoubtedly is, they are regarded with universal honor and affection. Villemarqué tells us that the most *naïve* and tender expressions are habitually lavished upon them; such as '*bons pauvres*,' '*chers pauvres*,' '*pauvrets*,' '*pauvres chéris*,' or simply '*chéris*;' and sometimes a more elaborate phrase, which we may venture to put into English, 'friends or brothers of the good God.' They are always sure of an asylum wherever they go—at the largest mansion on the hill side, or the pettiest cabin buried in the wintry depths of the pine wood. When their well-known voice of prayer and entreaty is heard at the door, or their approach is announced by the bark of their dog—for they are frequently blind, and come guided in this way—the inmates run out, and bring the venerable man into the house, relieve him of his stick and wallet, and, placing him snugly in the chimney nook, set before him the best repast they can afford. When he has appeased his hunger and had a little rest, he repays all their kind offices by long gossiping stories and snatches of the last new songs. Looking closely into the working of this system, as a thing of every day and every hour occurrence in Brittany, and as occupying a conspicuous space in the social life of the people, it cannot fail to be regarded as a

singularly expressive and deeply interesting trait in the national manners.

But it must not be supposed that these vagrant rhymers engross the whole field to themselves, and that there are no real ambulant poets to be found in this weird land of modern antiquity. On the contrary, there is a distinct class of poets who are always on the tramp, who are emphatically called the *barz*, and upon whom, in short, the mantle of the bardic order has distinctly fallen. As far as the changed habits of the country will permit, these ambulant poets perform precisely the same offices as their ancient namesakes, going about in like manner to ceremonies and public festivals, and recording the loves and misfortunes, heroic deeds, sacrifices, and penances of their contemporaries in suitable bursts of wild lyrical verse. Like the bards of old, also, they sometimes relieve their rather monotonous voices by striking a rude instrument of three cords, called a *rebek*, with a sort of fiddlestick, or bow. This instrument is said to be exactly the same as one which was in use in the sixth century. Indeed, the resemblance between the *barz* and the bard is so strong in every essential point, that a sketch which M. Villemarqué gives of their position to-day might, with the greatest propriety, and without altering a single word, be inserted bodily into the history of the bards who flourished in Wales or in Ireland some twelve or thirteen centuries past. "In fine," he says, "like the ancient bards domesticated amongst the Welsh, they are the ornament of all the popular fêtes; they sit and sing at the table of the farmers; they figure in the marriages of the people; they give away the future bride in virtue of their art, according to immemorial usage, and that even before the religious ceremony has taken place; the priest seems to be only the consecrator of the nuptial benediction which the bard has already bestowed. They have their share, also, in the marriage gifts. They enjoy unlimited liberty of speech, and great moral authority; they are beloved, sought after, and honored, almost as much as were their predecessors, whom, in a less elevated sphere, they so nearly resemble." And this, too, in the nineteenth century, amongst a people embraced in the girdle of the most artificial and inconstant nation in Europe, and occupying a territory within a few hours' sail of the shores of England!

The consequence of all this is the pre-

dominance of song, as a great social agent, over all other means of inter-communication amongst the Bretons. Like all primitive people, they are enthusiastically fond of music. With them it is the language of the passions, and the whole of their literature is, more or less, under the influence of this musical spirit. Songs perform for them all the functions of the journal and the telegraph; and passing from hill to hill, from valley to valley, they diffuse intelligence with incredible rapidity. Innumerable instances might be related in illustration of the extraordinary sway they exercise over the minds of the population, on matters in which the decrees of the established authorities produce no effect whatever. A case of this kind occurred when the cholera was raging throughout Brittany. Official instructions how to deal with the dreadful malady were industriously distributed in the shape of circulars, and affixed in all directions on the doors of churches and cemeteries, but in vain. The peasant passed on with his hat slouched over his eyes, paying no more attention to the official warning than if it were a notice to the gendarmerie of the *arrondissement*. In the meanwhile, the plague ravaged the country side, the peasantry taking no heed to prevent its approaches, or to subdue it when it came. At last a travelling poet bethought him of putting the official instructions into the shape of a song. In one week, the ballad might be heard in every farm, hamlet, and town, chanted to one of the well-known national airs. The best of it was, that the foolish *prefet*, feeling the dignity of his office insulted, refused to circulate the song by means of the communal mayors, because it was not signed by a physician. The public health was, therefore, confided to the mendicants, who hawked the death-sickness from village to village, while the *prefet* continued to write his circulars. In the same way, the vice of drunkenness, common to the whole Celtic stock, and to which the Breton, habitually sober, abandons himself on his fête days, has been sensibly diminished in a particular canton by a ballad, wherein the poet confesses himself to have been once addicted to that habit, the evil effects of which he energetically points out, exhorting the people to follow his example, and abjure the destructive indulgence. The Breton song is, in short, the condensed expression of public opinion. Where the law fails in its office, the song supplies the

penalty; where the law exceeds the strict measure of justice, the song is at hand with its compensation. It not only expresses public opinion, but frequently creates it.

Let us now glance at the divisions into which the lyrical poetry of the Bretons may be properly distributed. In this arrangement we shall not follow the order of M. Villemarqué, who satisfies himself with the simpler, but less distinctive divisions of historical, amatory, and religious.

There are four classes sufficiently distinguished from each other by style and subject to demand separate enumeration. These are, 1, Canticles; 2, Guerz; 3, Sones; and 4, Chansons, as the miscellaneous popular songs may be called for distinction. We will give a brief description of each.

1. The Canticle is an exceedingly popular form of song. It relates exclusively to heaven and hell—rewards and punishments—sin and expiation—the hope of pardon and the fear of condemnation. These Canticles are always written by the priests. They present a curious combination of the more ecstatic and spiritual elements of the hymn and the love-song, and a strange mixture of the ballad and the legend. Without wholly losing the dramatic feeling of the ballad, they are more grave in manner, and more imposing in structure. The narrative predominates over the action, and from the constant presence of the poet, moralizing and reasoning in the verse, they acquire something of a clerical and didactic character, while they still retain for the populace all the fascinations of music and saintly story.

2. The Guerz might be correctly described as the historical ballads of the Bretons, were it not that they also include in their wide range, other and different, although not dissimilar, subjects. Some of them are the oldest of all the poems extant in the lyrical form in Brittany. Even M. Souvestre thinks that a few of them may be traced to the third century. Many belong to the sixteenth century, but the great bulk of them are scarcely more than two hundred years old. These Armorican Guerz are of various kinds, and relate legends of saints and old chronicles; stories of apparitions and miracles; the *fabliaux* of the middle ages, which are quaintly called the *guerz plaisant*; and historical events. They offer no material contrast to the old ballads of most other countries, ex-

cept in that remarkable regularity of form, which imparts, indeed, to all these productions so peculiar a character.

3. The *sones* are unquestionably the most interesting and extraordinary of all the popular shapes into which the minstrelsy of the Bretons throws itself. They are lyrical dirges generally composed by the young candidates for the priesthood, in which the writers confess their human weaknesses, the disappointments of the heart they have met, and the final dismissal from their thoughts of the women who used to haunt and torture their souls. In fact, these pieces are their leave-takings of society, and are frequently inspired with a charming simplicity, and full of touching poetical images. They form a sort of eternal and continuous memory of cloistered love, to which each abbé adds his page before he breaks for ever with the world.

The young ecclesiastical students who compose these *sones* are called in the Breton *kloers* or *clercs*—corresponding exactly with the *kler* of the Welch. In order to enter truly into the spirit of such compositions, it is necessary that we should bring before us the peculiar circumstances of the authors, and the influences, often painful and conflicting, which surround them, and which constantly communicates so tristful a spirit to their poetical legacies. They belong for the most part to the class of the peasantry or of the small tradespeople of the cities and villages; and come up in bands from the remotest parts of the country to the episcopal towns, where they enter upon their studies. The appearance of these uncouth youths is singularly striking in the streets of the, comparatively, civilized cities, with their strange costume, long hair, and unfamiliar dialects. The majority of them are not less than from eighteen to twenty years of age. They live together in the faubourgs; the same garret (says Villemarque, who drew the picture from personal observation) serves them for bedroom, kitchen, dining-room, and study. It is a very different sort of existence from that to which they had been accustomed in the open fields! A complete revolution has taken place in them; and in proportion as their bodies grow enervated and their hands white, their intelligence becomes developed, and their imagination takes new liberties with life. At last, summer and the holidays come, and they return to their villages: it is the season of fêtes and pleasures, 'when the flowers open with the

hearts of the young!' Seldom does the poor *kloer* go back to the city without carrying with him the germ of a first passion. Then the storm rises in his soul, and the struggle begins to take place between love and religion. Every thing contributes to heighten the rebellious feeling—the contrast between present servitude and the freedom of the woods—his isolation—his regrets—the *mal du pays*. Sometimes love triumphs, and then the scholar throws his books into the fire, swears against the city and the college, renounces the ecclesiastical state for ever, and returns to his village. But more frequently the church secures the victory; in which case the misery of the young priest finds a congenial vent in poetry; the muse becomes the confidant of his tears and his memories; and he pours into the melancholy *sone* the story of his sacrifice. The intimate sincerity of these elegies gives them the attraction of truth; and the fresh and incipient scholarship of their authors inspires them with something of a refined and finished air. Sometimes, indeed, they rise into classical grandeur, and the tenderness of the young priest becomes oppressed under the weight of the whole Roman mythology.

It is a curious trait in the popular history of the Bretons, showing how closely their religious sentiments are identified with the lives of the priesthood, that these *sones* are the universal love elegies of the country. There is not a village, nor a farm-house that has not its *sone*, the work of a friend or a relative, transmitted by tradition from generation to generation. It is the romance of Bretagne—the passionate inspiration of her poets—the literature of the youth of the country.

4. The peculiarity of the *chansons* consists principally in this, that, unlike French songs in general, they are rarely of a lively turn. Their mirth, when there is any, is heavy and cumbrous. In this, however, they only reflect the humor of the people, who are, constitutionally, too grave for the sparkling points and trivial pleasantries of the vaudeville—which, by the way, oddly enough, had its origin in the neighboring province of Normandy. Even in their most exciting compositions, there is always a piece of seriousness lurking at the bottom, and dragging down the sluggish merriment. The Bretons, like other people, have their varieties of temperament, but they are never gay, *sans y songer*, as we see other Frenchmen. When they laugh they must know

the reason why. They have had their popular chansons for at least three hundred years, yet it would puzzle a conjuror to find a verbal joke, or a flash of heedless vivacity of any kind in any one of them. The fact is there is no such thing. They do condescend sometimes, however, to be merry after their own fashion; but it is a fashion not very likely to find favor elsewhere, nor is it always intelligible out of the immediate district to which it especially applies. This merriment, if it may be called so, consists in quaint philosophical quibbles, broad jokes, often of the coarsest kind, adroitly addressed to the actual mode of living and direct experiences of the people, and allusions that are sure to *tell* amongst the hearers, although, lacking the universality of wit, they are little else than conundrums to every body else. It is doubtful whether the Bretons could give expression to more aerial pleasantries, even if they had them in their songs. Their style of delivery is heavy and solemn; they are too grave and ponderous for the light and rapid passages of the ordinary French chanson.

Such are the principal characteristics of the popular poetry of the Bretons. From this general introductory view, the reader will be better prepared for a few selections from the volumes of M. Villemarqué, which we shall now introduce without further commentary.

Perhaps we ought to explain to the English reader the meaning of the title adopted by M. Villemarqué. Barzas-Breiz is pure Breton, and may be rendered into a 'Poetical History of Bretagne.' Now the work is certainly not a poetical history of Brittany, and the title is therefore a misnomer. But it contains a valuable collection of Breton popular lyrical poems, and may be accepted as something better than a history. Well-selected specimens of a national literature, with such judicious notes as our author has industriously supplied, will be found more acceptable to most readers, as they are unquestionably more curious and instructive, than an elaborate historical disquisition on speculative questions, frequently founded in error, and generally ending in smoke.

This collection had its origin upwards of thirty years ago, and has been accumulating ever since. M. Villemarqué's mother had her attention drawn to the subject by a poor mendicant singer who had received some kindnesses from her, and who desired to express her gratitude in a song. Mad-

ame Villemarqué was so struck by the beauty of the poetry, that she cultivated a closer acquaintance with these wild lyrics; the collection rapidly increased, but she died in the midst of her labors. Thus this anthology was born. M. Villemarqué succeeded to the treasures and the enthusiasm of his mother, and embarked in the design with a larger ambition and greater means of execution. For many years he traversed every corner of Brittany, entered thoroughly into the pastimes and re-unions of the people—their fêtes, religious and festive, *pardons*, fairs, and wakes:—the bards, beggars, millers, laborers, were his most active *collaborateurs*; and he frequently consulted with advantage old women, nurses, and young girls; even the children, in their plays, sometimes revealed information unconsciously to him; and he adds the curious fact, already referred to, that while the degrees of intelligence varied amongst his informants, he confidently affirms *that not one of them knew how to read*.

The quantity of ballads he thus gathered was immense. He obtained enough of matter to fill twenty volumes—all oral traditions of the country, collected from the lips of the peasantry. From this vast mass he has made the selection which occupies the two volumes before us—a selection distinguished by excellent judgment and good taste. A glance at a few of the more remarkable will convey a tolerably correct notion of the predominant features of the whole.

There are four distinct dialects in Brittany—the dialects of Treguiér, Leon, Cornouaille, and Vannes. The songs are all composed in one or other of these dialects (some of which have close affinities), and are given by M. Villemarqué on one page in their original words, and on the opposite page in modern French. Here is a specimen from the dialect of Leon. The piece, of which these are the opening lines, is called 'Ann Eostik,' 'Le Rossignol,' or the nightingale:

Ar greg iaouank a Zant-Malo,
Toull hé fenestr deac'h o wélo:
—Sioaz! sioaz! me-d-ounn falllet!
Ma éostik paour a zo lazet!

La jeune épouse de Saint-Malo pleurait hier
à sa fenêtre:

—Helas! hélas! je suis perdue! mon pauvre
rossignol est tué!

This specimen will be enough to show the essential difference between these dialects and modern French; a difference which

will be found to be much greater in other cases. The extraordinary metrical precision of the original is, also, worthy of observation. We have not found an instance throughout the whole work in which these songs violate this structural regularity.

As might be expected, Merlin, the famous enchanter, is celebrated among these songs; but he does not make a very conspicuous figure after all, and is by no means so distinguished a personage in Armorica as he is in Wales. It has been remarked by a German critic* as rather a suspicious circumstance, calculated to throw a doubt upon the antiquity of the Round Table legends, that Arthur and his companions are nowhere alluded to in the Breton popular poems. This is a mistake, and we may, probably, avail ourselves of another opportunity to discuss the question involved in the doubt of the German critic. But we may observe, *en passant*, that the inference he draws from his assumed fact,—namely, that the Round Table must therefore be a fiction of the middle ages,—is curiously fallacious, seeing that most of these very poems are themselves of a still later date.

Merlin does not seem to have much credit as a sorcerer in Brittany; but to be remembered rather as a sage and a bard, with a sort of vague reverence, hinting rather than avowing a faith in his superhumanity. There were, in fact, two Merlins, and the Breton traditions seemed to have confounded them, so that it is not very easy to distinguish which of them is intended to be embalmed in the ballads. One of them lived about the tenth century, and was the son of a vestal and a Roman consul, and became distinguished as one of the greatest soothsayers of his time; the other, who lived in the sixth century, had the misfortune to kill his nephew in battle, lost his reason in consequence, and buried himself for the rest of his life in a wood, passing in history under the name of Merlin the Savage. The Welsh possess fragments of the poetry of Merlin, but the Bretons know him only by the ballads in which he is commemorated, and these are not numerous. M. Villemarqué gives us two. From one of them called 'Merlin the Bard,' we will give one or two passages, rendered into the metres of the original with as much verbal fidelity as the different genius of the language will admit. The poem opens with an appeal from a

young man to his mother, to let him visit a fête about to be given by the king:

"Oh! listen, mother dear! to me—
The fête I long to go and see:

"The fête, and then the races new,—
By grace of our good sovereign too."

"—Now neither to the raree show,
Nor to the races shall you go.

"You shall not see the foolish sight,
For you have wept the live-long night.

"You shall not go—I have my fears;
Why, even your dreams were full of tears!"

"Nay, mother, if you love me, hear—
Ah! let me go, sweet mother dear!"

"—You'll go with songs of merry strain—
But tears will bring you back again!"

The youth springs on his red filley, and flies off to the festival. The horn sounds just as he arrives at the field, and the herald announces, that whoever clears the barrier at a single leap, shall have the daughter of the king in marriage. Of course the red filley performs this feat to admiration, and the youth claims his bride. The king is indignant, thinking that a filley could not make such a leap except by sorcery; but his royal word is pledged, and so, throwing what he believes an insurmountable difficulty in the way, he tells the youth that he shall have the princess if he will bring him the harp of Merlin, which is suspended over the head of the bard's bed by four chains of fine gold. The love-stricken boy goes back to his mother in despair.

"Dear mother, if you love me, speak,
For my poor heart is nigh to break!"

"If thou hadst bent thee to my will,
Your heart would be untroubled still.

"But weep not, my poor child, behold
This hammer—'tis of molten gold—

"Its blow is dumb—no living ear
Its noiseless stroke shall ever hear!"

Armed with this hammer he succeeds in obtaining the harp, and returns in triumph to the court. But the king is not satisfied yet. He requires also the ring which Merlin wears on his right hand. It will be remembered that the heart and ring were the emblems of the bards of old, the harp being the gift of the king, and the ring that of the queen. This still more difficult task the old lady enables the youth to accomplish, with the help of a palm branch with twelve leaves, which she declares she had been seven nights to seek in seven woods, in seven years. At the crowing of the cock at midnight, the bold feat is accomplished, and the youth goes back again to

* 'Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur,' 1843.

court, pretty confident this time, at least, that he shall have his bride. The king, however, is inexorable. Nothing will satisfy him now, but that Merlin himself shall consecrate the marriage in person. One would think it was all over with the youth now; but there are endless lucky contrivances for lovers in ballads.

"Oh! Merlin, whither dost thou go,
With dress and air disordered so?"

"Where go you thus, 'tis all unmeet,
With naked head and naked feet?"

"Old Merlin, whither dost thou wend,
Thy stick of holly in thy hand?"

He is searching for his lost harp and ring; and thus he is hospitably waylaid by the youth, who prevails upon him to enter his cottage, and finally he is carried to the court. His approach is announced by loud cries of joy that awaken the royal household; and the king, finding it useless to contend any longer, runs out himself and calls up the crier to summon the people to the wedding.

"Get up, good crier, from thy bed,
And quickly clear thy sleepy head—

"Let every one be welcome guest,
Invited to the bridal feast.

"The bridal of the princess—she
In eight fair days shall wedded be.

"Bid to the bridal, to a man,
All gentlemen throughout Bretagne,

"All gentlemen and ministers,
And priests and knightly chevaliers,

"And counts imperial—rich and poor—
The lord, the merchant, and the boor!

"Quick, scour the land o'er wood and lea,
And swiftly hasten back to me."

The crier accordingly goes forth, summons all the people 'great and small'—and so ends the ballad of Merlin.

The fairies occupy a large space in the superstitions of the Bretons, and, consequently, make a very important figure in some of their songs. One of the most popular of these is 'L'Enfant Supposé.' The story itself is common, with various versions, to the fairy superstitions of nearly all countries; and, according to the most approved narrative, which is more circumstantial than that preserved by M. Villemarqué, runs thus:—it is founded upon the strange passion attributed to the fairies for exchanging their own hideous children—poulpicans, as they are called—for real flesh-and-blood infants, when they can catch them unguarded. A fairy happening to hear a child cry one day, as she passes by a house, peeps in, and seeing a beautiful fair child in a cot, is so attracted by its

rosy mouth and blue eyes, that she thinks it would be no bad thing to make an exchange for her own son, as black and spiteful as a cat. No sooner said than done. The false child grows up, the poor mother never suspecting the imposition. As it grows in stature, so its genius for evil trickery expands, confounding lovers at their secret meetings, tying logs to the tails of cattle, overturning honest women's pitchers, and doing all sorts of mischief. At last the distracted mother begins to think that it is a sheer impossibility such a destructive imp can be her natural-born child, and she communicates her doubts to her husband. But he, good, easy man, stretches his great hands before the fire, knocks the cinders out of his pipe, strokes his beard, and—says nothing. Then comes a butcher with a horse and a calf one evening, when the poulpican is alone, and knocking at the window, inquires is there a beast to sell. The poulpican seeing their heads through the window in the twilight, and supposing them to belong to one person, screams out, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old, and I never saw the like of that!' The butcher runs away, and informs the mother of what he has heard. Her fears are now almost wrought into certainty; but in order to make all sure, she breaks a hundred eggs, and arranges the shells before the fire-place; then hides and awaits the sequel. The poulpican, perplexed at so strange a proceeding, and fairly taken by surprise, screams out again, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old,' &c. Fully confirmed now, the mother rushes upon the wretch, and is about to kill it, when the fairy appears and ransoms her offspring by restoring the proper child. In the version of M. Villemarqué these details are omitted, the mother recovering her child by pretending to dress a dinner for ten laborers in an egg-shell. The poulpican is betrayed into a sudden burst of astonishment—'What! dress a dinner for ten laborers in an egg-shell! Well, I have seen many things,—but—

"I've seen, dear mother, Gramercy!
The egg before its progeny,
The acorn first, and then the tree;

"The acorn first, then sapling strait—
I've seen the oak grow tall and great—
But never saw the like of that!"

It is rather a remarkable characteristic of the Breton fairies that, although they are allowed, on all hands, to possess a great genius for music, and even fine voices, they

never dance. They are the only fairies in the world that resemble the 10th Hussars in this particular, that they don't dance. Then again, at night they are beautiful—in the day, wrinkled and ugly. Like certain other fascinating people, they look best by candlelight. The popular notion amongst the peasantry is, that the fairies are great princesses who refused to embrace Christianity when it was introduced into Armorica, and who were struck with the divine malediction for their obstinacy. The Welsh believe them to be the souls of the Druids compelled to do penance. The coincidence is striking. The prohibition against dancing, however, does not extend to the *nains*, or dwarfs. This happy, mischievous, rollicking race take infinite pleasure in their midnight gambols. They go about with leather purses in their hands, are the hosts of the Druidical altars, which they profess to have built, and dance their merry round by the light of the stars, calling out *lundi*, *mardi*, *mecredi*, sometimes adding *joudi* and *vendredi*, but always keeping clear of *samedi*, which is the virgin's day, and above all of *dimanche*, which is still more fatal to them. We can fancy them, when they come to Friday, breaking off with a scream of terror, lest, by some sudden impulse, they might be tempted to continue the enumeration. The following ballad is an amusing illustration of this class of superstitions. In rendering it into English, we have clung closely to the text, so that nothing must be looked for in the shape of poetical refinement. The measure is that of the original Breton.

THE TAILOR AND THE DWARFS.

On a Friday evening see
Paskou creep forth stealthily,
To commit a robbery.
Out of work, his customers
All are gone to join the wars
'Gainst the French and their seigneurs.
With his spade, into the grot
Of the fairies he has got,
Digging for the golden pot.
Well too has his labor sped!
With his treasure he has fled
Home like mad, and gone to bed.
"Shut the door, and bar it well,
How the little devils yell!"
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday also, Friday—heu!"
"Shut the door, good people, do!
Crowding come the dwarfish crew!"
Now they gather in the court,
Dancing till their breath grows short.
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday also, Friday—heu!"

To the roof they clamber all,
Scratching holes in slate and wall.

Friend! thou'rt taken by the rout—
Throw thy treasure quickly out.

Ah! poor Paskou's kill'd with fear—
Sprinkle holy water here—

Pull the sheet above your head,
There—keep still—and lie for dead!

Ha! ha! ha! they roar and mow;
He'll be fleet who 'scapes them now.

"Here is one—God save my soul!—
Pops his head in through a hole:

"Fiery red his blazing eyes,
Down the post he glides and pries.

"One, two, three—Good Lord!—are there,
Dancing measures on the air!

"Frisking, bounding, tangled, jangled,
Holy Virgin! I am strangled!"

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday, also, Friday—heu!"

"Two and three, four, five, and six,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,—nix!"

Tailor, tailor, every pore
Seems to snifle and to snore.

"Hilloa! tailor, Master Snip!
Show us but your nose's tip—

"Come, let's have a dancing bout,
We will teach you step and shout!

"Tailor—little tailor, dear,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—hear!

"Tailor, thou, and robber too,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—heu!"

"Come again—come back to us,
Little tailor villainous!

"You shall dance until you crack
Every sinew in your back
—Fairies' coin doth value lack!"

The tailors—that is to say, the working tailors—as a craft, are regarded in Brittany much as they are in England; and the old scrap of ridicule prevails there just as it does among ourselves, that it requires no less than nine tailors to make one man. The above story in different shapes, may be found in the fairy mythologies of most countries. In one version, the thief is a baker, who with more cunning than the tailor, strews hot ashes round his house, so that when the fairies come they scorch their feet; for which indignity, however, they take ample vengeance by breaking all his pans and ovens. A similar trick is played off upon the German fairies, in a tradition called 'The Fairies on the Rock.' In the Irish version of the legend, the poor fellow, who is suddenly surrounded in the moonlight by a troop of fairies, dancing and singing, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," &c. finding the refrain rather monotonous, adds, "Saturday and Sunday," &c. whereupon the whole company vanish with a scream.

There is also a French version to the same effect, only that instead of vanishing, the horrified fairies stamp with their feet, and utter such tremendous cries that the traveller is ready to die with fear. Had he only added, 'And thus the week is ended!' the penance of the poor fairies would have ended also. The moral of the tradition ought to be borne in mind by all persons who may hereafter contemplate thefts on the 'good people,'—namely, that their money is of no value. It is worthy of note, in connexion with this point, that the Welsh assign this story to the Coraniens, a race whom they accused of the practice of coining false money; and that in designating the false money, they use the very same terms employed by the Breton poet—terms for which neither the Welsh nor the Breton dictionaries furnish any satisfactory explanation. It is a curious incident in fairy lore, this identification of the fairies with the false coiners.

The Breton fairies seem to possess one distinctive characteristic—their close relationship with Druidical reliques and traditions. This is easily accounted for in a country where the remains of the Celtic worship are so numerous. The grottos of the fairies are always amongst the monuments of the Druids, and one of the names by which the fairy is popularly known—Korrigan—is borrowed from them. The ballad called 'Lord Nann and the Korrigan' affords us a glimpse of the fairy in her grotto by the side of the fountain or well—both of which, the altar of stones and the spring of water, were anciently objects of the superstitious worship of the Druids. The Lord Nann goes into the green forest to hunt a roe for his young wife, and seeing a white hind, he follows it through the woods with such ardor, that he grows hot and exhausted. Evening is now setting in, and discovering a little stream running from a well, close at the foot of a fairy grotto, he descends to drink. The Korrigan is seated by the side of her fountain, combing her flaxen hair with a comb of gold. She is outraged at his audacity in troubling her waters, and gives him his choice, either to marry her on the instant, to linger pining away for seven years, or to die in three days. He tells her he cannot marry her, because he is already married; that as to the seven years, he must die when it shall please God; but that in any event he would rather die at once than marry a Korrigan. The vindictive Korrigan pronounces his doom, and

in three days the young wife begins to question her mother.

"Oh! tell me, mother, why the bells ring out so loud and slow?"

And why the priests, all clad in white, are chanting sad and low?"

"A poor unfortunate, my child, to whom we shelter gave,

Expired last night, and now the priests are chanting at his grave."

"Oh! tell me, mother, of my lord—oh! tell me where he's gone?"

"He's gone into the town, my child, and he'll be here anon."

"Oh! tell me, mother, shall I wear my red robe or my blue?"

For I would go to church to-day, to church to-day with you."

"Oh! neither blue nor red, my child, nor any colors gay;

The mode is changed, and you must go to church in black to day."

Then passing through the churchyard ground amidst funeral trees,

And cemetery monuments, her husband's tomb she sees.

"Now, which of our dear relatives is laid here with such care?"

"I can no longer hide the truth—your husband, child, lies there!"

The news has fallen upon her heart, and struck her to the core,

She throws herself upon her knees, and never rises more.

Oh! it was wondrous in the night which follow'd the sad day

When they interr'd that lady bright where her dear husband lay,

'Twas wond'rous in the night to see, in the night-time dark and drear,

Two oak-trees o'er that recent tomb, spring up into the air;

And in their branches two white doves, all gaily through the night

Sing even till the dawn of day, then heavenwards plume their flight.

This fanciful notion of trees springing up with doves singing in them, is of frequent occurrence in the old tragic ballads. Sometimes, as in our English ballad of 'Lord Lovel and the fair Ouncebell,' two briars or yews grow up to a brave height, and tie themselves at the top into a true lover's knot. This was a very common resource of the poets of the middle ages. This story of 'Lord Nann and the Korrigan' is familiar, in other shapes, to the poetry of Sweden, Denmark, Servia, and other countries, and the reader may probably remember an old Scotch ballad to which it bears a close resemblance.

Although the Bretons supply their fairies

with fountains and running streams, we do not find that they people their inland waters with any other description of poetical spirits. There are no naiads or dryads in Brittany. But they seem to have transported into the interior some of their salt-water phantasies, and to give an honorable reception to syrens and mermaids in their lakes and ponds. One of the most remarkable instances is that of a syren who is said to inhabit the pond of a duke near Vannes, which is so close to the sea that she may enjoy, whenever she pleases, the sight of those terrible calamities which were said, of old, to have been so grateful to her sisterhood. This beautiful nymph comes out of a morning to take the air, and spread her green tresses in the sun. According to the tradition, a soldier surprised her once on the summit of a hill, and was so charmed by her aspect, that he could not resist the temptation of approaching her, when she seized him in her wiry arms, and plunged with him to the bottom of the water. If you ask for the story of this syren, they will tell you that she was formerly a princess to whom these waters belonged; and that she refused to marry a noble suitor, the owner of the Lake of Plaisance. One day, fatigued by his entreaties, she hastily said to him, believing the thing to be impossible, that she would become his wife when the waters of the Lake of Plaisance should join those of her own domain. Her lover took her at her word, and constructed a canal, by which the miracle was accomplished. Having finished his work, he invited her to a grand fete at his chateau, and, to crown his triumph, conveyed her in a barge with great pomp along the canal, demanding the fulfilment of her promise at the end of the journey. The princess was in despair; and, seeing no escape from a marriage she loathed, being all the while secretly attached to another, she threw herself head-foremost into the lake—an effectual recipe for the manufacture of syrens. Of course she was never seen again; but from that day to the present, the lake has been haunted by a syren, believed to be the said princess, who takes particular pleasure in making her appearance on the rocks in the fine summer mornings, deliberately combing out her long hair, and weaving coronals of water-lilies.

Whenever any of these ballads touch upon the domestic affections, they exhibit considerable delicacy of treatment and truthfulness of feeling. The ballad of 'The Baron

of Jauioz' is a conspicuous instance. The Baron himself is an historical character. He flourished in the 14th century, participated in most of the public events of that period in France, and served in the Holy Land. The ballad relates to circumstances which occurred during his stay in Brittany, where it is said, he *bought* a young country girl for gold from her family, and carried her off to France, where she died of grief. The ballad opens with the young girl sitting by the river side, when the death-bird (a Breton superstition) tells her that she is sold to the Baron of Jauioz. She comes home and asks her mother, is it true? Her mother refers her to her father—he desires her to ask her brother, who avows at once that they have sold her, that the money is received, and that she must go instantly. She asks her mother what dress she shall wear; but her mother tells her it is of no consequence; a black horse waits at the door to convey her. As she goes she hears the bells of her village, and weeps and bids them adieu! Passing a lake she sees small boats filled with crowds of the dead in winding sheets. She is overwhelmed with grief and terror, and nearly loses her reason. At last she reaches the chateau.

That fearful lord—his beard is black
As plumage on the raven's back:

His hair is blanch'd—a wild flash flies
Like a light of firebrands from his eyes.

"Ha! pretty one, thy company
I've long desired! Come, sweet, and see

"My wealth; come, range my chambers o'er,
And count my gold and silver store."

"I'd rather to my mother forth!
To count her faggots by the hearth."

"Then, let us, for a bliss divine,
Retire to taste my costly wine."

"I'd drink my father's ditch stream first,
Where even his horses slake their thirst."

"Well, come with me and search the town,
To buy a handsome fête-day gown."

"I'd rather have a petticoat
Of stuff by my dear mother wrought."

Finding her inconsolable, the noble lord begins to repent his bargain. But it is too late. Her heart is broken. The rest of the ballad is very melancholy.

"Ye birds, that on the wing rejoice,
I pray ye, listen to my voice.

"Ah! ye shall see my village home,
To which I never more may come!

"Ah! happy birds, so joyous there,
While I am banish'd in despair.

"To all my friends at your next meeting,
Present my sad, but tender greeting.*

"My mother who gave birth to me,
And him who rear'd me lovingly ;

"My mother, dearly loved and prized ;
The priest, by whom I was baptized ;

"To all I love—adieu—adieu—
And, brother !—pardon even for you !"

Two—three months had pass'd away ;
The family in slumber lay—

'Twas in the midnight, still and deep,
The family were sunk in sleep—

No sound the solemn silence broke,
When at the door a low voice spoke—

"Oh ! father, mother—pray for me—
For God's sweet love—pray fervently !

"Get mourning, too, my parents dear,
For your poor child is on her bier !"

This ballad is one of the most affecting in the collection. It is also strongly colored with national feelings. A striking and highly appropriate effect is produced, as the poor young girl goes away from her home, by the sound of the parish bells, calling up so many cherished associations, so many happy domestic memories. In Brittany, where the bells of the churches are drawn into all the ceremonies of life and death, the pathos of this little passage touches the universal heart.

Amongst other subjects treated by the Breton poets, in common with the popular writers of nearly every literature in Europe, is that which is best known to the majority of readers by the 'Leonore' of Bürger. There is a Danish version, a Welsh version, and even a modern Greek version of this famous story. The Breton poem is not destitute of a poetical energy, and breadth of style worthy of so striking a theme. It is called 'The Foster-Brother.' Gwennolaik, the heroine of this ballad, is an orphan. Her father, mother, and her two sisters, are all dead. She lives in the manor-house with her step-mother, who ill-treats her, and puts her to drudgery. She has only one friend in the world, her foster-brother ; but he has been at sea for six years. She is constantly watching for his return. One dark night she is sent to draw water at a fairy well, when a voice asks her, 'Is she betrothed ?' She answers 'No ;' and receives a bridal ring, and a pledge that a chevalier returning from Nantes, where he was wounded in a com-

* This is very characteristic in the French version : *Faites mes compliments à tous mes compatriotes quand vous les verrez !*

bat, will come back for her in three weeks and three days. She runs home, looks at the ring, and finds that it is the same which her foster-brother wears on his right hand. In the interval, her step-mother resolves that she shall marry a stable-boy. This relentless determination is carried into effect ; but on the night of the wedding, the bride disappears, and nobody knows where she is gone.

The manor-house in darkness lay ; its inmates soundly slept ;

But at the farm the poor young girl her lonely vigil kept.

"Who's there ?" " 'Tis I, thy foster-brother, Nola." "Can it be ?

It is—it is—my brother dear—Ah ! welcome sight to me !"

She leaps behind him on a horse, a horse as white as snow,

And trembling twines her arm, her right arm round them as they go.

"Oh ! God, how rapidly we ride !—ten leagues at least an hour !

But I am happy close to thee—ah ! ne'er so blest before !

"I long to see thy mother's house—oh ! tell me is it near ?"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine !—and we shall soon be there."

The owls fly hooting o'er their heads, and savage creatures break

Through wood and stream like madden'd things, to hear the noise they make.]

"How like the wind thy steed flies on !—an arrow on the gale !

Why, brother, thou art very grand !—how brightly gleams thy mail !

"How grand thou art—but tell me, is thy mother's mansion near ?"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine ! and we shall soon be there."

"Thy heart is frozen—and thy hair, thy hair is wet and chill—

Thy hand's like ice !—thy hand and heart !—dear brother, art thou ill !"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine ! the house is very near—

You hear our bridal songs already—listen, sister dear !"

Unlike the hero of the German and Greek ballads, our lover conducts his mistress to a charming isle, filled with crowds of happy souls dancing merrily, and singing for joy, where she finds her mother and two sisters, and where the nuptials, we are led to infer, take place under the most auspicious circumstances. This delightful spot is no other than the Elysium of the Druids, which, according to the Welsh tradition, is the Isle of Avalon, now called Glaston-

bury, a large orchard of apple-trees completely surrounded by running streams. The belief in this old tradition still holds good in Brittany; and, as it is a part of the articles of faith that no soul can obtain admission until the funeral honors have been duly performed, the Bretons exhibit an exemplary rigor in discharging all offices of that nature. Their funeral rites are precisely the same now as they were in the earliest times.

The story of *Heloïse* and *Abelard* forms a favorite subject in the popular poetry of Brittany. For many years those lovers, so famous in the rhymes of all countries, lived at the village of *Pallet*, near *Nantes*; and they soon acquired in their own neighborhood such a reputation for wisdom and knowledge, that it is nothing very surprising to find them, in that credulous and exaggerating age, converted by popular wonder into something over and above the average of humanity. But the English reader will scarcely be prepared to find them transformed into a pair of sorcerers. Yet such is the actual substance of the popular ballad in which *Heloïse*, speaking in her own person, celebrates her love and her learning. There is a curious mixture of the ridiculous and the profane in this ballad, from which we give the opening verses, following the original nearly word for word.

"At twelve years old, not fearing either scandal
or reproof,
To follow my dear *Abelard*, I left my father's
roof.

"And when we went to *Nantes*, my God! sweet
Abelard and I,
I knew no language but the one we speak in
Brittany.

"I did not even know, my God! the way to say
a prayer,
When I was in my father's house—so ignorant
they were.

"But now I am instructed well—in all things
perfect quite—
I know the Greek and Latin tongues, and I can
read and write:

"And read in the Evangelists, and write both
well and fast,
And speak and consecrate the host as well as
any priest."

But this is nothing. These are amongst
the smallest of her powers and accomplish-
ments.

"And I have power to change myself, as every
one may know,
Into an ignis fatuus, a dragon, dog, or crow.

"I know a song would rend the heavens, and
make the tossing sea

Heave as with sudden tempests, and the earth
roll fearfully.

"I know all things that through all time, in all
the world were known,
All things that ever happen'd yet, or ever shall
be done."

She then goes on to recite some of her
means of sorcery; as how she has three
vipers sitting on the egg of a dragon,
which is destined to desolate the earth, and
how she nourishes her vipers, not with the
flesh of partridges or woodcocks, but with
the sacred blood of innocents. Having
such tremendous resources at her com-
mand, she threatens to overturn the world
at last—if she only live long enough.

"If I remain upon the earth, and my sweet clerk
with me,

If we remain upon the earth, one year, or two,
or three—

"Yet two or three, my *Light* and I, ere they
have swiftly flown,

My *Abelard* and I shall make the earth turn
upside down."

The poet finding his imagination running a
little too far, and apparently afraid of the
consequences, steps in at this critical point,
and winds up the song with a sort of reli-
gious moral:

"Take care, oh! *Heloïse*, and think upon your
soul's abode;

For if this world belongs to you, the next be-
longs to God!"

There are several songs in the collection
to which we would gladly direct attention,
either for their traditional and historical
interest or their poetical beauty. Amongst
these may be mentioned the celebrated ballad
of '*Geneviève of Rustéfan*,' '*Our Lady
of Fulgoat*,' '*The Heiress of Kéroulaz*,'
the '*Elegy on Monsieur de Névet*,' '*Lez-
Briez*,' the historical song of [the Bre-
tons, '*The Exiled Priest*,' several of the
short tender love songs, and some songs of
the feasts, festivals, and seasons. But we
have already extended our notice of these
lyrics to as great a length as we can rea-
sonably spare; and the reader will proba-
bly be sufficiently enabled to estimate their
general characteristics from the specimens
we have laid before him.

There is another subject of great interest
connected with the literature of Brittany, and
still less known beyond the frontiers of the
country—the drama of the Bretons. Upon
this strange class of productions—certainly
the most curious of their kind and form
now existing in any part of Europe—we
may take another opportunity of offering an
extended notice.

CEMETERIES AND CHURCHYARDS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns, made at the request of Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London. 1843.*
2. *On the Laying out, Planting, and Managing of Cemeteries, and on the Improvement of Churchyards. By J. C. Loudon, F. L. S., &c. London. 1843.*
3. *Gatherings from Graveyards, particularly those of London. By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. London. 1839.*
4. *Necropolis Glasguensis; with observations on the ancient and modern Tombs and Sepulture. By John Strang. Glasgow. 1831.*
5. *Remarks on the Origin and Evils of City Interments, &c. Glasgow. 1842.*
6. *A Tract upon Tombstones, with Illustrations. By F. E. Paget, M. A., Rector of Elford. Rugeley. 1843.*
7. *Letter on the appropriate Disposal of Monumental Sculpture. By Richard Westmacott, A. R. A., F. R. S. London. 1843.*

'SPLENDID in ashes and pompous in the grave,* Man has sometimes built himself an argument of immortality from the grandeur of his tomb; and the desire to preserve a festering body and a fading name from utter decay, has been drawn into a natural evidence of the incorruption of the soul. But a splendid monument speaks as much of the dread of annihilation as of the hope of a resurrection; and the love of posthumous fame, whether in pyramids or in the mouths of men, is at best but a proof of the 'longing after' an immortality of which it gives no sign. The worm below mocks at the masonry above; the foundation of our monuments, as of our houses, is in the dust; and the nameless pyramid, and the broken urn, and the 'mummy become merchandise,' are as true a page in the history of the 'noble animal,' as his grandest efforts of mind or hand after 'a diuturnity of memory.'

To baffle the powers of Death has been

* 'Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.'—Sir T. Browne's *Urn-burial*, ch. v.

the struggle no less of the natural than of the spiritual man; and one people, by the art of embalment, has endeavored to escape the corruption which others have prevented by fire. While the piety of natural religion has made man's last want his greatest, and looked upon the violator of the dead as the worst enemy of the living, a yet earlier tradition has inspired him to escape the curse of the worm, and the return to the dust from whence he sprung. To the latter bear witness the cinerary urns of Greece and Rome, the pyramids and mummies of Egypt, the decorated chamber-tombs of Etruria, perhaps also the gilded skulls and locomotive corpses of the Scythians; while Priam, Polydorus, Antigone, and Archytas exemplify the honor of the rites of burial; and the tabooed plots of New Zealand, and the cairns of the Esquimaux, are the extreme links of the chain of eternal and universal piety which hallows the sepulchres of our Fathers. The 'dogs and birds,' so often denounced or averted as a curse by heathen poets, are scarcely less earnestly decried by the Psalmist; and 'to be buried like a king's daughter,' may be said to have passed into an Hebrew proverb. Hardly any but an unbeliever in revelation would order his body to be burned; but it must be a Giaour to nature who could exclaim,

'What recks it, though his corse may lie
Within a living grave!'
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Has only robbed the meaner worm.'

The history of Revealed Religion exhibits to us a middle and a better way; neither indifferent nor over-scrupulous as to the fate of the mortal body, avoiding at once the outcasting to the beasts of the field, and the expensive carefulness of the funeral pyre. The rite of interment, in its literal sense of consigning a body to the ground, is indeed a singular recognition of the ancient curse, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;' for though other nations have, for a while and in a degree, used this custom, the unbroken tradition of the Jewish people alone observed it in its completeness and simplicity. The cave of Macpelah was purchased as a burying-place by the Father of the Faithful; and

* It is curious that this very expression, as applied to the vulture, should have been condemned by Longinus in the Sophist Gorgias, 1500 years before Byron wrote it. Γένεσις ἐρψυχεῖ τὰ φέροι. *Long.*, ii. 2. It is not probable that the noble poet had seen the passage of either rhetorician.

close by his side the bones of Joseph, after being borne by the children of Israel in their wanderings in the wilderness, rested in peace; and it seems no fortuitous emblem of God's people, as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, that their first possession in the land of promise should be a tomb. The case of Jonathan and Saul—and there are a few others recorded in Holy Writ—whose bones were burned—was a clear exception to their general usage, and even in this case the ashes were afterwards inhumed. But while the children of the Promise preserved inviolate the ancient rite of interment, and eschewed pompous monuments and vain epitaphs, their yet indistinct perception of a resurrection, the dawn only of a brighter day, was not allowed to penetrate the veil which hung over the grave, though even that was a pillar of light to them compared to the cloud and darkness which it was to the Gentiles. Ere the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre, death had still its defilement, and mourning its sackcloth and ashes.

But when our Lord by His own dying had taken away the pollution, as by His rising again He had taken away the sting of death; when life and immortality were brought to light, and the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body had established, once and for ever, all touching the mystery of the grave and of the life hereafter which man shall be permitted here to know, the doubt and uncertainty which harrassed men's minds on the relations of life and death, and the things thereto pertaining, were ended, and to the single eye of faith the prospect, near and distant, was clear and plain. That body which He had taken upon Himself, and declared to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, which was to rise again in more glorious form, could never be relinquished to the beasts of the field; while that anointing which He took for His burial, and that sepulchre which He hallowed, purified the dead body, recognized ceremonies, and consecrated the tomb. The tearing of hair and rending of garments was modified into a sorrow not without hope; and as, under the Promise, the first plot of ground was a sepulchre—so, under its fulfilment, the first sepulchre was in a garden; as if to show that it was no longer the land of the dead, but of the living, and that death was shorn of half its terrors. That men could in any sense rejoice over the grave, was not the least of the miracles of the early Christians; and nothing was more

galling to the heathen and apostate emperors, than the undesponding psalmody of their funeral processions and their devout thanksgiving at the tomb. St. Chrysostom is justly loud against the remnants of heathenism in the hired mourners who were sometimes obtruded; while St. Cyprian seems to have been over-earnest in his condemnation of sorrow and all its signs; for though our Lord rebuked the women of Jerusalem who wept for Him, He himself wept at the grave of Lazarus; and the devout men who carried Stephen to his burial, made great lamentation over him. The Puritans, false, with all their professions, to every touch of nature, condemned, as did St. Cyprian, all mourning garments; what would they now say to the ostentatious weepers and flaunting hatbands which so pharisaically distinguish, in the north especially, their modern representatives? On the delicate and often perplexing subject of the degree and temper of mourning for the dead, let these words of Jeremy Taylor suffice:—

'Solemn and appointed mournings are good expressions of our dearness to the departed soul, and of his worth, and our value of him; and it hath its praise in nature, and in manners, and in public customs; but the praise of it is not in the Gospel, that is, it hath no direct and proper uses in religion. For if the dead did die in the Lord, then there is joy to him; and it is an ill expression of our affection and our charity, to weep uncomfortably at a change that hath carried our friend to a state of high felicity. Something is to be given to custom, something to fame, to nature, and to civilities, and to the honor of the deceased friend; for that man is esteemed miserable for whom no friend or relative sheds a tear or pays a solemn sigh. So far is piety; beyond, it may be the ostentation and bragging of grief, or a design to serve worse ends. I desire to die a dry death, but am not very desirous to have a dry funeral; some flowers sprinkled on my grave would be well and comely—and a soft shower, to turn those flowers into a springing memory or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors as my servants carry the entrails of beasts.'—*Holy Dying*.

While the general revelation of immortality has thus put light in the place of darkness and joy for mourning, the particular Christian doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body in like manner suggests a decency and comeliness in the funeral solemnities. This is no place for theological disquisition, but it should be remembered—what is too much forgotten—that the resurrection of the body is no mere abstruse,

scholastic dogma—nor, what perhaps it is oftener considered—a gross and carnal representation of an eternal truth—but a peculiar revelation of Christianity, involving deep doctrinal and great practical lessons; for it presupposes our flesh here upon earth the abode of the Holy Spirit, and, if rightly considered, cannot fail to make us cultivate purity in a vessel made for eternity. The best human philosophy has either pictured gross earthly substances, or fancied thin and spectral images, the shadow of a shade; but the Christian believes that when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, he who was made in the beginning after the image of God, shall be restored to that image, that the soul shall again be clothed in a more glorious body—the nature of which he pretends not to scan—and each man's individuality preserved—that 'when the sea shall give up her dead, and death and the grave deliver up the dead which are in them,' each person may speak of himself the words which Christ Himself spoke after his resurrection, 'Behold, it is I myself.' It was the misapprehension of this truth that led the heathen persecutors of the Church to burn in contempt the bodies of the martyrs, thus vainly imagining to extinguish the hope of their resurrection; but, while the Christian's faith led him neither to hasten nor to delay the process of corruption in the return of the body to its kindred dust, he knew that He who made and unmade could again collect its scattered particles, whatever ordeal they might undergo, and was ready to 'give his body to be burned'—though not to burn it. The honorable solemnization of funeral rites followed as a matter of course; 'a decent interment,' says Hooker, 'is convenient even for very humanity's sake.' Jeremy Taylor's words will best conclude the argument:—

'Among Christians the honor which is valued in behalf of the dead is, that they be buried in holy ground—that is, in appointed cemeteries. in places of religion, there where the field of God is sown with the seeds of the resurrection, that their bodies also may be among Christians, with whom their hope and their portion is, and shall be forever.'

We have made these remarks preliminary to more practical observations, and, we trust, not an inappropriate approach to the subject of Christian Cemeteries. We have wished to lay the foundation deep and aright, and approach reverently, and step by step, to a subject upon which more con-

fusion and inconsistency of opinion exists than on any other which so closely affects our common humanity. Though it is a favor to which we must all come at last, few agree as to how we should meet it. A prince will give his body to the dissecters; while many a pauper, who has endured all the deprivations of the workhouse, has laid by a pittance to save himself the degradation of a parish funeral. Mr. Loudon would recommend every gentleman to be buried in his own grounds, whose friends probably will only be contented with a vault beneath the altar. Some would make their grave a flower-bed; and others think burial in a cemetery to be semi-heathen. Amid such a labyrinth of superstition, irreverence, ignorance, and right-feeling, so strangely blended, we shall endeavor, under the guidance of the Church universal, to thread out a true, simple, and more perfect way.

Enough had been disclosed by the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners on the sanitary condition of the poor, and of the Select Committee on the Health of Towns, as to the loathsome state of the burial-grounds in populous parishes, to draw some public attention to the subject; and Sir James Graham promptly followed up the matter by instituting a special inquiry into the practice of interment in towns, which now appears as a 'Supplementary Report,' by Mr. Chadwick—a most important, interesting, and comprehensive work, equally marked by laborious research, right feeling, and sound judgment. It will hardly be necessary to harrow up the feelings of our readers by repeating the horrors of Enon-chapel and the Portugal-street burial-ground.* Our bones, like the grave-digger's in Hamlet, ache to think on't. It may be a newer feature in the controversy to say that there has been a serious doubt among the medical profession whether the putrid exhalations from such masses of corruption have any injurious effect on the health of the living. And even such men as Parent-Duchâtelet and Orfila have taken the negative view of the question. But their argument is at best but

* See the Report on Health of Towns, and Mr. Walker's 'Gatherings.' The historical portion of the latter work is a direct translation from Vicq-d'Azyr, *Œuvres*, tome vi. p. 257. He has awkwardly converted the Book of Chronicles into one Paralipomenes; and, by a still more unhappy mistake, speaks of the grave of *Elijah*, one of two men who knew not the tomb.

negative also; the alleged innocuousness of the anatomical schools to the pupils attending them, their main position, which may itself be disputed, being more than answered by the positive evidence of the unhealthy state of those residing in the immediate neighborhood of our worst London graveyards. Many will be surprised to hear that it was deemed necessary to collect a large body of evidence to refute these strange opinions of the French school, which seem, like other products of the same soil, to spring from a morbid love of horror for its own sake. It does, however, appear to be established that the putrefaction of animal matter is not so injurious to human life, as that of vegetable matter; and that the physical effects of our present system of intramural burial are as nothing compared with the injury it inflicts upon morals and religion.

A deep feeling of attachment to the offices and fabric of the Church, is a marked characteristic of the people of England, especially among the poor and the well-educated. The very galleries and pews, and other beautifications which so sadly mar the true character of our churches, are oftener the effects of a well-meaning though ill-directed zeal, than of the low and puritanical feeling to which it is now the fashion exclusively to refer them. In like manner, a love and reverence for the Lord's house—ignorant in its sources, and mischievous in its results, we admit—as well as mere worldly pride and vanity, have helped to deface the pillars of our churches with hideous masses of monumental sculpture, and to crowd the pavement with the still more unseemly masses of corruption below. Those who are fond of tracing every abuse in Christian practice to a pagan origin, will find little to help out their theory in respect of the practice of interment within the church. The evil is entirely of modern growth, and could only have occurred under a faith which, while it recognized the sanctity of places set apart for holy worship, rejected all notion of pollution from the dead. Burial in heathen temples was utterly unknown, and scarcely ever allowed within the precincts of the city. The well-known heading of 'SISTE VIATOR' on ancient tombs—justly ridiculed in modern inscriptions by Dr. Johnson, and by Sir Thomas Browne before him—significantly marks the wayside locality of the Roman burial-grounds. Many Greek and Latin words relating to burial, literally signi-

fying 'carrying out,' point to the same custom. And the son of the widow of Nain, who was met by our Lord 'nigh to the gate of the city,' when he was being 'carried out,' may serve to confirm the fact of the Jewish burial-grounds being without the walls.

The earliest Christians conformed to the same practice; and it is a very credible tradition that the proto-martyr St. Stephen was buried where he was stoned, 'out of the city.' Persecution forced the believers to a secret celebration of their common worship; and where would those who held a 'Communion of Saints,' living and departed, so likely betake themselves for prayer and praise to the great Head of their Church, as to the tombs of those who had died in defence of the truths that He taught? Hence the extra-mural catacombs and crypts—the sepulchres of the martyrs—became the first Christian churches, a practice to be afterwards abused by making their churches their sepulchres. For when persecutions relaxed, and Christian temples began to rise in the light of day in the midst of the cities, the tomb-altars and relics of the martyrs, if not enclosed by a sanctuary on the spot, were removed from their original position and enshrined in the new buildings—the fruitful source of many subsequent deflections from the primitive faith—and the origin of the coveted privilege of not being divided in death from those remains which the pious when alive had held in so much honor, that haply, like the man cast into the sepulchre of Elisha, they might partake of a greater portion of life by touching a good man's bones. However such might have been the popular current of feeling among the more enthusiastic and unlearned, the Church authoritatively ever set her face against the innovation of burial within the churches, or even within the city. Indeed those who died in the greatest odor of sanctity, were not at first allowed more than approximation to the outside of the church. The first encroachment on the building itself, was made in favor of Constantine, who yet was not deemed worthy to approach nearer than the outer court or porch of the Church of the Apostles, which he is supposed to have founded: his son Constantius deeming it, as St. Chrysostom declares, sufficient honor if he might lay his father's bones even in the Porch of the Fisherman. The first step, however, was now taken; and thenceforward to this hour there has been a con-

tinual struggle between the claims of rank, and power, and wealth, and superstition, and self-interest, and covetousness, mingled with feelings of saintly and domestic piety.

Between all these potent motives, and the sincere honor of God's house—need we say which has prevailed? Yet there is an unbroken chain of authority against the usage. We question if there is any one other custom that has been so steadily condemned, and so continually persisted in, as that of burial within cities and churches. The two practices scarcely require a separate consideration; for though in some points of view the arguments against churchyard-burial may be urged *à fortiori* against church-burial; yet the actual state of our civic churchyards has now rendered interment in them the greater evil of the two.

Those who have leisure to consult the laborious records of Bingham, Spondanus, Piattoli, Vicq-d'Azyr, and Spelman, and other writers on sepulture, will be astounded at the mass of ecclesiastical evidences in favor of extra-mural burial. Bingham shows that for the first three centuries suburban catacombs or cemeteries were almost exclusively adopted. Exceptions, proving the general rule, in favor of emperors, popes, bishops, ecclesiastics, founders, and lay benefactors, continued to increase, with occasional reclamations from the Church, up to the ninth century. From thence to the seventeenth we have a series of twenty councils decreeing the return to the primitive custom—'Morem restituendum cunctis Episcopi in cimiteriis sepeliendi.' Happily this is a question in which all branches of the Church Catholic do and well may concur: a lengthened detail of all the authorities would far exceed our present limits, but a few citations in chronological order, collected from various sources, of the most remarkable expressions of councils and individuals, may serve, as far as precedent goes, to set this question at rest for ever.

A. D. 331. The Theodosian code forbade all interment within the walls of the city, and even ordered that all the bodies and monuments already placed there, should be carried out.

529. The first clause ratified by Justinian.

563. Council of Brague.—'Nullo modo intra ambitum murorum civitatum ejuslibet defuncti corpus sit humatum.'

586. Council of Auxere.—'Non licet in baptisterio corpora sepelire.'

827. Charlemagne's capitularies,—'Nemo in ecclesia sepeliatur.'

1076. Council of Winchester, under Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, —'In ecclesiis corpora defunctorum non sepeliantur.'

1552. Latimer on St. Luke vii. 11.—'The citizens of Nain had their burying places without the city; and I do marvel that London, being so great a city, hath not a burial place without,' &c.

1565. Charles Borromeo, the good archbishop of Milan, ordered the return to the ancient custom of suburban cemeteries.

To take the miscellaneous authorities of modern times:—

Sir Matthew Hale used to say, 'Churches were made for the living, not for the dead;' and directed that his body might be buried in the plainest manner, himself dictating the simplest possible epitaph. The learned Rivet, quoted by Bingham, speaking of the innovation of church-burial, says, 'This custom, which covetousness and superstition first brought in, I wish it were abolished, with other relics of superstition among us; and that the ancient custom was revived, to have public burying-places in the free and open fields without the gates of cities. Grotius, on the same passage of St. Luke on which Latimer has commented, makes the like complaint. In his plan for rebuilding London, Sir Christopher Wren says, 'I would wish that all burials in churches might be disallowed,—and if the churchyard be close about the Church, this is also inconvenient. It will be inquired, where then shall be the burials? I answer, in cemeteries, seated in the outskirts of the town,' &c. The evidence given by the present Bishop of London and Mr. Milman is precisely to the same point.

Such a cloud of witnesses seems irresistible. If anything more is wanted, we may clench the nail on either head of the law of the Twelve Tables—'Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito;' and with the following recommendation (would it were something more) of our own Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—

'We will take this opportunity of observing that the practice of burial in the church or chancel, appears to us to be in many respects injurious; in some instances by weakening or deteriorating the fabric of the church, and in others by its tendency to affect the lives or health of the inhabitants. We are of opinion that in future this practice should be discon-

tinned, so far as the same can be effected without trenching upon vested rights.

W. CANTUAR	N. C. TINDAL,
C. J. LONDON.	J. NICHOLL.
W. DUNELM.	CHRIST. ROBINSON.
J. LINCOLN.	HERBERT JENNER.
W. ST. ASAPH.	C. E. CARRINGTON.
CH. BANGOR.	STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.
TENTERDEN.	R. CUTLER FERGUSSON.
WYNFORD.	

'Dated this 15th day of February, 1832.'

We have dwelt at greater length on this part of the subject, because there appears to be a strong prejudice among churchmen against cemeteries altogether, mainly arising, no doubt, from the objectionable constitution and practice of many of those already established, and partly from the notion of their being a modern and unecclesiastical innovation, adopted like our farces and fashions, second-hand from revolutionary Paris. Most people's idea of a cemetery is a something associated with great Egyptian lodges and little shabby flower-beds, joint-stock companies and *immortelles*, dissent, infidelity, and speculation, the irreverences of Abney Park, or the fripperies and frigidities of Père la Chaise. Yet these things are in reality nothing but the passing opinions and fashions of the age reflected on an institution as old as the faith which consecrates it. The misfortune is, that in this country we have for ages wanted a model of the primitive usage, otherwise Abney Park would no more be confounded with the exemplar of a Christian cemetery, than our joint-stock proprietary schools are with Winchester or Eton, or a stuccoed 'place of worship,' with the parish church. Yet with their many imperfections, even our present cemeteries can hardly be considered but as a great boon. The earth lies light and the sky hangs blue over many a grave which would otherwise have been subjected to the foul compost, and heavy tread, and sulphurous canopy of a London churchyard; and a real mourner may, without distraction or disgust, cherish and renew his communion with a lost friend, and, like Mary, steal to the grave and weep there. The hopeful manly sorrow of a Christian will hardly, however, take up with the already conventional modes of modern cemetery sorrow. Custom, like 'a bold peasantry,' when 'once destroyed, can never be supplied' by mere Chinese imitation; the spirit of it is Pythagorean in its nature, and though it shifts from body to body, it will never re-animate its once deserted shell, till

the end of time. The scattered flowers, 'the earliest of the year,' which are infinitely touching in the old and rustic churchyards of Wales, fail to move us in the suburban cemetery, where we suspect them to have been bought of 'Harding, marchand des boquets,' and placed so as 'to be seen of men.' The trim grave-gardens cease to please when we read the company's charge for maintaining them, 'with or without flowers, per annum, 5s.,' or, (for the benefit, we suppose, of young widows) 'ditto, if in perpetuity, 5l.' The whole spirit of the present establishments is necessarily mercenary, and smacks strongly of half-yearly dividends and Copthall Court. The scale of prices varying according to the items of reserved and open ground, extra depth, private grave and public interment, use of screen and chapel, desk service, &c. &c., are of the same character with the 'dissenting minister, [a wide term,] provided by the company,' and 'monuments, if required, erected' by the same accommodating factotum.

One great and universal recommendation seems to be that a portion of the ground is 'unconsecrated;' and as this is a point upon which much of the difficulty of forming new cemeteries hinges, a short reference to it here may not be out of place. Of course all the bigotry falls on the shoulders of the Church, and the conscientious scruples to the lot of the Dissenters. And yet it would seem a feeling more allied to the bigot than the philosopher, to object to be buried in ground *because* the bishop has pronounced his blessing over it. It may in the eye of the non-conformist have gained nothing by the ceremonial, but surely it can be none the worse; we are not yet arrived at the point when the ground shall be deemed cursed for the blessing's sake. But there is an objection to the burial-service; yet we know of no canon that necessarily enforces the reading of it over every corpse consigned to consecrated ground; and in the case of a suspected schismatic, most clergymen would rather be relieved from the office, than insist upon it. But suppose it enforced; then comes in the objection, which we do not hesitate to designate the most marvellous cant that ever stood the test of half a century. The objection is to the expression of 'a sure and certain hope'—it is nothing more—'of the resurrection to eternal life,' which the priest ministerially pronounces for the Church over all who die in her communion. Now, in this hope the friends and relations of a person, how-

ever wretched in his life or death, would scarcely be supposed to refuse to indulge: the scruple must clearly be all on the other side; it may, indeed, be a matter of serious doubt and trembling with the clergyman, how far he may be justified in thus pronouncing over one whom (we omit the more difficult cases) he may know not at all, or know only for evil. And this, indeed, was the origin of the objection. It was urged in the first instance by the Puritan clergy as a personal grievance, and then in blind perversion, taken up by the whole dissenting body. Thus a conscientious scruple which an over-charitable clergy may have been too remiss in urging in their own defence, has been adroitly laid hold of by their opponents and turned into a weapon of attack against them. The final and only presentable grievance is, that in consecrated ground they are not allowed to introduce whatever manner of service or ceremony their own unrestricted fancies may devise—a regulation which, comely and expedient at all times, has now been rendered absolutely necessary by the mummeries attempted of late years by bodies unconnected with the 'four denominations,'—Oddfellows and Independent Brethren, of the more innocent kind—Chartists, Socialists, and the like, of the more pernicious.

It is a curious fact, but surprising only to those who have never studied the shifting system of the non-conformists, that the original objection was not to the denial of a service of their own, but to any service at all, whereby, as they alleged, prayer for the dead was maintained. The funeral sermon, now so rigidly exacted by them of their preachers on the death of every paying sinner, was another of their original abominations. It may serve the purpose of a party to decry the burial service of the Church, as lately that for the solemnization of marriage;* but the love for the Church's last office, in preference to the long extemporaneous effusions with which the dissenters bruise the broken reed of sorrow, still keeps a firm hold even among the dissenters of the rural population.

It is sad to think that our differences and distractions cannot end with this life, but must be carried into the confines of

* The marriage service was a while ago the stalking grievance. The law was altered to meet the scruple. The last Registration Report shows that out of 122,496 marriages in 1841, 5882 couples only availed themselves of the new 'registered places of worship.'

another world: the blame must rest with those who raise the offence and cause the schism. The Church has never denied her burying-ground even to those who have refused to maintain it; and many a one, it may be feared, has entered her walls the first time as a corpse. What country curate has not felt his charity warmed, and the asperities of his religious zeal softened, to view in his parish churchyard the graves of the Churchman, the Romanist, and the Dissenter, side by side, and returned to the work of his calling with more hopeful feelings for those who separate themselves, and more solemn considerations of the appointed season of the one fold and the one Shepherd? But the arrangement of our present cemeteries excludes these softening influences, and the dissenter has barred himself out a portion, lest he should be thought to identify himself in death with the church he has through life opposed. Since the Churchman cannot be buried in unconsecrated ground, and the Dissenter will not in ground that has been blest, surely charity would suggest the entire separation of their cemeteries as less likely to perpetuate painful and bitter feelings, than the present necessarily antagonistic expression of juxtaposition. When the conventicle is built within a stone's-throw of the cathedral, the windows of either are more likely to be broken.

It is this among other reasons that leads us to urge strongly upon the Church to take up the subject of Cemeteries for itself. The joint-stock establishments at present existing, objectionable on many grounds, are wholly unavailable to the mass of the population, by reason of their expense. They are nothing more than the exclusive luxury of the indulgent few. Two guineas would scarcely cover the very lowest charges at the cemetery, for what the poor man in the country gets for nothing; and two additional guineas are exacted for the commonest headstone. The rich and vain are sconced in like proportion; but against the very poor the cemetery door is inexorably closed. How inconvenient that Death makes all equal landholders, and that the pauper requires as many inches of ground as the owner of ten thousand acres! this has been a sore puzzle to parish vestries; and though ten or fifteen (*Sup. Rep.*) may be buried in the same grave, these cemetery companies have not yet offered sufficiently cheap terms. One company has actually put forth a calculation that seven acres, at the rate of ten coffins in each grave,

would accommodate 1,335,000 paupers ! This agreeable scene for the contemplation of a Christian nation, a member of the House of Commons would turn into a 'dissolving view' of the shortest possible duration, by the prompt application of quicklime ; the following question, with slight variety of expression, having been again and again repeated in committee :—'Do you think that there would be any objection to burying bodies with a certain quantity of quicklime sufficient to destroy the coffin and *the whole thing* in a given time?' How unconsciously does the irreverent euphemism which we have italicised, unveil the revolting nature of the question !

Finding Mr. Loudon* justly indignant at this cheap burial cry, what shall we say when he himself proposes to convert paupers into manure ! Yet such is actually his plan of employing the surplus corpses of London to fertilize the poor soils in its vicinity. These are his very words :—

'This temporary cemetery may be merely a

* We had mended a hard pen to deal with Mr. Loudon's book on Cemeteries, his least, and, we add with regret, his last work. While we write, his subject has become to him a stern reality ; and the grave, which he so lately discussed, has closed over him. This must needs take the edge off any censure we were prepared to pronounce on him. His most laborious works have been repeatedly and favorably noticed in these pages—while we deem it our duty to protest against the insinuation of certain pernicious opinions which were too clearly traceable in his earlier writings. We doubt not that the severe sufferings of mind and body—and the latter were grievous indeed—with which he was latterly chastened, left him a wiser and a happier man ; for his last work, which afforded greater scope for its introduction, is found to contain less objectionable matter. Still it was impossible for a mere utilitarian mind rightly to embrace a subject which hangs so closely on the confines of another world. His book, therefore, though useful in many of its suggestions, falls altogether short as a guide to what a Christian cemetery ought to be. We would, however, now rather call attention to his more useful labors as an horticultural writer. After all his unequalled toils, with such over-zealous earnestness did he devote himself to his great work, the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' that at his death he had nothing to leave his widow and child but the copyright of this and other works. On this one book alone he is said to have expended 10,000*l*. A meeting of his friends has been held to endeavor to dispose of the remaining copies of his works in the hands of his widow ; and we cheerfully recommend the plan proposed to all who do not already possess his works, and who may thus combine their own advantage with an act of real charity. Dr. Lindley has warmly advocated Mr. Loudon's cause in the 'Gardener's Chronicle,' to which very useful paper we must refer our readers for the details of the proposal.

field rented on a twenty-one years' lease, of such an extent as to be filled with graves in fourteen years. At the end of seven years more it may revert to the landlord, and be cultivated, planted, or laid down in grass, in any manner that may be thought proper.'

And again :—

'Nor does there appear to us any objection to union workhouses having a portion of their garden-ground used as a cemetery, to be restored to cultivation after a sufficient time had elapsed.'—*Cemet.*, p. 50.

The atrocities of the common pits at Naples and Leghorn, into which the corpses of the poor are indiscriminately tumbled, are to our mind less revolting than these nice calculations of getting rid of the greatest number of troublesome bodies at the least possible expense, and to the greatest possible advantage. They do these things no better in France. The goodly show that strikes the eye of the hurrying visitor at Père la Chaise is but the screen of whited sepulchres that hides the foulness and corruption of the background. There, as in Poland, the bodies of the poor are trenched in, one upon another, in the most revolting disorder !

'Hoc miserae plebi stabat commune sepulchrum !'

Nothing will secure to the poor of our great cities the decent sepulture which is their right by nature and the Gospel, but transferring the management of cemeteries from private persons and dividend-paying companies, into the hands of a public body uninterested in regarding them as a source of profit. Mr. Chadwick's arguments are to us conclusive against the plan of separate parochial burial-grounds as recommended by Mr. Mackinnon's bill of last session, and other similar schemes. All the present evils, moral, physical, and economical, would, we are convinced, by a parochial agency, be ultimately increased ; but, on the other hand, we see great objections to Mr. Chadwick's own proposition of placing them under the direction of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. We should be loth to see our burial-grounds severed from the Church, and intrusted to purely secular officers. It would be the abandonment of a great and honored principle, and a great practical discouragement to church membership. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the body to which people will naturally look when the absolute necessity of providing additional burial-grounds has become, as it soon will, universally acknowledged. Any attempt on the part of Gov-

ernment to devote public money to an object trenching upon religion, will be met with the same difficulties and outcry that assailed them on the question of factory education. They would have to sacrifice either the Church or their plan. The Dissenters strenuously opposed even the latitudinarian provisions of Mr. Mackinnon's bill; and we feel convinced that the most liberal adoption of Mr. Chadwick's plan would meet with a yet more virulent opposition from the same quarter. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners will be enabled to take a far more unfettered course. Their funds may be devoted to the formation of cemeteries on strictly ecclesiastical principles, without hurting the interest or conscience of any one, but greatly facilitating the present right which every parishioner has to burial in his own churchyard. If it be urged that there are higher and more pressing claims upon their revenues—that the living must not be neglected for the sake of the dead—we answer, that the adoption of cemeteries may, with proper care, be made a source of increase rather than of diminution in their income. The high profits* realized by the existing companies clearly show, that even with very great reductions in the fees of the rich, and gratuitous interment to the poor, a considerable surplus would remain above the ordinary interest on the original outlay. They have every encouragement to ask for increased powers from Parliament, from the fruits, already ripening, of the legislation of last session. A sum might in the first instance be raised on the security of the Commissioners, to be repaid by instalments. Nor can there be any doubt that if the Church were to take the matter in hand, with the especial object of giving a less costly and more decent interment to the poor—having respect to vested parochial and clerical rights, and devoting any surplus that might accrue to ecclesiastical purposes—many Churchmen would be found to come forward either freely to give or fairly to sell ground for a district cemetery, as they now offer it for a district church. One expense would be avoided in the abandonment of the double chapel arrangement; and we do not see why the suburbs might not be benefited by making the Cemetery Chapels available for the full services of the

Church, and a district assigned the officiating clergyman for spiritual cure.

Then we might see a Cemetery worthy of the Church of England. The painful associations of exclusiveness, and disunion, and traffic, which are connected with the present establishments, would be removed. Rich and poor might lie side by side, and a due supervision of emblems and epitaphs exclude the offensive sculptures and inscriptions which now meet the eye.

Mr. Milman has made a suggestion which we think most excellent; that the funeral procession should not be formed at the house of the deceased, but at the gates of the cemetery. To any one who has undergone the pain of accompanying a funeral through the heedless and irreverent crowds of the metropolis, the relief of this procedure is at once apparent, while to the poor, on the score of expense alone, it would be almost indispensable. It would relieve the immediate thoroughfares to the cemetery from the unceasing passage of the signs of death, and add greatly to the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, by concentrating, as it were, those wholesome considerations appropriate to the occasion, which are now too often frittered away by the trite and pointless conversation of the mourning coach. The coffin might be removed early on the day of burial—in the case of the poor it would be a great boon to remove it much sooner—to a chamber of the lodge of the cemetery, in the *vestibule* of which the friends of the deceased might meet at the appointed hour to robe.—The advantages of this arrangement would be immense. In the funerals of the more rich, the whole cavalcade of mourning-coaches would be swept away; each mourner would reach the cemetery in the way most convenient to himself—would use his own carriage, if he had one, instead of acquiescing in the unmitigated absurdity of letting it 'follow,' while he puts the friends of the deceased to the cost of providing the one in which he rides. We should be spared, too, the folly of hiring four horses to draw, at a snail's pace, the corpse of him who perhaps when alive never sat, at full trot, behind more than one; and be relieved at the same time from the opposite spectacle, lately introduced, in the shape of a *Cruelty-van*, with a long boot under the driver for the coffin, and a posse of mourners crammed into the Clarence behind, all drawn along by one poor horse at a very respectable trot.

* In one cemetery the actual sale of graves is at the rate of 17,000*l.* per acre. A calculation made for another gives 45,375*l.* per acre, without the fees for monuments, &c.

The chapel of the cemetery should be near the entrance, and thither each band of mourners might follow the corpse of their own friend, and after hearing the psalm and lesson read, proceed to the grave-side service, which—as the burial would be indiscriminate, and no reserved ground for the rich, or neglected corner for the poor—might either be read once over the adjoining graves, or, we would much prefer, separately over each. Norman architecture, from its massive and solemn character, would seem the most appropriate style, especially for the construction of crypts; and a cloister connected with the church, should run round the whole inclosure, which would serve for the erection of memorial tablets, and as a covered passage for mourners to the more distant parts of the cemetery. A portion of this would only be necessary in the first instance, to be afterwards extended as the ground was occupied.

A bold and simple Cross should rise on the most elevated point of ground; and instead of Mr. Barber Beaumont's and Abney Park Cemetery, or the like, they might be called after the apostle or the evangelist in whose name they were consecrated. And this consecration, it should be remembered, is not only a religious rite, but a security of its perpetual reservation and maintenance as a place of interment. The most respectable of our present cemeteries are established under an act of Parliament, and the whole of the ground, blest and unblest, is, we suppose, perfectly safe from future violation. But there are many others, and Abney Park is one, the ephemeral property either of one or several private persons. These, according as the market varies, may be burial-grounds to-day, and Prospect-places or Railroad-stations to-morrow. In fact, when they are quite full, they must almost of necessity be turned to some other use. At Abney Park, we were told on inquiry, that though not an inch of ground is consecrated, an 'Episcopal clergyman' reads the burial-service of the Church of England. We should like to know the bishop that this reverend Episcopalian acknowledges. In one of those called 'Dissenters' burial-grounds, the numbers interred are at the rate of more than 2,300 per acre per annum! In another 'an uneducated man generally acts as minister, puts on a surplice, and reads *the church-service, or any other service that may be called for.*'—*Sup. Rep.* § 156.

We should be very scrupulous as to the

admission of every new-fangled and patented contrivance into the sepulchral pale. King Death's is a very ancient monarchy, and quite of the old regime. The lowering therefore of the coffin from the chapel into the crypt by means of Bramah's hydraulic press, so highly extolled for its solemnity in some of the cemeteries, has too much of the trick of the theatre about it for the stern realities of the grave. Nor is there any thing much better in Mr. Loudon's cast-iron tallies for gravestones, temporary railroad cemeteries, and 'co-operative railroad hearses.' We think that some of the metropolitan clergy have spoken rather unadvisedly in advocating music as enhancing '*the attractiveness* of a national service of the dead;—and we hardly suppose that Dr. Russell, when pleasantly recurring to his boyhood recollections of the 'ambitious choir' of his native village attempting '*Vital spark of heavenly flame,*' seriously meant to recommend the general revival of such aspiring flights.

Psalms and Hymns at funerals, which have neither propriety nor rubric to recommend them, are now very rightly falling into disuse, even in rural districts, from the melancholy experience of their unsolemn effect.

Liverpool and Glasgow are fortunate in the site of their burial-grounds, but the German cemeteries are those which seem to offer most suggestions for the improvement of our own. The 'Court of Peace,' or 'God's Acre,' to give the German names literally translated, is generally well worthy a visit. A recent traveller says—

'It is a place of public resort at all hours—its gates stand always open. It is planted with a few trees, so that its aspect may not be altogether cheerless; but it is more thickly planted with crosses, gravestones, and monuments congregated together, thick as a forest, slowly advancing foot by foot, year after year, to occupy all the vacant space. Gravestones of various shapes, with lengthy epitaphs, are common among us; here, however, the more touching and trustworthy symptoms of continued recollection are every where observed in the fresh chaplet or nosegay, the little border of flowers newly dug, the basin of holy water, all placed by the side of the funeral hillock.'

All this is perfectly natural and national in the people to whom it belongs, and is very striking and instructive to the English traveller; but the attempt to transplant the sentiment here, presents, in the hands of a Glasgow author, the following serio-comic

burlesque, in the penny-peep-show style of eloquence:—

'Here may be observed the helpless orphans sitting round the newly-dressed grave of beloved parents; while there, the tender youth may be seen ornamenting that of a darling sister; here, the aged widow mourns, under a weeping willow, the memory of a departed husband; while there, cypress wreaths,' &c. &c.—*Remarks*, p. 15.

England will never realize the following scene which annually takes place at Munich, and forms certainly one of the most extraordinary spectacles in Europe:—

'The tombs,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'are decorated in a most remarkable way with flowers, natural and artificial, branches of trees, canopies, pictures, sculptures, and every conceivable object that can be applied to ornament or decorate. The labor bestowed on some tombs requires so much time, that it is commenced two or three days beforehand, and protected while going on by a temporary roof. During the whole of the night preceding the 1st of November, the relations of the dead are occupied in completing the decoration of the tombs; and during the whole of All Saints' Day, and the day following, being All Souls' Day, the cemetery is visited by the entire population of Munich, including the King and Queen, who go there on foot, and many strangers from distant parts.'—*Sup. Rep.* § 174.

Mr. Loudon states that 50,000 persons walked round the cemetery in one day. On mid-day of the 3rd of November the more valuable decorations are removed, and the rest left to be the spoil of time and weather. The Christian cemetery at Pera is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of Constantinople, commanding a splendid view of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and forming with its mulberry-trees and cypresses, a most conspicuous land-mark. At Weimar the ducal mausoleum has opened its doors to receive the tombs of Goethe and Schiller. At Mayence and Berlin, the cemeteries contain the public monuments of distinguished soldiers, who, officers, and men, are

'Neighbors in the grave,
Lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names.'

This circumstance suggests how infinitely preferable National Cemeteries, if they existed, would be to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's for the monuments of those whose claim upon our regard is rather for public services than for private virtues.

Mr. Westmacott's letter on this subject well deserves greater attention than it has yet met with. He draws a very proper distinction between two classes of monuments—'One, of a personal and commemorative character, and having reference to worldly honor and achievements, and therefore illustrating the importance of the individual; the other, intended to be simple records of the dead—the reminders, not of the glory and honors of a transitory life and of this world, but of that change to which all are doomed.' (*Letter*, p. 5.) The former class he rightly thinks misplaced in a Christian Temple; and he even proposes to remove the existing statues from the Abbey to the Chapter-House. Public cemeteries would provide a still better 'Walhalla.' The '*sic sedebat*' of Lord Bacon or Cyril Jackson, so much more interesting to the age and to posterity than the draped nakedness of Dr. Johnson, or the conventional dress of older monuments, is only inappropriate from the site.

We have preferred to speak of what cemeteries are, and might be, rather than dwell at length on the evils of the present inadequate accommodation for burial in the metropolis and other large cities, which are so glaring and obvious that they scarcely require any notice from us. Each family in its turn feels the inconvenience when death knocks at their own door, but few who have not read Mr. Chadwick's report have any idea of the extent to which the poor are sufferers by it. The excessive expense of funerals leads those who can only just support their own life, to delay the interment of their dead to the latest possible period; and the corpse is frequently kept more than a fortnight in the one room where a family of six or eight, and often more, sleep, eat, work. To meet the exorbitant demand which the undertaker makes on their petty gains, burial-societies have been very generally established among the humbler orders; and these are often on the very worst system, being for the most part in the hands of low undertakers and publicans, who work the society for their own especial benefit. A more horrible evil has resulted from these clubs, in the neglect or poisoning by their parents of children on whose deaths a sum of money was insured for burial. There have been three or four trials from Stockport at the Chester assizes for infanticide on this motive; and though only one conviction was obtained, no one had any moral doubt of the guilt in some

other cases. It is said to be a common phrase of the gossips in the neighborhood of Manchester respecting a sickly infant—'Aye, aye, that child will not live; it is in the burial-club!' The frauds that are attempted in order to obtain the burial-money, are very ingenious, sometimes amusing. A man and his wife, residing in Manchester, agreed that the husband should pretend to be dead, that the wife might receive the funeral insurance. Due notice of his death is given—the visitor for the society calls to see the corpse—the disconsolate widow points to the 'dear deceased,' whose chin is tied up with a handkerchief in the attitude of death—the visitor is about to depart, satisfied with the fulfilment of his sad errand, when an awkward winking of the eye arrests his attention—he feels the pulse—'there is life in the old dog yet.' The indignant widow asseverates that there has not been a breath in him since twelve o'clock last night. Careful not to hurt her wounded spirit, the visitor hesitates—the neighbors of course assemble—the debate grows warm—till the doctor being sent for dispels doubt, disease, and death, by dashing a jug of cold water into the performer's face. The concluding part must have been not the least ludicrous, when the man was brought up the next morning before Sir Charles Shaw, clothed in the coffin-costume of his imposture.

There exists among the poor of the metropolitan districts an inordinate dread of premature burial; and very terrible stories are told of bodies being found in coffins in positions that seemed to indicate that a struggle had taken place after the lid had been closed. The dread of such a contingency is another of the causes which often delay interment till decomposition has begun. A case of supposed trance lately occurred at Deptford, where, from the absence of some of the usual signs of death, the parents of a lad, who had died suddenly, would not allow the body to be interred till after the space of thirty-five days. At Frankfort there is a singular contrivance to avoid the possibility of premature interment. Receiving-houses are appointed, in which the body is laid out, and a ring connected with a lightly-hung bell is placed on the finger of the corpse, so that the slightest motion of the limb would give the alarm to the watchers. It would seem too skeptical to doubt the fact that people have ever been buried alive; but we can hardly think that in this country the danger is sufficient

to require such extreme precaution. Has the corpse-bell at Frankfort or Munich ever yet been rung? The French provincial news-writers, nearly as trustworthy as their Irish brethren of the same class, are the chief source of the modern tales that are told of the nailing of the coffin awakening its inmate—of bearers being stopped by strange noises on their way to the grave—of bodies found distorted on disinterment, and other like horrors of posthumous life. For ourselves, we should be content with Shakspeare's test—

'This feather stirs; she lives!'

There is another evil of the present system, calling for remark. The class of sextons and grave-diggers, who in the early Church as *copiatæ*, *fossarii*, &c., would have borne a respectable office and character, becoming the duties imposed upon them, is notoriously become one of the most demoralized and shameless; and painfully unite in their own body the contrast of the Psalmist, being 'door-keepers in the house of the Lord,' yet 'dwelling in the tents of ungodliness.' It would be well that the lower office-bearers of the Church were more strictly looked after: we verily believe that vergers, sextons, and parish-clerks, make many infidels annually. The evidence given of the habits of the metropolitan grave-diggers, is too sickening to repeat; some idea, however, may be formed of them by a low publication lately advertising 'A correct view of the Church of ———, and the Grave-diggers Playing at Skittles with the Skulls and Bones.' How unlike the 'ancient gentleman' of Shakspeare—'Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?' But of old, though a skull might occasionally be 'knocked about the mazzard with the sexton's spade,' they did not bury eight or ten corpses in the same grave; nor had the operator to dig through a mass of loathsome soil, 'saturated and blackened with human remains' (*Sup. Rep.*, § 156); nor were his profits increased and his sacrilege stimulated by the half-decayed wood and ornaments of the coffins he disturbed. The sale of second-hand coffin-wood has now become a petty trade in some low districts of London, and a witness describes that he detected by the smell the origin of the firewood in some of the wretched abodes that he visited. We have just heard that one poor man has gone mad on the subject of the desecration of

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graves; and that he goes about addressing what audiences he can collect, mounted on a rostrum made of a second-hand coffin, which he snatched from a grave-digger who was about to apply it to use again. The following bit of Mr. Wild's evidence may fitly conclude this part of the subject. He has been speaking of the effect produced by the many funerals which take place at the same time in large parishes, and the remarks of the poor who are kept waiting outside while the service over those whose higher fees are paid is proceeding within the church, half-realizing the scene of Crabbe, where

'waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest'd.'

The further question is asked,

'What other inconveniences are experienced in the service in other churchyards?—It is a frequent thing that a gravedigger, who smells strongly of liquor, will ask the widow or mourners for something to drink, and, if not given, he will follow them to the gates and outside the gates, murmuring and uttering reproaches.

'Is that ordinarily the last thing met with before leaving the churchyards?—Yes, that is the last thing.

'That closes the scene?—Yes; *that closes the scene.*'

It is stated in Mr. Chadwick's report, that in many parishes of London the corpses of the very poor are not brought within the church at all, and that consequently half the service is omitted. We cannot believe this to be a prevailing custom—for it would hardly have escaped the lynx-eye of the present zealous diocesan; and surely it would be worse than folly to urge the more frequent and strict observance of the Church's general services, if the most solemn of all were notoriously curtailed to the measure of quality or fee. Truly indeed may it be said in this matter that 'until the Church's intentions are completely fulfilled as to her ritual, we do not know what the Church really is, nor what she is capable of effecting.' Mr. Milman emphatically denies this defraudment of the poor for his own curates. All honor be to them! For the denial seems to imply the contrary general use. Too much allowance, indeed, can hardly be made for the zealous and painful clergy of our overgrown metropolitan parishes, who toil on from week to week amidst a mass of crime that they cannot check, and misery that

they cannot alleviate, uncheered by the faintest hope of overtaking the work that lies before them, and by little sympathy from the uncounted wealth that dwells within the sound of their church-bells—but we would beseech them to let no deadening routine of their thankless duties, no salving precedent, no cold calculation of mercenary underlings harden their hearts against the claims of the Christian poor to the full participation of the last offices of the Church. If it were not that Dissent is ten times more crouching to wealth, and grinding to poverty still, 'the poor man's Church' would long ago have been a mockery as applied to the Church of England.

One important point, which we have left unnoticed, the moral effect of cemeteries, as compared with the close town graveyard, will come better recommended in the language of Wordsworth. Coleridge gave his sanction to these words by publishing them in his 'Friend':—

'I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice [wayside cemeteries]. We might ruminate on the beauty which the monuments thus placed must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature, from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running within sight or hearing, from the beaten road, stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller, leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shades, whether he had halted from weariness, or in compliance with the invitation, 'Pause, traveller,' so often found upon the monuments. . . . We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within or contiguous to their places of worship, however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary may be the associations connected with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares; yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare, in imagination, the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together

in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed.'

If an English Virgil were to sing the blessings of rural life, he would hardly omit the decency and quiet of the countryman's last home; for Gray's *Elegy*, the verses of Wordsworth and Wilson, and the chapters of Washington Irving and Mrs. Southey, have not exhausted a subject round which the present state of feeling has thrown a new, and, we think, a holier interest. Our country churchyards are not indeed without their defects, often very grievous ones; and while our larger towns must certainly without delay provide additional burying ground, our villages must not be behind in rendering the courts of the Lord's House more worthy of His name, and the uses for which they were set apart for ever. The state of the church material, it is said, may be taken, in most parishes, as an index to the state of the church spiritual. The saying would be more true of its precincts. The poor vicar cannot always find the means or the influence to expend many hundreds upon the fabric; but he can always forego the petty gain of letting, and undertake the slight expense of keeping decent, the churchyard. There are a few simple rules which should be observed in every parish—Never to allow burial within six or eight feet of the walls of the church—to admit no iron palisades round tombs—to carry away, on the opening of each new grave, four or five wheelbarrowfuls of earth to a distant corner of the churchyard—to keep the turfed grave as low as possible, and the general surface of the churchyard below the level of the floor of the church. This last direction seems now often beyond our power. Two, three, and sometimes even four feet of soil lie a continual damper against the outside walls, and necessitate the infliction of Arnott's stoves and hot-water pipes within. But, considering the depth at which the coffins are interred, it would be quite possible to remove two or three feet of earth from the surface without in the least degree disturbing the remains below, taking care that the exact spot of every tombstone was marked that it might be replaced in the same position, and not less observant of each heaving turf beneath which,

'Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

It requires a nice hand and a reverend mind to perform this delicate task rightly, and not one spadeful of earth should be disturbed without the personal superintendence of the clergyman or church-warden. Where this attention is paid, and the minds of the parishioners duly prepared beforehand, a most salutary reform may be effected without committing either injury or offence. Only in this, as in every church restoration or improvement, let no clerk take the measure of his own knowledge or feeling as that of his flock. It requires more pains and time than he may like to give, to bring up his people to his own standard; but he must not expect them to adopt in a day principles and practices which it may have taken him many years, and much reading and reflection, to work out for himself. The soil pared off it will be much better to heap into a steep mound than to carry beyond the churchyard; and another generation may perhaps not be afraid or ashamed to revive upon its summit the ancient and simple Cross, which a bigotry more strange and fierce than the Saracen's, has desecrated, and swept away, almost universally, from its most appropriate site.

The mistakes that have already been committed, make us deprecate any hasty change. We have heard a churchyard eulogized because it was planted to harmonize with the shrubberies of the vicarage—and, being only separated by an invisible wire fence, to appear part of them. This is false in principle, and therefore in taste. A clear boundary should mark the consecrated ground, and the style of planting be accommodated not to the parsonage, but to the church. Straight and angular walks are therefore preferable to the undulating curves of the landscape-gardening school, and formal avenues to mixed clumps. A broad gravel path immediately round the church, is as seemly as convenient. Those who abuse the state of our present churchyards are little aware of the difficulty of rendering them more comely. We know of a little village in one of the midland counties, where the new vicar turned off the tenant and his sheep, took the churchyard into his own hands, and set about to make it the pride of his parish, and the pattern to the neighborhood. Pleased with the idea, he put up new gates after an old fashion, in place of the field-gate that was there before; he planted an avenue of cypresses up to the porch, and

yews and cedars of Lebanon where they seemed most wanted; and, fond, easy man, in the pride of his heart he entered the name and place of his plants, and the date of their planting, on the fly-leaf of the Burial-Register, and dreamt that on some future day, when he slept beneath the shade of his cedar, his successor should settle the age of that wide-spreading tree by turning to that solemn record. How a Mephistophiles would have laughed to see him planting them! The hinds stopped to admire them on the Sunday; they overgot the winter's frost and the summer's drought; nay, escaped the ravages of the stones and fingers of the village children. 'Did I not say,' remarked the vicar, as he pointed to the Virginian creeper that had reddened in the autumn sun, as it clung round the yellow sandstone arch of the porch, 'that if you showed confidence in the people, they would prove themselves worthy of it?' Alas for the short-sightedness of human boasting, and for our fondest hopes of trees and flowers, and rustic taste! There was a slight disturbance in the village that called for the vicar's interference; and the next morning—and Sunday morning too—there lay torn up by the roots, the remnants of the 'trees he planted,' and the creepers he had trained; and which read him probably, as he walked through his ruined idols, a far better homily than the sermon he afterwards preached to his flock. It requires no little faith to persevere after such scenes as these; but though we would by no means discourage our country friends in their attempts to improve their churchyards, we would suggest to the passing traveller and the prying Camdenian a little charity in their judgment, when they lay all the blame at the parson's door.

Many are beginning sadly to overplant their churchyards. Two or three fine old trees are quite enough; and therefore a greater number of young ones should only be planted to meet accidents. After all, what can be better than the single solitary yew, which is all that most of our oldest churches have to boast of? The species of trees appropriate to a churchyard, are very limited. They should either be connected with the associations of Holy Writ, or, as Aristotle would say, *xenic*—that is, removed from common life. The splendid Deodara and the graceful hemlock-spruce will come under the latter head. But the tree that best unites these two qualities, is the cedar of Lebanon; and its quick growth and hori-

zontal branches, finely contrasting with spiral church architecture, may recommend it where other reasons fail. It is, indeed, a noble tree, as worthy now to guard God's House without as it was deemed of old to furnish it within; and may well represent those trees of the Lord's planting which flourish so greenly in the verses of the Psalmist, and which have thrown an unwonted charm even into the metres of Brady and Tate, for there is surely a simple majesty in these lines:—

'The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.'—*Ps. civ. v.*

The sycamore would remind us of Zachæus, and the vine and the fig-tree are both sacred types. These two last are best suited for the porch, where they might replace the perfidious ivy; and if left to grow in their natural luxuriance, would seldom tempt the pilferer by their fruit. The rose of Sharon, and the wild vine of America (the Virginian creeper), might add their symbols intermixed with these; and on no account should any other flower, save those that spring up naturally from the turf, mar the solemnity of the place. Ivy, when planted at all, should be the narrow-leaved English, not the broad Irish. Loudon gives a list of some five hundred trees, shrubs and flowers, adapted for cemeteries and churchyards; but, as may be supposed from the number, it is rather a select arboretum and flora equally suited to any other purpose. His sketch of the sepulchral style, as contrasted with the pleasure-ground style of laying out a cemetery, is generally correct; but he quite overlooks a principle which we think will be found to hold good universally, that for a cemetery or churchyard the shrubs only should be spiral, the trees massy and horizontal in their branches. In both cases, evergreens are preferable. The old and genuine Scotch pine is one of the best trees for a high situation. The Lombardy poplar should be avoided, as being in too close competition with the spire. The oak is too Erastian, as well as too utilitarian a symbol. The weeping-willow is quite a modern sentimentalism, false as a Christian type, and its name (*Salix Babylonica*), which popularly connects it with Hebrew song, a mere pious fraud of the botanists.

The Yew demands especial notice as *the* church tree of England—many of the finest specimens of which are undoubtedly older

than the fabrics with which they are now associated. Pages upon pages have been written upon the origin of planting this tree in our churchyards, and form a curious chapter in the history of antiquarian trifling. It is contended that it was placed there as a screen to the church against the winds—a shelter for the congregation assembling—to furnish long bows for the parish—as a funeral emblem of death—as a joyful symbol of the resurrection, as a substitute for palms—as a wood anciently used in funeral pyres, or strewed on coffins—as derived from the pagan reverence for ‘green trees;’ and one *Cædipus* has the hardihood to account for its proximity to the church, that, in troubled times, the congregation, when disturbed, might have a natural armory at hand whence they might cut their weapons. A more obvious reason—its use in decorating the church at Christmas and other festivals—we have never seen suggested in the many essays which this simple subject has produced. Its deadly property to cattle is well known; and whether or not that was a good reason for planting it in churchyards, its presence there is at least a better one for the expulsion of the grazier’s stock, too often found there.

We would plead a word in behalf of the time-honored trees still existing in country churchyards. Many sad spoliations of what all books call ‘Saints’ Yews’ have come under our own knowledge, realizing the old ballad verse—

‘Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been here.’

The title of an ancient statue (35 Edward I.), which runs, ‘*Ne Rector Arbores in Cemeterio prosternat,*’ might be sometimes revived with advantage in the present day. An old story is found in Brand of a clergyman, who, ‘seeing some boyes breaking boughs from the yew-tree in the churchyard, felt himself much injured.’ He bethought him of a summary method of escaping the like indignity for the future; for, ‘to prevent the like trespasses, he sent one presently to cut downe the tree, and bring it into his back-yard.’ Whereupon two of his cows, feeding on the leaves of it, died. We join with the narrator in the moral of the story, and bring in the verdict of the Irish jury—‘*Sarv’d him right.*’

There is every reason to hope that some check may be given to the present hideous

fashion of country tombstones. Mr. Paget has done for the humbler classes what Mr. Markland’s excellent book has for the higher.* His ‘Tract,’ which does great credit to the provincial press from which it issues, should be widely distributed in all country parishes, and will hardly fail to diminish the number and size and correct the emblems of the black slate slabs, which, from their ready subjection to the chisel, are making rapid inroads throughout our rural churchyards. From Mr. Paget, as well as the Cambridge Camden Society, we have had drawings of a better class of headstones;† yet, though those designs which we have seen executed in stone are great improvements on the prevailing form, we think there is still room for the exercise of an enlightened and chastened taste. We are still in want of a good collection of posies for country churchyards, to replace

“Afflictions sore long time I bore”,

and others of that class. Perhaps the simpler and older forms of epitaph, imploring mercy and peace, would be more consonant with right feeling; but we could hardly debar our rural population from ‘the sermons in stones’ which they delight to pore over as they loiter among their fathers’ graves before evening service. Only we wish that the poetry and the doctrine put before them were more free from the vulgar extravagancies which now amuse rather than instruct us on village tombstones. Goldsmith has somewhere made a remark on how good and amiable a world this would be, if men’s lives were only spent as they read on their epitaphs. Of men, as Christians—and as such their epitaph should speak of them—the less said is best said. ‘The greater part of mankind must be content, as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.’

Mr. Chadwick deserves the thanks of the community for having stepped a little out of his way to notice the subject of funeral expenses. *Five millions sterling*, on a moderate calculation, is the sum annually expended in England and Wales alone on this account. Four of these may fairly be set down as squandered on the mere fopperies of death. Will Christian England hear this simple statement and be still? There is a

* Quarterly Review, vol. lxx. p. 417.

† We have just received, too late to notice it otherwise, a ‘*Paper on Monuments*,’ Oxford, 1844, by the Rev. J. Armstrong, which gives the best designs for churchyard head-stones we have seen.

cry in the streets of towns that count their inhabitants by tens of thousands, for schools and churches; gaunt and squalid poverty, heathen ignorance, and, what is worse, half-knowing infidelity, call aloud for almoners, and teachers, and pastors; and the utmost that our wealth has done for them has never yet in one year met the demand of that year's increase, let alone the accumulations of past years' neglect. And here is an annual *four millions*—a professed offering to domestic piety and Christian decency—which might have met all these demands even to an overflowing—not merely wasted, but degraded to the idlest and meanest uses. This estimate does not include the vain marble, 'the storied urn and animated bust,' and the emblazoned hatchment, of monumental affectation and parade. To what then does it go? To silk scarfs, and brass nails—feathers for the horses—kid gloves and gin for the mutes—white satin and black cloth for the worms. And whom does it benefit? Not those in whose honor all this pomp is marshalled—not those who often at a costly sacrifice submit to it as a trammel of custom—not those whose unfeigned sorrow makes them callous at the moment to its show and almost to its mockery—not the cold spectator, who sees its dull magnificence give the palpable lie to the preacher's equality of death—but the lowest of all low hypocrites, the hired mourner, whose office it is a sin to sanction and encourage. There is a time in every family when one room in the house of the living is the chamber of death—when words are whispered low, and the smile is checked, and the light of the sun is darkened, and the sternest master is mild, and the most bustling servant is still, and no one has the heart to choose the wood for the coffin, or haggle about the price of broadcloth. Then, when false shame or true affection makes us puppets in the hands of others, a mercenary stranger,

'Like the ghole of the East, with quick scent for the dead,'

'undertakes' the measure and evidences of our grief, and by 'only what is customary' is at once the arbiter, and director, and purveyor of the trappings of woe, taking his own orders, and charging his own prices, according as he may estimate the pride, or piety, or purse of his helpless employers.

It speaks volumes of the iron grasp with which that monster custom has clutched us here, that a bill of 60*l.* or 70*l.* for funeral

expenses is passed, as a matter of course, by a Master of Chancery, even in an insolvent estate. From 60*l.* to 100*l.* for an upper tradesman, 250*l.* for a gentleman, 500*l.* to 1500*l.* for a nobleman—such is the ordinary metropolitan scale, as announced by the officials of the great Leveller, for attendance on the funerals of many who have left their widows and orphans destitute, their debts unpaid, and perhaps wanted themselves the comforts, even the necessities of a dying-bed.* The family pride, that turned a deaf ear and a stone heart to the calls of living wretchedness, comes to the rescue when the unfortunate has ceased from troubling, and gladly pays to the last claim that which, if given before, might have inconveniently prolonged and increased further demands. Poor Sheridan proved not in his death more truly the faithlessness of summer friends, than he did in his funeral the hollow mockery of posthumous parade; and Moore never struck a nobler or more independent chord than when he sung,

'How proud will they flock to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and
sorrow!

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

It was probably with a prescient dread of some such empty pageantry that Pope ordered, by will, that his pall should be supported by poor men only. This office—indeed the more real service of carrying the bier itself—was formerly the privilege of the nearest relations and dearest friends. The holy Lady Paula has this honor recorded of her by St. Jerome, that the bishops of Palestine carried her forth with their own hands, and put their own necks under her coffin,

'Bending beneath the lady and her lead.'

Good Isaak Walton was told by the Bishop of London who ordained George Herbert, that 'he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head,

* The average surplice-fee for the clergyman for the whole of London, where almost alone it exists, and which forms the chief source of income in some parishes, is 6*s.* 2*d.* The average funeral expense for the whole London population is about 15*l.* Pauper coffins are contracted for at 1*s.* 6*d.* each. Undertakers themselves acknowledge that 56 per cent. might be deducted from their usual charges, and leave them a fair remuneration. The whole of Mr. Chadwick's Report on this part of the subject proves the undertaking system to be, what, in another sense, Lord Portmouth delighted to call a *black job*.

and, alas, within less than three years lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to the grave ;' and it was often a matter of friendly rivalry who should be allowed to carry a good man deceased to his last home. Even in our own day, we read in the life of Sir Walter Scott, that 'His old domestics and foresters made it their petition that no hireling hand might assist in carrying his remains. They themselves bore the coffin to the grave.' If modern effeminacy or refinement can only lay a hand to a tassel, where our fathers put their shoulders to the coffin, at least some poor dependents might be selected for underbearers, on whom the funeral dole would be better bestowed than on hired strangers. Now—the men who share in the funeral baked meats are thus described by one of their masters;—'They are frequently unfit to perform their duty, and have reeled in carrying the coffin. The men who stand as mutes at the door, as they stand out in the cold, are supposed to require more drink, and receive it liberally. I have seen these men reel about the road, and after the burial we have been obliged to put these mutes and their staves into the interior of the hearse, and drive them home, as they were incapable of walking. After the return from the funeral, the mourners commonly have drink again at the house.' (*Sup. Rep.* § 56.) No one who has read 'Inheritance'—and who has not?—can fail to be reminded here of Miss Pratt's arrival at the Earl's.

'It was drawing towards the close of a day, when the snow had fallen without intermission, but was now beginning to abate. A huge black object was dimly discernible entering the avenue, and dragging its ponderous length towards the castle; but what was its precise nature the still falling snow prevented their ascertaining. But suddenly the snow ceased, the clouds rolled away, and a red brassy glare of the setting sun fell abruptly on the moving phenomenon, and disclosed to view a stately full-plumed hearse. There was something so terrific, yet so picturesque, in its appearance, as it ploughed its way through waves of snow—its sable plumes and gilded skulls nodding and grinning in the now lurid glimmering of the fast-sinking sun—that all stood transfixed with alarm and amazement. At length the prodigy drew near, followed by two attendants on horseback; it drew up at the grand entrance, the servants gathered round, one of the men began to remove the end-board—that threshold of death—and there was lifted out, not "a slovenly unhandsome corpse betwixt the wind and his nobility," but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfited, figure of Miss Pratt.'

Thus are farce and tragedy mixed up in the drama of life, and remind us of the schoolboy puzzle, which, by a slight harlequinade of the letters, turned 'funeral' into 'real fun.'

In olden times, when charity implied an act and not only a feeling, almsgiving accompanied the performance of every Christian service. Men were not afraid of doing good works, lest they should be said to rest upon them. And the funeral Dole,* though it undoubtedly led at times to great excesses, was one of the occasions which helped to equalize wealth, and make the poor partakers of our substance and hospitality. The Fathers, indeed, are full of condemnation of the abuses of the anniversary festivals of the dead, which savored more of the Parentalia of the Gentiles than of the doles of Churchmen; our own Puritans also, not without reason, attacked the carousing and junketing of the Month's Myndes;† but the same objections hardly hold good against the dole and almsgiving at the time of the funeral. St. Jerome commends a widower upon this account—'that whilst other husbands throw violets, and roses, and lilies, and purple flowers upon the graves of their wives, our Psammachius waters the holy ashes and bones of his wife with the balsam of alms.' Old English wills are full of such instructions as that of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, 1397—that 'twenty-five shillings should be daily distributed among three hundred poor people from the time of his death to the arrival of his body at Burtlesham.' And Strutt gives among the articles of expense at the funeral of Sir John Rudstone, mayor of London, 1531—'To poor folke in almys, 11. 5s.' &c.; and the list might be easily lengthened. If respect for the dead necessarily involve unusual expenditure, surely such objects as the above are more reasonable items than those which occur in a modern undertaker's bill of

* The origin and signification of the word are well explained by these lines from Percy:—

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all, deal on your cake and wine;

For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day, shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

† The day month after the funeral, as year's-mind was the anniversary. Sir Robert Chichely, grocer, and twice Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1439, 'wylled in his testament, that upon his Mynde Day a good and competent dinner should be ordayned to xxiiii C. pore men. And over that was xx ponde destributed among them, which was to every man two-pence.'—*Brand's Pop. Antiq.*, Sir H. Ellis's Ed., vol. ii. p. 192.

'ostrich feathers, 1*l.* 1*s.*; man carrying ditto, 8*s.*; eighteen pages, silk bands and gloves, 11*l.* 14*s.*' and the like.

It is to be lamented, but perhaps not wondered at, that the more the dead have been honored, the more the living have been forgotten—the poor stunted as the parade has increased. We omit in this view the extraordinary occasions when in the palmy days of pageant and heraldry the combination of great worth, wealth, and rank—all, or some of them—made a funeral procession an affair of state; and which in no way justifies the appropriation of the dead-letter of a spirit of nobility which has passed away, to the obsequies of persons who in those days would not have been allowed to subscribe '*gent.*' as their designation. But while the ceremonial pomp of our fathers has been retained, their charity, whether by the will of the deceased, or the largess of the surviving, is too often omitted, and the mural tablet now generally records the virtues which were once more indirectly, but not the less sensibly, portrayed on the same church-walls in the list of parish benefactions. Let us hope that the like spirit which is now converting the sepulchral monument from being the disfigurement of the church into its ornament, that substitutes the painted window and the sculptured font for the pompous and unmeaning tablets of the last age, may be yet further extended to the more judicious application of funeral expenses. We do not hesitate to denounce the present accumulation of ceremony and outlay at funerals as not only ridiculous but sinful. In ordinary cases it is out of all proportion to the means of the family incurring it, and not unfrequently a most grievous burden. But where money is of little moment, how far better would it be to expend the sum consumed in an hour's passing pomp on the lasting and substantial good of a memorial school-room or an alms-house, in restoring an aisle, or adding a porch to the parish church! Some sacrifice on the death of a friend humanity seems to demand—who does not read '*Rasselas*' with a double interest when he knows it was written to pay the cost of a mother's funeral? Affection, where it exists, suggests it: and its absence, where it exists not, is scarcely a less stimulant, lest the niggard hand should betray the cold heart. The world, always leaning to the uncharitable side, while it gives little credit to a costly outlay, yet sees in a cheap funeral the measure of the love of the survivors; and few have the

courage to undergo this ordeal. But let a distribution be made or announced on the day of the funeral, which, while the minimum sum is expended on the obsequies, by the amount saved from the undertaker's clutches, shall feed and clothe, and teach the poor, and the most ignorant will be satisfied, and the most envious silenced. If we could be brought to view this matter simply as Christians, nay, as mere men of common sense, 10*l.* would suffice in towns, and 5*l.* in the country, for that upon which hundreds are now squandered, and of which not a trace remains. Something may be said for a sumptuous monument; it wards off oblivion for a generation or two, from a name that would otherwise be forgotten; it speaks for a time of and to the charities of family and home; but the train of hired feathers and hack coaches has none of these things to recommend it; the impression produced by it is purely evil. We thank Mr. Chadwick for reminding us of these nervous lines of Crabbe—

'Lo! now, what dismal sons of Darkness come
To bear this daughter of Indulgence home;
Tragedians all, and well arranged in black!
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,
And shake their sables to the wearied eye
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,
Proud without grandeur, with profusion mean!
The tear for kindness past affection owes;
For worth deceased the sigh from reason flows;
E'en well-feign'd passions for our sorrow call,
And real tears for mimic miseries fall:
But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;
Dark, but not awful, dismal, but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;
Presents no objects, tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.
When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms
appear;
And oh! how needless when the woe's sincere.'
The Parish Register.

On the other hand, conceive for a moment what our towns might have saved in workhouses and prisons—what buildings in their place devoted to religion and charity they might have exhibited, if, during the last age, the forty pounds which might have been saved out of every fifty wasted on funeral fopperies had been rationally expended. Let it not be said that it is vain to argue thus—that the money if not spent on the funeral would not have been spent at all, or at least in no better way; because nature will demand a sacrifice in the last gift of love, and of old it did flow in a nobler channel. It is not cheap, so much as plain, funerals that we advocate. We

grudge not the 'waste of ointment,' however costly, so it be poured out in the honor of God, and not for the pride of man; and the very want of our Lord's visible presence suggests that we have the poor in His room.

And yet, after all, in the case of our dearest friends deceasing, it may be feared that the world and its fashions will have their way. We cannot bear, perhaps, the thought of withholding, in the case of others, even the lacquered cherubs and French polished mahogany of the undertaker's bill. But there is one case which comes nearest home to us, on which we *may* decide, for 'once it shall come to pass, that concerning every one of us it shall be told in the neighborhood that we are dead;' and then there may be found that strict written injunction with regard to our own funeral, that even the extreme officiousness of love dares not disobey. Mere general directions, however, will not suffice. Few fail even now to give instructions, verbal or written, that no unnecessary sum shall be expended on their burial. But each one must name the definite amount beyond which the expenditure shall not go, and name also the rescued sum which shall be devoted to charitable purposes. Details must not alarm us; we must name the elm coffin, and the coarse linen, and dispense explicitly with mutes, and hat-bands, and kid gloves. The carpenter must be the undertaker, and six poor men to carry us in place of the four-horsed hearse. If we thus took the ordering of our own funerals upon ourselves, our friends would be relieved, and the world satisfied; and though eccentricities might sometimes peep out of the instructions, there would be little fear of often encountering the orange-colored pall and cloaks of the late Dr. Somebody, or the 4000*l.* for an equestrian statue of himself, left a short time since by one Mr. Hobart.

Many of the best and greatest men have left strict injunctions on this head, which have mostly been evaded for want of more definite expressions. A few only occur to us at this moment, as Pope and Burke, Sir M. Hale, and we think Bishop Hall. All strongly deprecated funeral extravagance. Evelyn records of his mother that on her death-bed she importuned his father 'that what he designed to bestow upon her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor.' We learn from Gregory Nyssen,*

that Ephrem Cyrus left it upon his will, that nothing should be expended on his funeral, but whatever should be appointed for that should be given to the poor. Paula, to whom we referred before, left not money so much as to buy a winding-sheet. St. Basil asks the rich—'What need have you of a sumptuous monument, or a costly entombing? Prepare your own funeral whilst you live. Works of charity and mercy are the funeral obsequies you can bestow upon yourself.' Sir Thomas Wyndham, 1521, directs his 'body to be buried without damnable pomp, or superfluities;*' and the old wills abound in similar injunctions. The Roman sumptuary laws expressly forbade expensive funerals; might not taxation, which in modern times supersedes the necessity of direct restrictive enactments, help to diminish the increasing folly?

It would be unjust to the Gallican Church not to notice especially her continual efforts against the repeated inroads of intramural burial. These she has persevered in, even in spite of the Pope's decretals giving hereditary rights of burial within the church to wealthy and noble families. Mr. Walker reprints a most valuable document, taken from a New York publication, in the form of an ordinance of Stephen Charles de Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, who was made a cardinal by Pius VI. Making allowance for some doctrinal points, to which we might not agree, the archbishop's letter gives the best history of, and the most conclusive arguments against, intramural burial, which we have yet seen. After referring to thirteen ordinances published in France alone, between the years 1600 and 1721, against the practice, he thus appeals to the feelings of those who might be disposed to persist in their privilege of interment in or near the church:—

'If inhumation around churches is to be allowed, can cities be perfectly salubrious? If priests and laymen, distinguished for piety, are to be buried within, who shall judge of this piety, or who presume to refuse their testimony? If the quality of founder or benefactor is a title, what rate shall fix the privilege? If the right is hereditary, must not time multiply the evil to excess, and will not our churches at length be crowded beyond endurance? If distinctions of rank are to exist after death, can vanity know any limitation or judge? If these distinctions are to be procured for money, will not vanity lavish riches to procure them? And would it be proper for the Church to prostitute

* Bingham, *Antiq.* xxiii. 2.

* Nicolas, *Test. Vet.* p. 581.

to wealth and honor only due to such as have been rendered worthy by the grace of God?"

Such is the unanswerable appeal. Now for the manner of enforcing it:—

'We are disposed, dearly beloved brethren, to show all possible moderation in this necessary reformation; though charged to be strict in the fulfilment of our pastoral duties, we are allowed a discretionary power, and can consult your habits, your opinions, and even your prejudices, and all that may conciliate your interests with the glory of God; but woe to us if, blinded by weakness, we lose sight of the experience of past ages, and suffer things still to continue that have till now served, and can only serve, to perpetuate disorder.'—*Gatherings*, p. 72.

The reasonableness of the injunction, and the moderation in effecting it, we earnestly recommend to our spiritual rulers. On the other hand, we will not think so ill of our aristocracy as to believe that family pride will stand out for the pitiable Pharisaical distinction of burying within the church—of all privileges the most unprofitable to the possessors, and unedifying to the people. There can be few cases where they have the shadow of a legal right; and an episcopal injunction might, we suppose, in every case, avail to suppress it. Belial and Mammon are the presiding deities of private vaults; for Christianity, reason, and decency, must, on an unprejudiced view, equally abhor them. The material appearance of a charnel-house is positively more nauseous than that of an earthen grave, and the process of corruption there perhaps the more loathsome of the two. When Allan Cunningham was offered by Chantrey a place in his own new elaborate mausoleum, Allan answered like a man and a poet, 'No, no, I'll not be built over when I'm dead; I'll lie where the wind shall blow and the daisy grow upon my grave.' His wish was granted; he was laid in the lap of his mother earth, under a simple sod; and, according to a brother poet's prayer;—

'The evening sun
Shines sweetly on his grave.'

The fact that the tombs most conspicuous in the Cemetery at Kensal Green, where 'Honest Allan' thus reposes, are those of St. John Long, the quack, Ducrow, the equestrian, and Morison, the *hygeist*, will not perhaps tend to raise the value of granite, and marble, and bronze, in the public mind. There is something, too, very dis-

gusting to us in the public exhibition of coffins, such as takes place in the catacombs of the cemeteries, and in some nobleman's vaults, on payment of a fee. Like making a spectacle of an execution, or thronging to the funeral of a suicide or a murderer, this is hardly the healthy Christian contemplation of death, but rather springs from the same morbid feeling that led the Egyptians to introduce a skeleton in their feasts, and Lord Byron to have his drinking-cup made of a skull—not a repose, but an excitement—the substitution, in either case, for the wholesome fear of death, of a braving of

'The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.'

A great deal has been said of late of the unchristian 'respect of persons' shown by the ambitious and monopolizing pews of too many of our churches; and certain it is that such distinction of rank in God's House is very hurtful in many ways, and that if there is to be an inequality at all, the tables should be turned, and the best places allotted to those who have, as is supposed, most to learn, and who are the Church's peculiar care. But surely it is far more shocking to right feeling to carry this inequality into the grave: we mean not in monuments, which may result merely from affection using its proportionate means, but in the place of burial, so that the poor man shall have the northern and unsunned corner of the churchyard, while the chancel shall hardly be deemed good enough for the deceased rector. Even the growing spirit of church decoration may be perverted, if the foundation be not rightly laid; for in many cases where the greatest care is bestowed upon the fabric, it seems rather to be viewed as a family mausoleum than as a place of common worship; and the high principle that is contended for will be little advanced if the green-baized pew only gives place to the emblazoned monument. Let the high clergy and laity follow Allan Cunningham's example, and give such directions about their burial that the poor man may see some little sincerity of action, as well as warmth of profession, and have no more repetition of the old but eloquent epitaph—

'Here I lie beside the door,
Here I lie because I'm poor;
Further in the more they pay,
Here I lie as well as they.'

For our own part, when we think over the lives of those who claim chancel-vaults,

and of those who rest in the churchyard without a stone to mark the spot of their interment—like Crabb's old Dibble we would content ourselves with the humbler allotment, and

'Join the party that repose without.'

'To subsist in lasting monuments,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'to live in their productions, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence, in noble believers 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being for ever, and as content with six feet as with the moles of Adrianus.'

Though, as we have already said, we differ from Mr. Chadwick as to the hands into which the providing and maintenance of cemeteries should fall, we can have no difficulty, and we think the nation will go along with us, in coming to the same main conclusion with him:—

'That on the several special grounds, moral, religious, and physical, and in conformity to the best usages and authorities of primitive Christianity and the general practice of the most civilized, modern nations, the practice of interments in towns in burial places amidst the habitations of the living, and the practice of interment in churches, ought for the future, and without any exception of places, or acceptance of persons, to be entirely prohibited.'—*Sup. Rep.* § 249.

We also fully agree with him—'That the necessities of no class of the population in respect to burial, ought to be abandoned as sources of private emolument to commercial associations;'—that 'institutions of houses for the immediate reception, and respectful and appropriate care of the dead, under superior and responsible officers, should be provided in every town for the use of all classes of the community;'—that 'an abatement of oppressive charges for funeral materials, decorations, and services,' should be made; and we are sure that he would meet us with his concurrence in the suggestions we have tendered for the general diminution of all funeral parade. We cannot take leave of the Report without thanking its able author for the very great public service he has achieved by it.

And now, something must be done in this matter, and that without delay. This day the sun will set in Britain upon a thousand corpses of those who saw the light of yesterday. It will be the same to-morrow,

but with increasing ratio; our burial-grounds are meanwhile almost stationary; and the mind shudders to think of the accumulating horrors which must ensue from a continuance of things as they are. There is no doubt whose prerogative it is to conduct the rites of Christian burial, and whose duty, therefore, it is to come forward at the present moment, and rescue them from their increasing desecration. One year more, and a new concession may be wrested from the Church, and another tie may be broken; and while Churchmen are busied in fine-drawing the Articles in their studies, and carving rood-screens in their workshops, the opportunity of a great practical restoration, at once primitive and catholic, pious, edifying, and popular, may be allowed to slip away, to fall into the hands of speculators and Dissenters. Never—if we may, without irreverence, apply to a minor want of the Church that expression which was more solemnly appropriated of old to her greatest need—never was the Fulness of time for a specific object more signally come. The necessity of the case is not more urgent, than are the means to meet it prompt and ample. The antidote as well as the bane is before us. The very existence of the Ecclesiastical Commission, unwelcome as it may be to many even in its improved constitution, offers the fortunate—may we not say, providential—accident of a motive power and machinery made to hand to carry out the material framework; while the spirit to give life and energy to a movement in the direction of primitive usage, is only not boiling over for want of a vent at which to expend itself. It is not in this only, but in greater matters, that we want good practical men to guide the present high-running tide of Church principles—a change for which, on the whole, we cannot be too grateful. No great change of mind, for good or for evil, was ever the unassisted work of man. Despite the cries of old women and the fears of philosophers—nay, despite the serious offences of the masters, and the laughable flounderings of the disciples, no unprejudiced observer can fail to recognize in the present signs of the times, a more than common reading of '*vox populi, vox Dei.*' Let the leaders only, instead of shrinking into irresponsible privacy from the immediate duties to which they have been called, or provoking friends into enemies by one-sided histories and extreme theories, or frittering away their learning on copes and candlesticks, take a

manly and practical view of the present requirements of the English Church, and as has been done in one field by the vicar of Leeds, take up such questions as this we have now discussed—where the want is clear and palpable, and the remedy simple and well defined. 'Going over the theory of virtue in one's own thoughts, talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it;' this may suffice for the philosopher, but not for the Divine. Let it never be said of English theology, as it was of Grecian ethics, that when its written principles were highest, its practical development was at the lowest ebb. Of course we do not mean to apply this personally; we speak of measures, not of men. No great principles were ever yet advanced by the mere speculations of the closet. The benefactors of mankind—those for whose being we have to give God thanks—have not been content with putting forth abstract opinions, but, like their great Master, have employed themselves in going about doing good. It is a commendation in the Gospel, that the love of a disciple was deepest shown, in that the work she did was done 'for burial.' We look to the Fathers of our Church to draw the conclusion, and sum up our paper in the words of the faithful Borromeo—'*Morem restituendum curent Episcopi in cimiteriis sepeliendi.*'

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The gross total amount of all receipts from Christmas 1842 to Christmas 1843 was 37,314*l.* of which 24,432*l.* arose from sums already received from the Parliamentary grant of 1843-44. The total expenditure during the same period amounted to 35,488*l.*, leaving a balance in hand of 1,826*l.* The estimated expenditure for 1843 amounted to 37,526*l.* The estimated charge from Lady-day 1844 to Lady-day 1845 is 39,487*l.*, and the sum proposed to be voted by Parliament 37,987*l.* The total number of persons who were admitted to visit the British Museum, and to view the general collections, during the year 1843, amounted to 517,140, being less by 30,274 than the number who visited the establishment in 1842. The number of visitors in former years was as follows, viz.:—in 1838, 266,008; in 1839, 280,050; in 1840, 247,929; and in 1841, 319,374. The number of visits made to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study or research, was about 1950 in 1810, 4300 in 1815, 8820 in 1820, 22,800 in 1825, 31,200 in 1830, 63,466 in 1835, 76,542 in 1840, 69,303 in 1841, 71,706 in 1842, and 70,931 in 1843, exhibiting the enormous increase, between the years 1810 and 1844, of 68,981 readers, or between 35 and 40 times more than in 1810. The number of visits by artists

and students to the sculpture galleries, was about 4938 in 1831, 6081 in 1835, 6354 in 1840, 5655 in 1841, 5627 in 1842, and only 4907 in 1843. The number of visits to the print-room was about 4400 in 1832, 5065 in 1835, 6717 in 1840, 7744 in 1841, 8781 in 1842, and 8162 in 1843. In the manuscript department 805 MSS. and 35 original charters have been added since the last return. These MSS. include 320 vols. of Syriac, of great biblical and theological importance, the greater portion written between the 6th and 9th centuries. The number of printed books recently added to the library is 11,549, of which 545 were presented, 2039 received by copyright, and 8965 purchased. The reading-rooms have been kept open 295 days, and the average number of daily readers has been 244. It appears that each reader consulted, on an average, nearly five books a day. To the zoological collection 21,864 specimens of different classes of animals have been added during the present year.—*Literary Gazette.*

ENGLISH HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.—We have had the gratification of a glance at an extremely interesting collection of correspondence and other MSS., which Mr. Bentley has recently had the good fortune to procure for publication. It consists of letters of King Charles I. and II., and also of a large number of Prince Rupert's; and many of them of great personal as well as historical importance. Like the Evelyn, Pepys, and other literary treasures, these documents have been curiously and safely preserved. Mr. Bennett, the secretary to Prince Rupert, was their original *custodier*, and in his family they were handed down till an intermarriage with the family of Mr. Benet, the member for Wiltshire, brought them into his possession. It is remarkable enough that though so nearly alike in name, the ancestor of Mr. Benet was distinguished on the side of the parliamentarians, whilst the ancestor of the female line of Bennett was serving the king; and there was no consanguinity, till their descendants were united. We look forward to the appearance of these remains with much curiosity, as likely to elucidate many matters belonging to one of the most memorable eras in English history. One of the papers we looked at was a receipt signed in a bold hand by Prince Rupert for 1500*l.*, his two quarters' pension to Christmas.—*Lit. Gaz.*

NAPOLÉON RELICS.—M. Marchand, who was valet-de-chambre to Napoleon, has addressed a letter to the *Constitutionnel*, respecting the sale, by the executors of Sir Hudson Lowe, of various articles described as having belonged to the late Emperor. M. Marchand declares, that some of the articles so described were never in the possession of the Emperor. He mentions particularly the Bréguet watch, the portrait, and the garden-chair; and adds, that although the hair in the medallion may be genuine, the ribands connected with it had never been worn by Napoleon.—*Athenæum.*

NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

From the Westminster Review.

A New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R. H. Horne. Smith Elder and Co.

A TITLE of large promise. Amidst all that is even now stirring all human things to their deepest depths, the announcement of a yet newer spirit is pregnant with high interest. For it is, after all, the "spirit" which can alone give value to the material. The aspiring, the upward, and the onward, are all encircled in the term spirituality. It is synonymous with progress, with the growth of man from the savage state, with matted hair, projected muzzle, high cheek bones, and prominent eyes, up to the highest forms of human beauty; it is synonymous with the release of man from physical drudgery to mental exercise—his intellect gaining knowledge, and his spirituality teaching him, or impelling him to, its rightful application in the purposes of beneficence.

Through the whole range of human pursuits, we find constant traces of this advancing spirit, more rife at the present than at any former period of the world's history. And the reason for this is obvious. There is a large leisure class who have time to think, who are clothed, fed, and lodged while thinking, with more or less freedom from anxiety, and their thoughts are directed to the processes best adapted for guiding the work of the workers, and shaping it to the most useful ends. The workers have more supervisors over them, and produce better results; they waste less labor. A society of all workers would do little more than realize their own physical consumption. A sailing vessel, with a large crew and no captain, would be lost, with all its power of physical labor. Converted into a steam-moving vessel by the long studies of men of leisure, the drudgery of the mass of the crew is dispensed with, and a very small minority do the work. They are set free to become men of leisure or workers at other things. All that is greatest in the history of human actions, has been produced, not by the workers, but by the thinkers. The changes that take place are the result of thoughts of individual minds, practicalised by the more active workers of greater physical energy. Even the law-makers are

but rarely statesmen or legislators. The world rarely sees the "spirit" which moves the external agency of a wise and beneficent law. Practical men gain the reputation, the power, the wealth. The "spirit" rests from its work contentedly, unknown, and says "it is good."

All art, invention—i. e. original art—is but the embodiment of "spirit" in some form directly or indirectly useful to man. Art is but the combination or arrangement of natural principles to produce new results; and the organization of bodies of men or bodies of matter are, in all cases, operations of the "spirit." The art by which Michael Angelo found the statue in the marble block, and the art by which Oliver Cromwell found a cavalry regiment in a rude mass of men and horses, were alike operations of the "spirit." The spirit of Watt could discern the form of the steam-engine in the metallic ore, with the dim vista of countless thousands of human beings set free from drudgery in the hewing of wood and the drawing of water; and the spirit of Arkwright beheld the forms of various kinds of matter combining into a mill for grinding out clothing by miles. These men put forth their "spirit" in actual forms, to the cognizance of the world. Other spirits, as Homer and Shakspeare, gave their creations to the world in written descriptions; their ideal embodied their actual. Michael Angelo, Oliver Cromwell, Watt, and Arkwright, actualized their ideal. But there it is, the self-same "spirit" in all, making itself obvious to man's apprehension in one or other of the various modes by which man holds converse with his fellows, of greater or lesser significance.

What then is there *new* in the spirit of the present age? Development has mightily increased, but we can discern no change in the quality. Wisdom is but wisdom now, as it was in the earliest ages. The spirit of benevolence existed from the time that the first man possessed more provisions than he could eat. The benevolence grew in proportion as wants were supplied, and its retardation has been caused only by the wants outgrowing the supply. The aristocratic Greeks of old could be benevolent to each other; but the slaves of the mill who ground corn for their bread, they regarded only as lower animals. Benevolence in the present day has greatly increased, because intellect, discovering steam, has diminished wants, and the spirit of man speaks out more freely.

* This work has been lately republished in this country by J. C. Riker in a neat 12mo edition, and by Harper and Brothers in a cheap form.

The title of this book is a manifest misnomer of unphilosophic construction—a title indicative of the *littérateur* spirit which so commonly sacrifices meaning for the purpose of catching the eye and ear—a book-selling title, not conveying the spirit of the book itself. We turn to the preface, to enable ourselves to correct the defect of the title.

It appears that Mr. Horne, thinking Hazlitt's 'Spirit of the Age' nearly obsolete by the lapse of twenty years, wishes to make the public aware of the peculiarities of—

"A new set of men, several of them animated by a new spirit, who have obtained eminent positions in the public mind, the selection not being made from those already 'crowned' and their claims settled, but almost entirely from those who are in progress and midway to fame.

"The selection therefore which it has been thought most advisable to adopt, has been the names of those most eminent in general literature, and representing most extensively the spirit of the age, and the names of two individuals, who in this work represent those philanthropic principles now influencing the minds and moral feelings of all the first intellects of the time."

Further on Mr. Horne professes his intention at some future period to make the present work complete—if the sale be good—by adding to it, 'The Political Spirit of the Age,' 'The Scientific Spirit of the Age,' 'The Artistical Spirit of the Age,' 'The Historical, Biographical, and Critical Spirit of the Age,' and the 'Educational Spirit of the Age.' That is to say, the preface negatives the title, by showing that the book is not the spirit of the age, but a selection of certain literary men whom Mr. Horne considers "the most eminent in general literature," and "two individuals of philanthropic principles," whose "claims" he proceeds to "settle," for the purpose of "crowning" them. The promised 'New Spirit' we must look further for. The 'Spirit of the Age' turns out to be, not the general progress of man on the globe we inhabit, not even the spirit of Europe, but the spirit of a very small class of men in a very small corner of Europe, and that not in "general literature," but in particular literature, chiefly confined to poetry and fiction, with a considerable infusion of the drama.

Mr. Horne claiming to be an "author of the last ten or fifteen years," assumes the capacity to sit in judgment, and pass sentence on contemporary writers. The struc-

ture of the mind which assumes to do this, is a proper subject for inquiry; for it must be a mind of no light capacity to be capable of weighing and looking through so many minds, to discover the spirit within them. Such a mind is in itself a great spirit of the age, and we are disposed to welcome its advent in a reverential mood. Such a mind would not enter on its task without due knowledge added to intuitive judgment. Knowing that men of even the highest powers are subjected to the occasional trammels of the mechanical routine of the bookselling trade, we may assume that the philosophical perceptions of the editor were overruled by the title-making propensity of the bookseller, and acquit him of any intention of misleading.

Had the work been anonymous, we must have been content to form our estimate of the capabilities of the writer from its internal evidence. But we have a catalogue of works bearing the name of Mr. Horne—*prima facie* evidence of an industrious writer—and abundant material to test his general capacity as a spirit of the age, and also of his fitness for estimating the spirits of the age. His first acknowledged work published in 1833, was entitled 'Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public.' Subsequently he became editor of a periodical, 'The Monthly Repository.' In 1837 he published 'Cosmo de' Medici, an Historical Tragedy.' In the same year he put forth the 'Death of Marlowe, a Tragedy in One Act.' In 1840 appeared 'Gregory the Seventh, a Tragedy.' Subsequently he edited a publication in monthly numbers, entitled 'The Life of Napoleon; and in 1843 appeared an epic, entitled 'Orion.' In his preface to the 'Spirit of the age,' Mr. Horne states that during the last seven or eight years he has "contributed to several quarterly journals," probably to monthlies also. In addition he has published a report of his proceedings as a factory commissioner, and was an occasional lecturer at the meetings of the Syncretic Association,* of which he was a zealous member. He has also edited an edition of Chaucer. There

* An association composed of unacted dramatists and others, impressed with the idea that they were unfairly treated by managers of theatres and others. One result of this association was the production of a rejected, tragedy, 'Martinuzzi,' at the Lyceum, where it was received by the public in a manner to confirm the judgment of the managers who had rejected it.

can, therefore, be no doubt that he is a ready and industrious writer.

The first work, which, for the sake of brevity, we shall call the 'False Medium,' is dedicated "to Edward Lytton Bulwer, a patriot and a man of genius." As Mr. Bulwer was at that time well known to the public, it is evident that he had found some means of thrusting aside the 'False Medium.' The "exordium" in this work, is—

"A common stone meets with more ready patronage than a man of genius."

That is to say, the stone being placed in a cabinet, as a specimen, by some one who selects it from a heap of other stones, it is taken care of, whereas no one takes care of a man of genius; and Mr. Horne gives instances of men of genius, "poets and philosophers," from Homer down to Camoens, who have been buffeted about the world during their whole lives, and only valued after their deaths. "Authors in general," from Demosthenes down to some individual not specified by name, have been an ill-used race; imprisoned when possessing property, and starved when possessing none. Sir R. P.—is accused of neglecting an author, scholar, and man of science, who had been of much service to him, so that "his wife is obliged to wash in one room while he translates Greek in another."

Now we object at the outset to a man of genius being made a dependant on "ready patronage." A man of talents may be subservient to those who require his talents, but a man of genius must be essentially original. He is a guide and not a servant; he points out new paths of excellence; unrecognised at the outset by any one but himself, and to appreciate which, in some cases, even the few require years of instruction, and the many require centuries. If he were not in advance of his time, he would not be a man of genius. We speak now of the genius for great things, the genius which elevates. To expect that people should rush in crowds, to worship that which they neither recognise nor comprehend, is an absurdity; to expect that they should pay for it in ready coin, is a conclusion that no man of great genius ever dreamed of. People do not pay for being taught anything but what they can take to market and sell or exchange away to advantage, or such accomplishments as may tend to personal influence. They will pay to be taught to dance, or sing, or work, in order that they may be enabled to sing, or

dance, or work, for gain; but they will not pay to be taught philosophy. People will also pay to be pleased; and those who have pleasure to sell, find a ready market. A man or woman may have a talent for dancing, for singing, and working, in modes which people like; but if a man or woman has a genius for inventing new dances, or songs, or work, of an intrinsically superior kind, but which people have not been accustomed to, the genius must be contented to turn instructor without pay till the new art is rendered popular. Genius varies in its quality. One man originates a new philosophy; another originates a new mode of cheapening pleasure. One will get pupils by units, the other gets customers by thousands. But were the originator of the new philosophy to complain that he could not sell his philosophy for current coin, we should be apt to suspect him of false philosophy, and tell him he had mistaken his genius. The popular thing is the paying thing: the widest popularity is among the masses; and the greater the refinement, the less is the popularity. It is the essence of high genius to be in advance of its age. The genius of the Greek tragic poets was not in advance of their age. They had cultivated audiences to whom they presented the highest intellectual excitement of the time, but we doubt whether their popularity was great with the masses of uncultivated slaves.

"Dramatic Authors," Mr. Horne asserts, are as ill-used as all other authors, and but for the "barriers and false medium," the author of 'Paul Clifford' could produce a sterling comedy, in which the philosophy, wit, and humor could only be surpassed by its sound and beneficial moral tendency. Yet Mr. Horne would seem to set little value on the moral principle. Speaking of Edmund Kean, He says—

"They (certain tragedies) contain some of the elementary principles of tragedy, which *he* (Kean) only can feel and portray."

And in a note he remarks—

"The great tragedian is no more; but he can never be dead so long as those live who have once awoke from ordinary existence to appreciate him. A deep continuous feeling is worth all your tombs; for no capricious *moral* multitude can destroy or even disturb its sacred isolation."

Edmund Kean is a most unfortunate instance for Mr. Horne to have chosen. There is no doubt he possessed genius of a

peculiar kind. There is no doubt that by personal energy he broke through all false mediums; and there is no doubt that he was very highly paid for his services, by a public to whom his peculiar genius gave great excitement. Unfortunately, also, there is no doubt that his personal character was rather that of a savage than of a civilized man. He was one to gaze on, but not to associate with. His stage powers were all that he gave to the public in return for their recognition and large pecuniary payment. The "moral multitude" are assuredly rather hardly dealt with by Mr. Horne.

Composers and Musicians, Actors and Singers, all are alike ill-treated. "Mrs Jordan with a paltry salary of four pounds per week!" Claiming to be a man of genius, Mr. Horne has a strange propensity to try things by money value. "Pasta furnished with old clothes by the wardrobe women!" "Miss O'Neil brought out at a low salary, the owlish managers doubting her success!"

Novelists, Painters, and Sculptors, fare no better. Men of Science, Original Projectors, and Inventors, still worse.

In treating of the causes of all this, Mr. Horne remarks:—

"Napoleon was the greatest patron of genius and art in every possible class that ever lived. Those only who are conscious of superiority in themselves, apart from their station, who possess copiousness of intellect and power to do or suffer, can be above all petty jealousies and fears, and thus fit to govern others." "Shakspeare was treated by Elizabeth as an amusing playwright; and as he never meddled with 'public spirit' or politics, she suffered him to continue his labors unmolested."

We incline to think that Napoleon's patronage of any genius adverse to himself, is far from a proved case. He patronized *talents* that were useful to him. The genius of Carnot never succumbed, and was never forgiven.

Mr. Horne seems quite unable to comprehend that the genius of Shakspeare was above queen or court. He would have had him made a duke at least, as a recompense for his writings, and a pension of course, though of pecuniary gains the great man had probably enough for his wishes.

The evil of men of genius who write books, is, according to Mr. Horne, the "false medium" employed by booksellers, in the shape of a "Reader," who peruses

MSS. offered for publication, who never judges rightly of the merit of a work; who invariably rejects all works of genius, and only accepts or approves of the very worst. This reader is always either "a fool or a knave," and, "in either case, the author is the victim." Unmeasured terms of abuse are heaped on this "reader"—on all "readers."

"He lords it dogmatically over the gin-and-bitter coteries he can bear down and impress with an idea of his knowledge, acute judgment, and literary importance. In the society of capable men over their brandy punch, he is still as a mouse."

The Dramatic Reader at the theatres is even worse, so bad, that Mr. Horne is surprised none of the ill-used authors have burned down the patent theatres.

"No man who does write poetry can ever think of doing us any thing but verbal mischief."

Such Mr. Horne affirms to be the opinion of dramatic readers, but he adds—

"Our idea of a tragic writer, exasperated by wrongs and want, is not quite so harmless; we are glad, however, of their escape."

It does not appear that Mr. Horne proposes that any one but the writer should sit in judgment on his own compositions, or at least—

"Few of mankind are prepared to relish the beautiful with that enlarged taste which comprehends all the forms of feeling which genius may assume—forms which may be necessarily associated with defects."

This is very like pointing out, that genius must necessarily be its own rewarder, the many not comprehending it.

The "remedy" for all these evils, Mr. Horne states to be—

"The foundation of a 'Society of English Literature and Art for the encouragement and permanent support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge.' * * * The permanent advantages to be derived by those whose claims are recognised by the establishment, should be realized by annuities for life, from 300*l.* downwards; * * * this not to extend to gentlemen who write novels and poems, for which they ought be hung."

When a man has written a fine epic and obtained the 300*l.* a-year for life,

"He has done enough; would you have a

man write epics, and keep him at it, like a wheelwright with a government order? * * * Again, the producer of a powerful tragedy would only be entitled to an annuity of 100*L.* not that we do not consider such a tragedy as great an effect of human genius as the finest epic, but because there is a manifest difference in the time and labor employed, and also that a tragic author thus brought with his due honors before the public, would have a great chance of emolument from the stage, whose gradual improvement would be a necessary consequence."

We pause to extract one more sentence from this 'False Medium.'

"He (Tonson) was the real Milton—he had got all the money" (from the sale of 'Paradise Lost'). Tonson and his nephew died worth 200,000*L.*"

We now turn to the 'New Spirit of the Age,' and find the following assertion.

"That in the pure element of dramatic composition, they (the unacted dramatists) also consider themselves worthy to be ranked with some of the dramatists of a nobler era, is undoubtedly true—and one of them has been heard to set at nought the scoffs of his time, by claiming to rank in the pure elements of tragedy, with the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages."

In a note we are informed that this claimant is Mr. Horne himself, the author of 'Cosmo de' Medici' and 'Gregory the Seventh.'

The plot of *Cosmo* is briefly as follows: Cosmo, a patron of art, who gives livings and employments to scholars and artists, and professes a love for justice above all other things, has two sons, the elder, Giovanni, a student, described as of most sweet disposition; the younger, Garcia, given to hunting. These two brothers much dislike one another, and the elder exhibits his sweet disposition by constantly scolding the younger. By way of producing an attachment between them, their mother persuades the elder to join a hunting party with the younger. In the forest they quarrel as to which had slain a boar. Somehow this quarrel changes into a dispute about a young lady, and they draw and fight. Garcia, the younger, breaks his sword in half, but yet contrives to kill his brother, whose body he leaves on the spot. A courtier finds the body, and the broken sword point, which he conveys to Cosmo, informing him that Giovanni's sword was "unsheathed and stained as though he had

fought." Cosmo, nevertheless, asserts that he has been "murdered," and suspects that Garcia knows of it. By way of making sure, he has the dead body placed in an alcove, with a curtain before it. Garcia is ushered in; and Cosmo, after charging him with the murder of his brother, draws the curtain, shows the body, when Garcia says, "I did it;" but adds, "it was in self-defence." Cosmo insists that the blood is flowing afresh at sight of the murderer; but Garcia asserts that it is congealed, and very naturally appeals to his father "not to harrow his senses till he owns what is not." But the just Cosmo will hear nothing, draws forth "Garcia's broken sword," raises it to heaven, and says—

"Thou constant God! sanction, impel, direct
The sword of Justice! and for a criminal son
That pardon grant, which his most wretched
father
Thus in the hour of agony implores!"

Subsequently we are informed that, with his own hand, and of course with this broken sword, the father has taken his son's life, soon after which an eye-witness informs him that Garcia slew his brother in self-defence.

Throughout this play the sympathy goes only with Garcia, ill-used on all sides. The man of justice should also be a man of judgment to weigh evidence, and of stern purpose to act only on evidence. The evidence was in favor of Garcia. His sword was broken, and Giovanni's was "unsheathed and stained, as though he had fought." A father with a heart, would have left no means untried to prove his remaining son innocent, but Cosmo leaves no means untried to wrest evidence and prove him guilty. It is an inquisitor, not a father, nor a minister of justice, who is before us, and with an inquisitor we can have no sympathy. A father, butchering a son with a broken sword, is horror, bordering on the ludicrous.

There are several prose scenes in this play, we presume, intended for humor; they are, indeed, "heavy lightness." There is also a philosophic sculptor to whom Cosmo gives an order for a monument after the death of his sons, as "life-sized figures," of his whole family. The philosophical Pasato reasons thus:—

"The duke is great and generous; yet methinks
It ill suits greatness in philosophy,
Because his kin have sought their natural rest
Some seasons prematurely, thus to rave!
I will return to mine obscurity,
To stand upon some cliff that goat ne'er hoof'd,

Companion shadows and commune with Time.

Scattered through this play there are passages of great poetic sweetness. In power of depicting character, and as a work of art, it is a failure.

With 'Gregory the Seventh' we neither make nor meddle. 'The death of Marlowe' unquestionably bears considerable resemblance to certain writers of the age of Elizabeth. There is much passion in it, but it merely excites, it does not call for sympathy. It rather reminds us of the tragedies of mad Nat Lee, but it has a life about it, which 'Cosmo' has not.

By his own acknowledgment Mr. Horne considers himself equal to "the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages," in the production of these "powerful tragedies," and entitled to "a permanent annuity of 300*l.*, so that he has already done enough to entitle him to a handsome income, when the "Society of English Literature and Art" shall be in full operation. To wish he may get it would be an easy matter, if we could satisfy ourselves that he deserved it.

After a careful examination we come to the conclusion that he does not possess the high mind that is ever the attribute of lofty genius. He does not value genius for itself alone, but for what it will fetch in the market. "Permanent annuities, due honors, further chances of emolument," are the sordid rewards he contemplates, and these off-hand, without loss of time, in order that authors, like clergymen, may enter on immediate enjoyment of their benefices. All men of genius, he says, are ill-used, all the public are fools, and those who profit are part and parcel of the 'False Medium.' He is himself, he considers, ill-used, and of course, he is disappointed. His tragedies have not been acted, and his epic has been sold for a farthing. Such a mind is not in harmony, and cannot be fitted to sit in judgment on the spirits of the age—is unfitted even to distinguish them. A man of talent—a man of industry, Mr. Horne is, but assuredly not a man of genius, nor a philosopher. We have not seen his Factory Report, but we should expect to find it a medium of considerable prejudice, inseparable from the mind of the writer. A well appointed home, reputable clothing, and proper breakfasts, dinners, teas and suppers, are evidently essentials to induce in him a quiet mind, and, moreover, "due honors," but we doubt whether even in such

a case, a preponderance of self-esteem would not defeat all previous preparation. A tragic writer who can talk of "burning down a theatre" as a means of redressing "wrongs and want," cannot well be a dispassionate judge.

A man of genius, capable of great things and of estimating the 'Spirits of the Age,' must, according to our notion, be a very different person. Genius, *i. e.* the power of creation, we take to be an emanation of the "divinity that shapes our ends," and can no more work for hire than God himself could in the creation of the world. Great genius is ever in advance of its time, and can no more be appreciated by its contemporaries, than God's creation could be appreciated by the megatherian and ichthyosaurian tribes, who inhabited the world prior to the advent of man. Genius is a prophet where, "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Genius works for the gain of its disciples, not for its own. It works to advance others, not to glorify itself. The earthly body it inhabits, needs "meat, clothes, and fire," or in lieu of the latter a genial climate. Deprived of these things it cannot work, but it needs only the essential, not the adventitious. It does not need a "respectable" income, nor a lodging in May Fair: it needs neither costly clothing, nor modish association, neither sumptuous fare nor costly wines; it needs not even "due honors." The blind men of genius, Homer and Milton, could have recked little of externals, while they poured forth the spirit from within. And in a very humble residence was the genius of Richter developed. There is one thing only which can reward genius—the sympathy of appreciating spirits. Beyond this, indifferent to the man of high genius are all externals; "homely fare and hoddenn gray," are as good as turtle and velvet. We can conceive a man of genius in this our modern England, dwelling in a union workhouse, clothed in workhouse garb, and fed on workhouse food, teaching, perhaps, the A B C to workhouse children as a quittance for his meat, clothes, and fire, furnished with spare leaves of account books as a reward for diligence, and permitted to sit by the kitchen embers in the still night, and even thus producing works despised by existing publishers and an existing public, and destined to be hailed by future men as the gift of a great benefactor. We know of one earnest man, not of genius, but a devoted linguist, who saved his lodging by lying on the bare floor

of empty houses, to take care of them while wanting tenants—earning his food by copying MSS. Not being enough “man of the world” for this lodging work, he was obliged to seek his nightly rest by the sheltered sides of brick-kilns, and a few occasional pence by singing at low public-houses, and with these appliances he actually accomplished the publication of the two first numbers of a Dictionary on a new system. At one time this man had an income of five pounds per week for teaching languages, but he was shouldered out of employment by people of greater energy than himself.

Let it not be alleged that a man of genius requires a library and appliances. The man of original genius is not essentially a man of cultivated art. Homer was not a student of books. Earth, sea, and sky, and all on and in them were his themes, and out of his own soul he spoke or sung; and if it be asserted that in this our England men of genius need the appliances of art, there are the museum and library called the “British,” to which garreteer or cellar-dweller may alike obtain access, though they be clothed in frieze, baize, or sack-cloth; there are the eternal realities of men and women, and streets, houses, churches, and parks, and the never-ending river, carrying bodies, souls, and imaginations over the watery highway to the furthestmost parts of the earth, and there is ever work to be done of the task kind, for him who earnestly seeks it, to supply the body’s bare necessities. A judge, of repute in the United States, obliged to live in a city while attending in the courts without any practice, and with only a supply of money for a given period, at the rate of a few cents per day, hired a garret, for which he paid the whole term in advance, and laid out the remainder of his money in sea biscuit, which he himself wheeled home in a borrowed barrow, and stored up in his garret, and on that and water he subsisted for many months, while pursuing his studies. And this in a city where the commonest mechanic ate three meals of meat per diem.

Genius is essentially unconscious. Artists, when mere imitators of genius, are self-conscious, and hence the petty squabbles amongst “men and women of talent,” poetasters, dramatizers, actors, and musicians, who make their art a trade; for “two of a trade can never agree.”

Mr. Horne has done rashly in taking up Hazlitt’s ill-chosen title, and trying to en-

large upon it. The ‘Spirit of the Age,’ if meant to express any particular kind of spirit, should express the general predominating spirit of the world as to some particular branch of progress. In this view it is an entire failure, for the prominent characteristic of the present age is physical progress, *i. e.* progress in all arts tending to diminish human drudgery, and ultimately to extinguish it—arts, also, tending to enlarge the sphere of human pleasures. In the petty spirit of caste, Mr. Horne, a professional writer, deems that written books are of more importance than things; that writers of things are greater men than the doers of things. It is true that contemplation must be the creator of great action, but it may print the results of its thoughts as indelibly on things and events as on paper.

In this view the strong Saxon spirit of George Stephenson, the “Hengist of Railways,” is a spirit of the age that has written a work whereon those who ride may read glad tidings of man’s rescue from the bondage and thralldom of ignorance; of his power of unison with his fellows for the purpose of conquering and civilizing the earth, reclaiming its swamps and morasses, and adding to its beauties. Prometheus, in the elder mythus, brought fire from heaven to earth to aid man’s uses. George Stephenson may be the hero of some future mythus, which will tell how he harnessed fire to chariots of iron, which became swifter than the winds of heaven. Isambart Kingdom Brunel is a spirit of the age that would not be content with the work of George Stephenson, but made a yet greater work in advance of the spirit of his age, refusing to submit to the set patterns even of the great originator. David Napier, the restless planner of steam-boat after steam-boat, each swifter than the last, and the planner of the great Bristol iron steamer, are spirits of the age. Clegg, of the railway air traction,—the rope of wound-off-wind; Smith, of Deanston, the physician of diseased land; Liebig, the multiplier of human food by chemic science, are all spirits of the age. Marshall, of Leeds, the greatest of the “captains of industry,” he who spins flax for half the world, and when profits become too large, voluntarily cuts them down, and “builds another mill” to keep up his annual revenues—he who works to underwork cotton cloth and replace it by cloth of linen; he, too, is a spirit of the age.

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers; ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

Colonel Thompson, the apostle of free trade, and Cobden, its practical and indomitable champion; O'Connell, the last representative of clan-leadership, using his power to bond together a nation of disunited Celts; and Wakefield, the originator of systematic colonization,—all are spirits of the physical progress of the age. Faraday is the representative of the power which, in all ages, has sought to gather nature's secret's for man's uses, and Rothschild is the representative of the great power-accumulators of world, the hoarded labor of mankind, ever on the increase, till at last it shall grow to a surplus, when men will rest from their work, and say "it is good." Many a weary day is before us, before we attain that desirable end, but the time will come.

Roebuck,—the watch-dog of the people, the most fearless advocate in the House of Commons of public as opposed to mere party objects; Lovett, the true-souled Lovett, the champion of education for his fellow-men, the working-classes; the two Chamberses of Edinburgh, whose genius has achieved the task of popularizing knowledge at the cheapest rate,—all are samples of that spirit of the age, which says the soul of man shall not die within him for want of culture.

But taken merely on the limited plan proposed by Mr. Horne, of names generally known in literature, the 'New Spirit of the Age' is miserably defective. Is Mr. Horne ignorant of the existence of John Stewart Mill, author of 'A System of Logic,' perhaps the highest effort of intellect modern literature has produced?

Where has he been wandering; on what Welsh mountain or in what distant valley has he been residing, that the name of W. J. Fox has never rung upon his ear, other than as a theologian?—a name so well known to the public by his sermons on Christian Morality; by his numerous articles in the higher class of periodicals; by the finest dramatic criticisms extant. A name that stirs the blood of every public audience where he appears, and calls forth responsive shouts; a name that stills even Chartist opposition at free trade meetings. Well has he been named by Elliott, of Sheffield, the "Orator-Bard." He almost speaks in rhythm, his words are music, reason becomes poetry, hearts thrill, eyes glisten,

brains work, souls gush and mingle, the orator becomes a prophet, and one universal echo proclaims one universal mind. Where has this Mr. Horne been buried not to have heard of this "spirit of the age," who with unpremeditated harangues steals into men's hearts, as surely as the Greek orators of old did, with their prepared and finished orations? Mr. Horne seems to be totally unaware that W. J. Fox has been heard of out of the pulpit. This is clear from his only alluding to him as a theologian. This ignorance might be pardonable as a result of a residence distant from the metropolis; but it was the business of one taking on himself the task of pointing out the 'Spirits of the Age,' to visit the metropolis, if necessary, to fit himself, at least, for his nomenclature, if his publishers failed to supply the necessary materials.

And even Elliott, of Sheffield, the poet of the people, the Corn-law Rhymer, a man known, we apprehend, from Pentland Firth to the Lizard, a genuine poet, and one who, albeit a Radical, found praise even from 'Blackwood;' whom Southey greeted from his inn at Sheffield "to shake hands with a brother poet," even Elliott, of Sheffield, is excluded from Mr. Horne's collection. Is this with purpose aforethought, or is it gross negligence? A 'Spirit of the Age' editor leaving out one of the most popular poets!

And where is Mrs. Austin, an original spirit also; an assimilating spirit, one who, thoroughly metempsychosising with the German mind, can render it into pure English, and make the English mind an abiding place for German thoughts? A true woman, with all a woman's gentleness, yet a free denizen of the great European republic of letters, not unlike the Madame Roland, of the French revolution, placed in a new sphere to teach mankind the uses of Liberty, in harmonizing clashing opinions; teaching them to speak with one tongue, and no longer to "commit crimes in the name of Liberty." And Mrs. Somerville, the lady of science, the queen of the starry heavens, one of the few minds that can compass Laplace, a mind so lofty, yet so gentle and humble, as if unconscious of her own attainments? Have not the names of these writers penetrated the asylum of the editor?

Professor Wilson, who has for many years stirred friend and foe with his untiring pen, might surely have been glanced at. And Peacock, the novelist, who, had he written nothing but 'Maid Marian,' would have carried his name down the stream of time

to distant ages, by showing how well his own spirit could enter into the spirit of past ages. The blood thrills, and the heart leaps into companionship with such a spirit of high genial humanity.

And the 'Times' newspaper has, moreover, grown to be a spirit of the age, albeit Mr. Horne sees it not. It has its crotchets, and its hobbies, and its party predilections, the influence of which on the public mind is sometimes to be deplored, but may always be felt. Once it was a very weathercock, but it has now fixed itself to point straight forward at certain things, which, if not things of the best kind, are yet earnestly advocated. It sees that man cannot live by bread alone, though it has ever urged, and still urges at times, and never denies, that cheap corn and bread is a most desirable conclusion. Of O'Connell it dreams that he is not a mere warm-blooded feudal chieftain over Celtic tribes, but a veritable anti-christ. It believes that the poor law is a thing of unmingled evil, only operative to the detriment of the deserving poor, and refuses to discern that it does operate also to stop what might be a fearful leak in the growth of national independence. But in the course of nature O'Connell cannot live for ever, and free trade sooner or later will remove for the most part the causes of poverty; the really unfortunate poor will then be better distinguished as the crowd lessens, and these two circumstances removed, the 'Times,' we may hope will forget its controversies, and strive more and more to make itself a power amongst the people, for the welfare of the people, and not for the purposes of party. In these latter days the genius of a 'Times' reporter constituted the 'Times' a legislator to put down a Welsh rebellion.

Nor should Edwin Chadwick be forgotten, the vizier of the "three Kings of Somerset House," whose reports on many subjects connected with the welfare of the great mass of the people alone form a valuable statistical library. He has been one of the most valuable "spirits of the age." Benevolent, benescent, and in virtue of these two qualities beneficent, he has dared to do the right thing, though the unpopular thing. He has braved odium, and disregarded obloquy and cant. To become popular is an easy thing; to do unpopular justice requires a man. Satisfied that crime is the result of poverty and mal-administration—that poverty is greatly the result of ignorance—that general education is the cure for ignorance

—there is no warmer advocate of the rights and real interests of the poor than Edwin Chadwick. But, knowing also that it is impossible to accomplish the mental instruction of the physically wretched, he sought to secure for those classes of the community who do the work, and pay the taxes of the community, the largest possible share of their own earnings, abstracting as little as possible from them for the maintenance of the non-workers. For it is an unquestionable fact, that all those of the community who do not work, must in some shape or other be maintained by those who do work. To say that he did not strike "palaced paupers" off the pension list, is only saying that he accomplished no more than he was able. Palace or hovel pauper, would have been alike to his equal justice; but there's a government that doth so hedge in and protect "palace paupers" that justice cannot reach them. There was one broad principle to look at—the pauper system was encroaching on capital, and in a mercantile country, not to advance is to recede. The food of the community was not enough for all,—the mouths were in excess,—the ship must have her crew put on shorter allowance, and the working crew were, in all justice as well as policy, entitled to full rations, while the invalids were put on half allowance. To have put the invalids on full allowance, while the working crew were reduced, would have been offering a premium to the workers to invalid themselves. To have given full rations and conveniences to the workhouse inmates would have been monstrous injustice to the hard workers out of the workhouse.

The pseudo-benevolent haranguers, who have talked so volubly of philanthropy and charity to the workhouse poor, and out-door relief, have utterly mistaken the matter. They have been generously disposed, not at their own expense, but at the expense of the working classes of England; for we defy them to show any mode of obtaining contributions to the poor rates, except through the work of the workers. The whole food of England has to be produced by the agency of the brains and arms of the workers, whether from English or foreign soil. This total amount has to be divided amongst the whole population in larger and smaller shares, and it must be obvious to the shallowest capacity, that if the whole of the workers ceased to work, there would be no food to divide; and it must follow, as the night the day, that the

greater the number of the supernumeraries who do not work, the harder must be the work of the workers, in order to maintain them. Therefore the charitable gentlemen who are non-workers, and cry out lustily for full rations and out-door allowances to paupers or poor non-workers, are, with very great ease to themselves, calling upon the workers to work harder than before. And when, as it frequently happens, these very charitable gentlemen are the advocates of artificial high prices for provisions, in the form of corn laws—that is to say, when they seek to diminish the total amount of food—our indignation at their injustice is only restrained by our contempt for their pauper-like ignorance.

Years hence, when the biography of Edwin Chadwick shall be written—when the results of his labors, known and unknown, shall be gathered together—when trade and food shall be free, and paupers be no more—when it shall be known how many are the wise measures and changes of which he has been the secret mover, stirred by the desire of man's good, and leaving to others the ostensibility and the repute—he will serve for one more example of the truth, that a high and original mind works for the service of humanity, but not for its thanks. And a future time will recognize him as a true and genuine spirit of his age, who has left his permanent mark behind him.

Having thus briefly attempted to show what Mr. Horne ought to have done, and has failed to do, we turn to the examination of what he has done.

First on the list, as the great spirit of the age, appears Mr. Charles Dickens. A parallel is drawn between him and Hogarth upon the following ground:

“Both of them have a direct moral purpose in view—a desire to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes, by showing what society has made of them or allowed them to become, and to continue.”

We doubt this. In Hogarth's ‘Good and Bad Apprentices,’ we have both of them put upon equal terms by society. The contrast of their fates grows out of a presumed innate goodness on one side and badness on the other. In the story of ‘Good Tommy and Naughty Harry,’ which is a version of the same thing, Good Tommy came to be lord mayor, and Naughty Harry was eaten up by a wild beast. It forms one of the lessons in one of the old spelling books.

The secret of Dickens's success doubtless is, that he is a man with a heart in his bosom; and as most men and women—though not all—have hearts, a sympathy is created which predisposes liking. He has also a strong perception of all the commoner class of excitements—the murderous, the malignant, and the ludicrous. A very large portion of the common people are susceptible of the former; people of all classes are susceptible of the latter. With all this, he has the eye of a Dutch and also of an Italian artist for all external effects. A street, a dwelling, a rural scene, and the human beings therein, are so painted to the life, and doubtless from the life, that no one who has ever seen them can doubt the resemblance. And all people like to behold portraits of things and persons familiar to them. Mrs. Keeley was excessively popular amongst the artisans, on account of the skilful mode in which she handled Jack Sheppard's jack-plane. But Dickens has, beyond this, a strong perception of physical beauty, and also of the beauty of generosity, not merely the hackney-coachman kind of generosity—the shilling giving—but generosity in the large sense—the love of kind, the unselfish attachment of man to man, and of man to men, and also of men to man; the protection of the poor by the rich, of the helpless by the powerful, and of the kindly gratitude thence arising. But with all this, he is not an imaginative writer, he is not a philosophical writer; he pleases the sensation, but he does not satisfy the reason; he pleases and amuses, but he does not instruct; there is a want of base, of breadth, and of truth; and therefore, though he is probably the most widely-popular writer, he is not a great writer. The great elementary truths on which man's physical well-being, and consequently his mental well-being, must depend, he apparently has not mastered; and the pleasure we feel in reading his works is akin to the pleasure we feel in reading any other work of fiction—the pleasure of fine description and sympathy with human adventure. The impression which his works leave on the mind is like that with which we rise from the perusal of the ‘Fool of Quality’—that all social evils are to be redressed by kindness and money given to the poor by the rich. This, doubtless, is something essential; but it is only a small part of the case. The poor require justice, not charity, *i. e.* almsgiving. Charity is a word of large import. The neces-

sity for almsgiving implies previous misery. Destroy the misery by earnest care in the early training of men and women, the disease will be eradicated, and the symptom-soothing process of charity, *i. e.* almsgiving, will not be needed.

In most of Dickens's works there is to be found some old gentleman with surplus cash going about redressing the evils which some other old or young gentleman goes about perpetrating. It is the principle of the proceedings of Harlequin and Pantaloon. Thus the Brothers Cheeryble are the incarnation of the good principle, and Ralph Nickleby of the evil principle; and the good principle is made to triumph. Nickleby Junior comes to his fortune, which his wicked uncle has kept him out of, and Miss Nickleby is respectably married. Most excellent people are those same mill-owning Brothers Cheeryble; but we cannot help reflecting on the position of the mass of workmen whose labors have accumulated their capital. We do not object to the help given to the Nicklebys, but we think justice is the most essential part of generosity. Justice being done in early training, Ralph Nickleby would not have been enabled to accomplish his evil deeds, and the almsgiving of the Brothers Cheeryble would not have been needed.

So in 'Oliver Twist,' Mr. Brownlow is the good fairy who thwarts the evil one, and Oliver Twist is finally made happy. Pickwick, too, is a benevolent old gentleman with abundant ready cash, who treats the poor prisoners in the Fleet, as the uncle of Henry Moreland does in the 'Fool of Quality'—pays away his surplus cash to palliate the pressing wants of a few amongst a huge class who suffer under the radical evils of bad legislation. A strong contrast to this "good fairy" system is found in Bulwer's 'Paul Clifford.' The unfortunate, ill-trained child, who has grown up to be a highwayman, finds no old gentleman to give him a fortune. By indomitable energy, he escapes from the punishment awarded to his ignorant acts, to a "great country where shoes are imperfectly polished and opinions are not persecuted" (by the state), and there he makes himself a home by the force of his own powers. He becomes useful to his fellow-men and accumulates wealth, wherewith he repays the owners of the property he had taken with the strong hand in the days of his ignorance, while gaining his living by rapine, and revenging himself on the injustice of

society. This is the true perception of eternal justice, at which Dickens has not yet arrived in his writings. Dickens is a Londoner, Bulwer is a cosmopolite.

In the 'Christmas Carol,' Scrooge the Miser is so drawn as to leave an impression that he cheats the world of its "meat, clothes, and fire," which he buries in his own chests, whereas in truth he only cheats himself. He is the conventional miser of past times; and, when reformed by his dreams, he gives away half-crowns to boys to run quickly to buy turkeys to give away, and pays cabmen to bring them home quickly, to say nothing of giving bowls of punch to clerks. A great part of the enjoyments of life are summed up in eating and drinking at the cost of munificent patrons of the poor; so that we might suppose the feudal times were returned. The processes whereby poor men are to be enabled to earn good wages, wherewith to buy turkeys for themselves, does not enter into the account; indeed, it would quite spoil the *denouement* and all the generosity. Who went without turkey and punch in order that Bob Cratchit might get them—for, unless there were turkey and punch in surplus, some one must go without—is a disagreeable reflection kept wholly out of sight. We suspect Mr. Horne of a little sly satire on Dickens's propensity to reward all good fellowship by eating and drinking, in his choice of a motto to this paper. Don Quixote had a peculiar way of philanthrophizing the distresses of human nature; and so has Dickens, whose remedy for human distresses resolves itself into something like this:—George has five shillings, which he gives to Richard, who gives it to Henry, who gives it to John, who gives it to James, who gives it to Thomas, who gives it to Frederick, who gives it again to George, and by that process they all have five shillings each. The motto is taken from 'Don Quixote' as follows:

"'Hunger does not preside over this day,' replied the cook, 'thanks be to Camacho the Rich.' * * * * So saying he laid hold of a kettle, and sousing it at once into one of the half jar-pots, he fished out three pullets and a couple of geese. * * * 'I have nothing to put it in,' answered Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook, 'for Camacho's riches and felicity are sufficient to supply every thing.'"

Oh! Mr. Horne, you are a sly wag after all.

Were provisions as plentiful in practice

as they are in Mr. Dickens's books, small progress would Mr. Cobden make in free trade; but, as Mr. Harmony says in the play, "provisions are so dear."

With all these defects, which we hope to see amended in future, as well as the caricature pictures of the Americans, which—bating local circumstances and peculiarities—will apply equally well to the English, the books of Dickens are unquestionably humanizers of the people: and the speeches he has made, and the public meetings he has attended in furtherance of general education, are indications of still better things. At present he is the "form and pressure of the age." He may become a spirit of the age in time.

Lord Ashley and Dr. Southwood Smith follow next in the series of magazine articles of which this book is composed. But for these two names and those of Dr. Pusey and Macready, a better title for the work would have been the 'Great Literopolis,' as a parallel work with the 'Great Metropolis.' Why Lord Ashley should be thus introduced we cannot imagine, unless it be that Mr. Horne wishes to do honor to the Factory Commission, in which he is himself concerned.

Lord Ashley stands in the anomalous position of professing to improve the position of one portion of the working classes, the factory workers, by limiting their hours of labor, at the same time that he diminishes the amount of their earnings by keeping up a high and artificial price of food. Very pithily has this process been named Jack-Cade legislation. But Mr. Horne is very earnest in his respect for hereditary legislation. "Thank God there is a House of Lords," once said and wrote Cobbett, when in anger at being thwarted; but Mr. Horne, with good didactic deliberation, quotes Chaucer in proof of his case:—

"And ye, my Lordés, with your alliaunce,
And other faithful people that there be,
Trust I to God shall quench all this noisaunce,
And set this lande in high prosperitie."

He states that Lords Normanby and Ashley actually accompanied Dr. Southwood Smith into Whitechapel and Bethnal-green to survey the miserable abodes of the poor; and fearing this is almost incredible when only stated in his text, he confirms it in a foot-note as follows:—

These statements are strictly authentic. They went privately and unattended into the

most squalid and hideous abodes of filth, and misery, and vice, and might well express themselves strongly in public after what they witnessed."—Vol. i. p. 116.

"Privately and unattended." Oh! Mr. Horne, Mr. Horne, you have certainly some idea that modern noblemen go about with barret caps and plumes, bedizened with jewelry and masks, for all eyes to gaze on and single out for violence and plunder. "Unattended"—*i. e.* we suppose no "Jenkins," with tall cane to guard them. Surely there is no difficulty in believing that where Dr. Smith had penetrated uninjured, Lord Ashley might go and return without any great exertion of courage; but Mr. Horne is deeply impressed with this self-devotion in a nobleman, as an uncommon act, and is determined it shall be authenticated. "My Lordés" will scarcely thank him for his devotion to their interests. He proves more than enough.

That the people of England have abad habit of working too many hours for their physical and mental health, is unfortunately but too true; but it is equally true that this habit does not arise from any abstract vicious determination on their own part. It is also true that in the present age they work fewer hours per day than they were accustomed to work in former ages; and it is moreover true that the reason for the diminution of hours is, that they obtain better wages, *i. e.* they get a greater amount of useful things for an hour's labor of the present day than they obtained in the "good old times;" and there is moreover a very prevalent desire amongst them to work still fewer hours, and by God's blessing we trust that this shall come to pass without any of Lord Ashley's legislation, which is akin to the charity of the French princess, who wondered "why people would starve when such nice pastry was sold so cheap."

We entreat Lord Ashley to believe that the chief, almost the sole reason, why English workmen labor too many hours per day, is the undue pressure of population, which forces them to compete with each other to obtain an insufficient share of the national stock of food, which is a minimum quantity. And this excess of population arises from the circumstance, that they live in islands, from which they cannot well swarm like the bees, to go to the food which might exist elsewhere, while Lord Ashley and his colleagues have made very stringent laws to prevent food being brought to them from

elsewhere. Make food plentiful, *i. e.* in excess of the mouths, and the voluntary principle will relieve all Lord Ashley's anxiety about long hours. We will venture on two illustrations.

Some years back, while examining some new buildings at the workmen's dinner hour, we were unintentionally listening to the conversation of two laborers from the Emerald isle, who were planted in the sun behind some hoarding, dining on—smoke—two “dudeens.” “Sure, Pat,” said one of them, “it’s I that wish wages was a guinea a day.” “And what would ye be afther thin, Dennis?” replied Pat. “Sure, and it’s only one day in the week that I’d work, any how,” was the rejoinder. We are satisfied that Dennis spoke the simple truth in this matter, and in no way needed Lord Ashley’s paternal solicitude.

A very benevolent manufacturer in London, who employed many workmen at their own dwellings, beheld, with compassion, the misery they suffered from high rents and wretched accommodation. They earned good wages, which, if well applied, would have placed them in positions of great comfort. The work they were employed in was independent of locality, and having purchased land in a healthy and beautiful neighborhood, their employer fitted up several cottages, with gardens and every kind of convenience, and removed thither a certain number of families. He expected to get a greater amount of work done, on account of their removal from temptations to drunkenness. But in this result he was disappointed. The men preferred working in their gardens to working at their trade, and earned no more money than was sufficient for their maintenance, in spite of the remonstrances of their wives. If Lord Ashley will place the factory population in such a position as this, we will undertake that they shall not overwork either themselves, their wives, or their children.

But it is only indirectly that Lord Ashley would interfere with the hours of working men. He professes to protect the children and women of factories, and to say he will prescribe the hours for them, which is equivalent, in other words, to prescribing the hours for the steam-engine and men also. It is unquestionably right that children under age—not recognized as free-agents, but who are under the control of persons older than themselves—should be protected from ill treatment; but to deprive

women of the right to use their own discretion as to the amount of work they will perform, is gross tyranny. Factory work is one of the few employments by which women can render themselves independent of the support of their relatives,—as a vicious father or brother, or a husband who will not maintain them and their children by his labor, but confines his attention to robbing them of their earnings according to law. A law which would protect a woman’s right to her own earnings, beyond the control of a vicious husband, would indeed be a boon to the working classes.*

We object to any law which would interfere with the natural freedom of human action, other than the protection of individuals and society from the aggressions of other individuals. If, for example, a solitary man chooses, in an isolated spot, to live in an ill-drained and ill-ventilated house, or to live on unwholesome or insufficient food, society has no right to interfere with him; but if he comes into proximity with other people, the law ought to interfere to protect their health from contamination. Also we think the law may fairly interfere with persons practising on the ignorance of others for the sake of gain. If the owner of the ill-drained and ill-ventilated solitary house tried to hire it to others, he should be prevented from so doing, until it were made wholesome. And we think society might fairly interfere with a man keeping his family in such a house, because the wife and children are under his control, and society may be endangered by the diseases they may be subject to; therefore it is quite competent for society to say, that after a certain period no houses shall be erected in any inhabited districts below a certain standard of health and comfort. It is certain that the children born in improved dwellings would be an improved race, and the question of food in no way interferes with this. There are a certain number of laborers and artisans constantly unemployed, who are, notwithstanding, fed, and their being employed in the construction of better dwellings, *i. e.* working up native material of all kinds for these and other useful purposes, would not add one shilling to the expenditure of the general community. The possession of better dwellings, with warmth and pure air, would, on the contrary, virtually increase the

* This point was urged by Mr. Roebuck on the attention of the House of Commons in the late debates.

amount of food, for it is a fact that a person in impure air cannot well digest his food, and therefore requires to eat a larger amount to keep up his strength.

Had Alfred the Great passed efficient sanitary laws, virtually prohibiting the existence of disease, *i. e.* prescribing the minimum of physical comfort and health in dwellings and their concomitants, the probability is, that the increase of population would always have been restrained within the limits essential to national happiness, and we should at this time have possessed a healthier, wealthier, and far more powerful population. The same results would have obtained with our people as with our cattle; the wretched would be unborn. We have the finest sheep and horses, cows and oxen, that the world has ever produced, because our farmers take care that they shall be well fed and lodged. With the same care for our people, the same results would follow sound legislative enactments, always supposing they could be carried out in practice. But instead of passing laws to increase comforts, we find in the statute books, enactments called sumptuary laws, tending to diminish personal comforts or luxuries. Strange is it that the State should think it necessary to take care of people's money for them, as it still tries to do, by means of usury laws.

Had Alfred the Great passed laws to regulate the hours of labor, they must have been accompanied by other laws to regulate the wages of labor, and in such case, laborers and employers would constantly have been at work, trying to defeat the laws for the sake of their own interests, just as the Jews, ancient and modern, have succeeded in defeating the usury laws. But if such laws had been successful, we should have made no national progress;—we should have been a nation of schoolboys, of servants doing what our governors taught and ordered us to do, but originating nothing; we should have been like the Austrian nation under Prince Metternich, or the Paraguay Indians under the paternal care and instruction of the Jesuits. If a Government be competent to regulate the hours of labor for adults, it is also competent to regulate their wages, their food, their instruction, books, religion, and their particular branches of labor. Such a people would neither require a House of Commons nor suffrage at elections. An aristocracy of landholders might deem this a very desirable condition of things, but the

result would be—if we could conceive the possibility of such a thing—the downfall of English energy, English power, English mind, and a state of ruin and misery to the many nations, civilized, uncivilized, and half-civilized, dependent on English guidance and English progress.

We do not doubt that the movement amongst the working classes—instinctive, but not yet perceptive—analogous to the

“Blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turned,”

will produce results of far more scope than Lord Ashley's benevolence, which not being based on benescience, cannot bring forth beneficence. His legislation, if not of the Jack-Cade calibre as to intellect, does not get beyond paternal Jesuitry, which the English genius has far outstripped. He is not a spirit of the age, he is but an appendage of a blind movement of the age, and Mr. Horne is a small dog, either leading or following him in the wake of Oastler and Company, who have donned the mantle inherited by the Chartist agitators from Robert Owen, who first propounded the “sacred month” in which the weary were to be at rest as a commencement of the millennium. Prosy, unreasoning, and impracticable was Robert Owen, and he, moreover, wasted about 100,000*l.*, lawful money of the realm, and thus filled the mouths of people with intellects no better than his own, with matter for ignorant exultation that there was no millennium produced by it; but still we like justice, and think that Mr. Horne may continue to expatiate on the virtues of a respectable nobleman like Lord Ashley, without robbing Robert Owen of the merit of originating the plan of short-labor hours.

Mr. Horne has a very odd mode of hunting in couples with his spirits of the age, dodging from one to another till we sometimes lose sight of the subject of his remarks. In this mode he has introduced Dr. Southwood Smith, which we think very unfair treatment. Southwood Smith is a real man of earnest purpose, working for the poor from strong sympathies for the miseries with which his medical practice has made him familiar. He is, moreover, a practical man of sound purpose, not working for self-glorification, but for a true and useful result. No believer is he of results without causes, no planner of Jack-Cade or French-princess legislation, no robber of the independence of women in legally denying them employment by which to

earn their own living, independent of the frequent coarse tyranny of their male relatives. Working for the public as a public instructor, and thereby neglecting private pecuniary advantage, it is to us a matter of surprise that no Government has yet adverted to an easy method of attaining popular approval, by appointing him to a Professor's chair. Praise Lord Ashley at your pleasure, Mr. Horne, but we beg of you in charity and fairness to let Dr. Southwood Smith alone. A sad jumble have you made of his life and history. Mr. Grant, of the 'Great Metropolis,' must surely have been one of the "hands" engaged on this.

Passing by "William Howitt, his grandfather and ancestors up to the time of Queen Elizabeth," and various other spirits of all ranks and sizes, we come to a veritable spirit of the age, Alfred Tennyson. A man of genius, who it appears, according to Mr. Horne, has escaped the persecution of the "Reader," and is recognized by the public. Having stated this, off he flies at a tangent and begins a criticism on John Keats, the chief purport of which, we incline to think, is to hint that "a kindred spirit has had (its) own inherent pulses quickened to look into (its) own heart and abroad upon nature and mankind, and to work out the purposes of (its) soul," in the production of 'Orion.' Mr. Horne speaks with great approbation of Tennyson, and so he does of Landor. But of Landor he says—

"His complete dramas are not often read through twice, even by readers who applaud them, but for the sake of a particular act or scene."—Vol. i. p. 165.

And of Tennyson he says—

"He does not appear to possess much inventive construction. He has burnt his epic or this would have settled the question. We would almost venture to predict that he will never write another, nor a five-act tragedy, nor a long heroic poem. Why should he?"

Why indeed? Has not Mr. Horne done all this, and does he not claim to be the equal of the Greek and Elizabethan dramatists? Tennyson would be superfluous, and Mr. Horne says, "certainly Tennyson is not at all dramatic."

Mr. Horne's paper on Tennyson is, however, the best in the book. He does partly appreciate him, but the magnificent portrait does much more than Mr. Horne's writing. It is emphatically the head of

the wisdom-poet, the master mind, above the littlenesses of humanity, and looking through every varied phase of nature and of art, ancient and modern—and yet more:

"I dipt into the Future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be."

And withal a patriot loving his native land.

"It is the land that freemen till
That sober suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will."

* * * * *

Of old sate Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights;
She heard the torrents meet."

A statesman too, and a hero:

"Make Knowledge circle with the winds,
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men or growth of minds.

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true till Time shall close
That Principles are rained in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope through shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, though dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes;
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke."

This is the impress of a MAN. A house of parliament of such men, were

"The Parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

A marvel, indeed, will this our England be, if ever such a parliament should assemble. It will be, in the words of Longfellow,

"The holy, and the happy, and the gloriously free."

Under the head of "Sheridan Knowles and William Macready" is embodied the true spirit and gist of Mr. Horne's paramount purpose in these two volumes.

"The Drama should be the concentrated Spirit of the Age."

That is to say, Mr. Horne's drama. Speaking of Knowles, the writer says—

"The age is domestic, and so is he. Comfort, not passionate imaginings, is the aim of every body, and he seeks to aid and gratify this love of comfort."

And so does Mr. Horne too, by his speculation on 300*l.* and 100*l.* for epics and tragedies, but there is a merit in his popularity which Mr. Horne does not penetrate. Sheridan Knowles is a man with a heart in his bosom, and that heart speaks in sympathy to the hearts of his audience in true words of passion.

The merits of all the minor stage authors who do not write epics or tragedies are handsomely acknowledged by the writer, but he says that "managers only regard them as a degree above street minstrels," and

"Herein is shadowed the fate of their mighty predecessors, and in the red herring and Rhenish banquet that killed Nash—in the tavern-brawling death of Marlowe—in the penury of Dekker—of Webster, who was a parish clerk—of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the distresses of nearly every one of the dramatists of their age, is to be found the symbol of the conduct which originality ever suffers."—Vol. ii. p. 92.

This seems to us very like bathos. What on earth have red herrings and tavern-brawlings to do with the matter? They were quite optional to Nash and Marlowe, and the latter Mr. Horne has made a tragedy hero of, out of the very tavern brawl which he seeks to lay on the poor managers.

To Talfourd is given some faint praise as a classicist. Of Sir E. L. Bulwer it is said—

"He can hardly be considered as a dramatist, having pursued this class of writing not from any strong internal gift and predominating influence, but rather as a man of first-rate talent and ingenuity who could produce any kind of literary article that might be in request."—Vol. ii. p. 103.

In the 'False Medium,' Mr. Horne expresses the direct contrary opinion to this. Now it is certain that Bulwer has been a successful dramatist in the 'Lady of Lyons,' and this seems to be the groundwork of the critic's anger. He cannot abide any one who may be a rival. Bulwer's plays, like those of Sheridan Knowles, are popular, be-

cause they have hearts in them; and they are, moreover, essentially the works of an artist. Compare 'Richelieu' with 'Cosmo,' and the difference will at once be perceived. The former is a thing of life; the latter is a piece of statuary.

The taste of the article on Macready is what might have been expected from an angry unacted dramatist of weak mind. No man of genius could have written it. Not a man "straitened in means," but straitened in soul, and working, not from high impulse, but for "remuneration," calculating on a "permanent 100*l.* per annum for life and due honors"—only such a man could have done this thing. We quote again:—

"But if the unacted drama be held in no regard by theatrical people, it is not much more esteemed by the majority of the public press. The slightest acted piece often has a long notice; whereas, of an unacted tragedy or comedy, any thing or nothing may be said, and any thing with impunity."—Vol. ii. p. 112.

To this is appended a foot note, stating that a certain unacted dramatist was not noticed by a professional critic, who, in "a fit of frank cordiality," said it was because he did not like the dramatist's whiskers. The *taste* of betraying this "frank cordiality" is questionable; but the dramatist might as well have stated at the same time that the "offending hair" was cut off, lest it should be a bar to a promised public employment where "my Lordés" sat as critics on appearance.

The statement that Macready went to America on account of bad success in London, is untrue. As regarded the public, Macready did not fail. It was the plundering system of compelling him to make up theatrical "properties" from his gains, that drove him away. He publicly stated himself, that as regarded his receipts they were ample. He labored only under the difficulty of "dead weight," paying interest on capital sunk and wasted under a monopoly. Could he have built a new theatre on the favorable terms of modern buildings, he would have grown rich beyond a doubt. The "wish" of the "unacted dramatist" is the "father to his thought." It is the petty feeling of a minor artist, seeking to gratify itself by mischief, in the spirit of "Swing," when burning down a haystack, or a disappointed dramatist, who "would burn down a theatre."

The cool egotistical assumption of this

writer, in supposing that a manager is bound to expend his property to produce the play of any dramatist who may present one, is very amusing. Much stress is laid on the superfluity of show—rich dresses, scenery, and decoration. If all these matters are indeed superfluous, why then the matter resolves itself into a very narrow compass. If the writing be the chief, and the acting merely an adjunct, let the unacted dramatists read their plays to the public at lecture rooms. Great interest is excited by lecturing on Shakspeare; and if the modern unacted dramatists be of the Elizabethan school, they will not fail to excite lecture audiences, testing the subject matter in a similar mode to that in which Molière tested his writings—by reading them to his cook. There is, to our apprehension, a great deal of quackery in the mystery preserved about new plays till they are produced on the stage. We should rather have all plays tested by publication and public reading previous to acting. We think this would be the best security against failure; far better than the *coterie* readings which take place at present, and which present the most remarkable instances of errors in judgment. At any rate, the extinction of the monopoly has now left the unacted dramatists without ground of complaint. The world is all before them where to choose; but we counsel them to bear in mind that actor-artists of genius may be stirred by as high a spirit as writer-artists. Insolent assumption of superiority is no mark of genius.

The services which Macready has rendered to the drama are not lightly to be passed by. He risked his own capital; he drove vice from his theatre. He established order in every department. A great actor and a poet-artist also, he was unsparing in expenditure. He produced new plays—the best that could be got; and if they failed, it was not his fault. The public knows of none better than he produced. He did not produce 'Cosmo' or 'Gregory,' neither have they been produced elsewhere, though all stages are now thrown open to all dramatic writing. And it is quite clear that he "has enemies, some for one thing, some for another, abstract or personal, public or private;" disappointed morbid vanity having no little to do with it. But gladly shall we behold his return to the management of a new theatre, wherein his perfect taste and thorough integrity to the texts of his dramatic authors may be developed in

unison with kindred spirits, actors, and authors, unshackled by monopoly and unworried by vanity. And we shall be glad if no future play be brought out, till it has stood the test of printing, publishing, and public reading.

Mr. Browning and Mr. Marston are both applauded as poets by Mr. Horne; but as to their plays, though acted, he thinks they are utter failures. To make amends for this, we are introduced to the acquaintance-ship of a new Lope de Vega, a dramatic genius of the highest order as to quantity, one Mr. Powell, who writes "five act tragedies at three sittings."

"That he has *stuff* in him of a good kind, if fairly worked upon and with any justice done to its own nature, is evident; though it may be doubted from these specimens whether he will ever be a dramatist."

There is clearly but one "dramatist" in the openly-expressed opinion of Mr. Horne.

The article on Bulwer is got up in the style which Carlyle calls "valethood."

We do not think this work will add to Mr. Horne's repute. The *animus* is of the same kind as that of the 'False Medium;' and as a *false medium* Mr. Horne will go forth to the public, not as a spirit of the age, not as a high spirit. We would it had been otherwise. We counsel him to abandon his craving for notoriety, and apply himself diligently to work, without regard to results. Shakspeare wrote thirty odd plays. Mr. Horne has written but three. Let him go on writing more. Let him lecture on them at all manner of Syncretic associations, which will save printing; and, above all, we counsel him to ponder on these lines of Tennyson:—

"Watch what main currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain;
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension; neither count on praise;
It grows to guerdon after days;
Nor deal in watchwords over much."

N. U. S.

ROBOR CAROLINUM.—M. F. Senillosa writes from Buenos Ayres, date 3d December, 1843, that for six months the star *Robor carolinum* has appeared a star of the first class.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

NO. I.—HEBREW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN SANSKRIT BY HEZEKIAH MOSS, ESQ.

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE TEMPLE.

It was the vigil of the Sabbath day, and the evening star shone brilliantly on the Temple of Solomon, whose hundred portals were now sending forth (the sacred service being over) multitudes of Zion's children. Slowly they vanished away, like clouds over the valley of the Jordan; and the holy temple now appeared tenantless, with the exception of one votary, who, in a pensive and gloomy mood, remained leaning against a column, of which, by his death-like stillness, he seemed to be a part. From the gold-embroidered silks of India, which constituted his dress, his flowing beard partially silvered with age, his stately stature and noble countenance, it was easy to conclude that this man was amongst the loftiest of his tribe. He seemed yet buried in thought when the chief priest Assir, who had just taken off his officiating robes, passed him by, remarking with a smile of masked malignity, "Has Hophin, happy Hophin, forgotten that his young and lovely wife is anxiously awaiting his return?"

"Ha, Assir!" replied Hophin, startled from his reverie: then adding in a tone of assumed tranquillity, "my wife, good Assir, is passing the evening by the bedside of my niece, Rachel, who is dangerously ill."

"And, doubtless, you are now going to conduct to her home your fair spouse? At least you will not depute that pleasing duty to the orphan whom you adopted five years ago at the *FEAST OF THE HUTS*?"

"An act of humanity," replied Hophin evasively.

"Backed by the moving entreaties of your young wife," furtively sneered the high-priest.

"How could I do otherwise?" continued Hophin, with gathering gloom. "The '*Feast of the Huts*,' as you well know, is celebrated to bless the produce of the earth and to return thanksgiving to the *DIVINE DONOR*. Huts formed of branches are raised before our doors. In these we eat in common during the festival. It was at this feast that Ammiel came to our hut. How could I refuse hospitality to a famished child? for Ammiel was then but a child."

"But is so no longer," observed Assir, with studied indifference.

"It is exactly five years from this day," went on Hophin; "I was coming from the bath, when Ezela met me with her eyes glistening with tears, 'Oh! my lord,' she exclaimed, 'a child—a poor orphan is at your gate. No home, no friend, no refuge! Bless the first year of our union with a good work, and let the feast we are now celebrating be to your wife a memorial of her husband's generous bounty.' Ezela was so beautiful at this moment, that I promised to adopt the boy. I took him by the hand, seated him at my table, and called him 'son.' I hope I have never had reason to repent my conduct."

"I hope so, too," replied Assir, mysteriously.

"What mean you? Your voice sounds ominously?" said Hophin, whose usually pale cheek reddened up with a burning flush.

"Nay, I speak in my wonted tone," replied the priest.

"I know thee for my enemy," sharply rejoined Hophin.

"Your rival once, but your enemy never! The Lily of Hebron inflamed me with a passion such as few can feel. You were preferred to me; and, in the first moments of my despair, I owed you, perhaps, no very great good will; but *now*—poh! no more of this. Ezela is about twenty, I believe, and you are fifty, Hophin?"

"That is my age this very day," replied the husband of Ezela.

"Ezela is beautiful, mild, affectionate, but young and thoughtless."

"Assir!"

"I have a nephew at home, a fine stripping like your adopted son Ammiel. Now had I a wife so young, so beautiful as Ezela, why—women *will* make comparisons, and they seldom decide in favor of gray hairs."

The priest's words were arrows. His looks poisoned the barbs.

"Wretch, be silent!" at length burst forth Hophin. "Ezela is as pure as the snows of Hermon!"

"And who has said to the contrary, my good Hophin? As for me, I have not the slightest doubt of it; but other people say that they have seen and heard——"

"What?" roared Hophin, trembling in every nerve, and perspiring at every pore—"what have they heard?—what have they seen?"

"Only the gentle conversation and private meetings of Ammiel and Ezela upon the terrace."

"Serpent or demon!" replied Hophin, hissing with the suppressed fury of both, "if this be false, your life would be but as a drop in the cup of my revenge; but if true—*true!*—God of Israel, where am I? My reason wanders! Assir! for mercy's sake retract your words. Pluck from my mind these dreadful suspicions! say that Ezela is true, or, by my father's grave——"

"Ezela's truth and love can be easily and surely proved," calmly interrupted Assir.

"How?" gasped Hophin.

"By one of our pious ceremonies now almost obsolete; but which, on this occasion, I would wish to revive."

"What ceremony?"

"I will explain it to you as we go along. Come," said Assir, familiarly passing his arm under Hophin's. "The night advances, and Ezela is not yet at home."

THE TERRACE.

It was late at night when Hophin, striding rapidly through the principal streets of Jerusalem, arrived at his door, which was immediately opened by an old female slave.

"Where is Ezela?" demanded he, with a voice so altered, that the old slave raised her lamp to his face, doubting that it was her master who spoke.

"Where is Ezela?" hoarsely repeated Hophin.

"My lord, upon the terrace;" and the slave bowed to the dust.

"Alone?" muttered Hophin, as if dreading the reply.

"No, my lord; the young Ammiel is with her."

In an instant Hophin was on the terrace. One rapid glance drank in the whole scene.

The night was oriental in its fairest attributes; clear, calm, and beautiful. Myriads of stars sparkled in the deep blue heavens, forming the retinue of the crescent moon slowly rising from the waves of "the Great Sea." At one extremity of the terrace female slaves were seated on straw mats, and spoke in low murmurs; at the other end Ezela, unveiled, and reclining on cushions, sang, in a low soft voice, one of David's canticles. Ammiel was seated at her feet, and their attitudes changed not at the presence of Hophin! Ezela sang. Ammiel gazed on her, and listened; but Hophin, with a voice as from the tomb, slowly articulated, "Why have you left the house of Rachel before I came to conduct you hither?"

"My lord," replied Ezela, the tears clinging to her silken eyelids, "Rachel is much better. The night was growing late, and Ammiel accompanied me home."

"Ammiel, Ammiel!" repeated Hophin, using the word as a stimulant to his rage; "and what brought *Ammiel* thither?"

Pale and trembling, Ezela answered not: but Ammiel, starting to his feet, replied, "My father! I went to meet you and Ezela; but, not finding you at Rachel's house, we believed that you had returned home in our absence, and therefore we hastened hither to rejoin you."

"It is well," coldly observed Hophin, seating himself on the cushions, and concealing under a tranquil air the suspicions gnawing at his heart. Drawing Ezela to his side, and passing his arm around her waist, till his fingers pressed insidiously upon the life-pulse of her spotless breast, he continued,—

"Ammiel, my son, thou art now eighteen years of age?"

"Since the last moon," replied Ammiel, in perplexity.

"Ammiel, thou art now a man. It were foul shame for thee to pass thy days in the apartments of women."

"What would my father say? I am an orphan. On earth I have no other friend than you and Ezela," added he, sadly looking at the young woman, who smiled as sadly in return.

Hophin pressed so tightly the arm of Ezela, that she uttered a cry of pain. Regardless of this, her husband sternly continued,—

"The king of Israel now lives in peace; but peace has need of soldiers even as war."

"Now I understand my father," proudly replied Ammiel. "Let it be to-morrow,—let it be this hour: I am ready to depart."

"No, no, Ammiel!" suddenly exclaimed Ezela; "leave not this roof. Choose some other profession than the cruel one of war."

"Woman!" thundered Hophin, "give your advice when asked!"

The silence which succeeded the loud and furious words weighed heavily even on the slaves crouching in whispering groups at the other extremity of the terrace.

"[Ezekiel, the captain of the king's guards, is my friend and kinsman. He will receive you to-morrow in his corps. Ammiel, you depart to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" involuntarily sighed Ezela.

"Well! what next? Pray continue."

This may be the last opportunity ;" and Hophin smiled maliciously.

"You hurt me, my lord," said Ezela, in a low voice (his poniard-hilt pressed rudely against her side),—"you hurt me;" and she endeavored to disengage her person from his coil.

"Stay!" shouted Hophin; and the adjoining terraces reverberated successively the sound. Ezela seemed petrified to a beautiful statue. A flash of indignation gleamed from the large blue eyes of the orphan; but, suppressing his bitter emotion, he demanded at what hour he should receive his instructions.

"At two hours after sunrise," coldly replied Hophin.

Without another word, Hophin, Ezela, and the orphan Ammiel, separated for the night; the trembling slaves slowly following. No sound was heard save the step and voice of the warder on the walls, or the distant gurgling of the Kedron. The cloudless stars shone down upon the deserted terrace; gradually they waned away toward the palm-clad shores of Phœnicia; and soon the mountains of Moriah hailed the cheerful day-dawn,—cheerful to all but the wretched, whose sleepless eyes turn away from the blessed beams as from a ghastly mockery.

THE BANKS OF THE KEDRON.

But long before day-break, Assir, the high-priest, and Hophin, chief of the tribe of Naphthali, were slowly walking on the margin of the Kedron, or "Dark Rivulet," which darts its darkling way through the valley of Hinnom. Pressing almost convulsively his companion's arm, Hophin eagerly asked,—

"But is the '*test of the bitter waters*' infallible?"

"Infallible beyond the shadow of suspicion."

"My reason refuses to believe it," demurred the layman.

"The power of Jehovah is infinite!" The priest bowed low.

"And yet, if Ezela should prove innocent?" mused Hophin.

"She would appear more beautiful from the ordeal," complimented the priest.

"But if guilty?"

"Her body would soon become swollen, and death would instantly succeed."

"Assir!" said the husband, casting a gloomy glance on the dark waters rolling

at his feet, "Ezela must die! You understand me."

"Justice shall be done on the guilty;" and the priest bowed again.

"Assir, you are a doctor of the law, and even so am I. But you are also a priest, and so am not I. Speak we undisguisedly. Speak not as a high-priest to an ignorant Levite, but as man to man."

So saying, he sat down upon the trunk of a storm-uprooted cedar; and, approaching his lips towards the ears of the high-priest, whispered, in a hiss of torture,—

"Assir, I am betrayed! Ezela loves Ammiel! You see this poniard. Last night it was within a hair-breadth of drinking the life-blood of the wanton and her paramour. You shudder, Assir, and you are right. The deed were brutal, so I checked myself to enjoy a sweeter vengeance. Assir, Ezela must die, yet not in the darkness of night, but in the glare of noon-day,—not assassinated by my slaves, or by my own hand, but by thine, good Assir, by the draught of the "*bitter waters*" in the midst of the Temple, and before the face of all Israel. Thou understandest?"

"To none but the guilty are the waters terrible," solemnly replied the priest.

"And yet, had I been high-priest, good Assir, they should be terrible to whomsoever I pleased," insinuated Hophin.

But the hint fell stillborn, apparently, for the priest's eye was imperturbable as the tomb.

"The sand which I mix with the waters is collected from the floor of the sanctuary. I mix with the sand certain burnt herbs, and prepare two cups, one for the wife, the other for her husband."

"You mark *one* of these cups good Assir?"

Their eyes met. A flash of demon joy gleamed, for a moment, in the eyes of the high-priest, then left them more lurid than before, as darkness after lightning. A fiendish thought seemed to mark, as with a brand, his forehead, piercing through the prophylact, and burning in the brain.

"The laborer deserves his hire," muttered Assir.

Hophin drew from his bosom a gold-embroidered purse, and presented it to the high-priest.

"But, before I act, remarked the latter, "I must previously ascertain whether Ezela deserves the death you doom her to. I desire to have an hour's converse with her alone."

"Never!" exclaimed Hophin, starting at the thought.

"Then seek from some other 'the ordeal of the bitter waters,' prepared in the manner *you* wish them to be. Peace be with you!" And the priest arose from the prostrate cedar, as if about to depart.

"Hold! Assir," groaned Hophin, struggling with his passions; "you have my secret. When would you wish to speak with Ezela?"

"When the evening prayer is said."

"Then be it so."

And, without word, look, or salute, they separated.

THE DEPARTURE.

While the machinations of Sathanas were thus concocting by the waters of the Kedron, the rays of the rising sun found Ezela and the young Israelite clasped in each other's arms on the terrace where the scene of the last evening had passed.

"My brother, my dear and only brother, all must be revealed to Hophin. Ammiel, you must not be sacrificed!" And Ezela sobbed bitterly.

"But the dying words of our mother must be obeyed. Ezela, she knew not at first that I lived, that I was saved from the shipwreck where our father perished; otherwise she would not have willed you all the property, half of which was legally mine."

"Yet, Ammiel, when she knew you were alive, why did she conceal your existence, and rob you of your just patrimony?"

"Hush! my sister. A mother's pride, and she was most proud in having Hophin for her son, led her to this error, besides the disgrace of Hophin's refusal, had you only half the dowry proposed. I regret not the loss. Your marriage was celebrated, and you accompanied your husband to Jerusalem."

"And you, my poor brother, art cast penniless on the world for my account. Oh! Ammiel, let me read once more the last injunctions of our mother. They may strengthen me in this hour of trial."

Ammiel took a scroll of parchment from his bosom, and Ezela read, with sorrowful agitation, her mother's letter:—

"To Ammiel.

"My son, when you return to the home of your fathers you will find it desolate. Your dying mother confesses she has robbed you, and added to the robbery a lie. Forgive me,

my son! From the grave I implore your forgiveness. Let not my memory be brought to shame, nor your sister to reproach, by revealing the secret which weighs heavily on my heart at this my dying hour. Go to thy sister; tell her all. May the God of Israel support thee and her to keep inviolate the secret of thy mother.

"SHIRAZ."

"Thus, Ezela," sighed Ammiel, taking back the parchment, "our mother's secret must be kept, even to the death."

"But, Ammiel, my brother, hear me. Leave not Jerusalem this morning, nor even to-morrow. I implore you to grant me this favor. Some horrible presentiment chills me as with a death-damp. Stay, Ammiel," she repeated, enfolding him in her arms. "Wait till to-morrow eve near the tower of David. I shall either come myself, or send a slave to thee."

"Well, I promise thee, Ezela. Trust thy brother!"

A shadow crossed the sunshine on the terrace. Ammiel started, and suddenly disengaged himself from his sister's farewell embrace. Hophin stalked forward.

"Pardon our tears and our last farewell, my lord. Ezela has been a sister to me; to her I owe the protection you have so nobly granted to a poor orphan. Be not offended at my grief;" and Ammiel turned aside in sorrow.

"Wherefore should I?" coldly responded Hophin. "But enough of this. Take you these three purses of gold, you will find my best horse ready caparisoned in the court-yard. Depart for the army. Farewell!"

Ammiel was about to refuse the gifts of Hophin, but a look from Ezela altered his intention. Receiving the purses, and casting one look on Ezela, he uttered,—

"My lord, I accept these gifts as from a brother; and now the God of Israel watch over you."

Ammiel rapidly departed.

"And now, woman, for *thy* destiny!" hoarsely muttered Hophin, leading his wife to her apartments.

THE PILGRIM.

Sadly leaning on the marble balustrade which enclosed the terrace of Hophin's mansion, Ezela was gazing intently on a dark and vertical streak which curiously appeared to bisect the setting sun. This was the tower of David, where Ammiel was to await her instructions.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a slave, who, touching the ground with his forehead, announced that a pilgrim requested hospitality.

"See, then, to his wants," hastily replied Ezela, resuming her gaze towards David's Tower.

"The pilgrim requests a private interview," said the slave, returning.

"Where is thy master?" inquired Ezela.

"At evening prayer," replied the slave.

"I receive no persons in his absence. Depart!"

The slave departed, but in a few minutes reappeared, and lowly uttered,—

"The pilgrim requests this interview in the name of humanity."

"In vain!" replied Ezela, in a tone of annoyance.

"For the sake of your life, which is in danger."

"Leave my presence," proudly commanded the young matron.

"In the name of your husband."

"I cannot see this man," said Ezela, hesitatingly.

"In the name of the orphan Ammiel."

"Bid him enter immediately," rapidly answered Ezela, veiling her flushed features.

And Assir entered.

"Daughter of Shiraz!" mildly began the priest, "your mother spurned me as your suitor. Hophin, the wealthy and powerful Hophin, was preferred to the poor priest Assir. But that is past. I come not hither to reproach; no, I come to save you."

"How, Assir! what means this mystery?"

"Thou shalt hear. The demon of jealousy has seized on your husband's heart. To-morrow you shall be summoned by my voice to the temple and compelled to undergo the 'ordeal of the bitter waters.' Terrible will be the trial!"

"I fear it not," replied Ezela unmoved.

"And thou wert right, Ezela," rejoined the priest, "if it had been the hand of God that prepared the waters; but the hand of man—"

"Thy hand, good Assir! is it not?"

"Yea, even mine," and the priest seemed sunk in thought.

"Speak, Assir, I implore you. You are trembling, and your looks are those of the dead."

"Listen, then, daughter of Shiraz. Your husband desires your death, and by his order I am to poison one of the two cups," said the priest in a voice barely audible.

"Satanic slanderer!" replied the young wife, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with indignant emotion.

"Seest thou this purse? Dost thou recognize it? It is full of gold; my reward for your death."

Ezela instantly recognized the purse which her own hands had wrought and presented to Hophin. The hot tears came gushing through her veil.

"But it shall be the reward of his death, if thou willest it," said the priest, insidiously approaching her. Promise, beautiful Ezela, to be my bride, and Hophin shall quaff the poisoned cup, leaving thee a widow to-morrow."

"Infamous assassin!" indignantly burst forth Ezela, as she rushed from the terrace.

A moment after, and before Assir had recovered from his discomfiture, a slave hurriedly conducted him from the terrace to the court-gate. There the husband of Ezela met the high-priest. Their eyes met, and the meeting of their eyes would have delighted man's enemy to behold.

"To-morrow!" muttered Hophin.

"Ay, to-morrow!" and the priest hurried on.

THE ORDEAL.

It was noon; not a cloud obscured the azure heavens. The sun shone down in all his power and beauty on the domes of Jerusalem, "the vision of peace," (and a vision of peace has it been from its foundation to the present day.) Crowds thronged through the gates of Solomon's Temple, eagerly anxious to witness the ordeal of the bitter waters. The women occupied exclusively the galleries, the men filled nearly to suffocation the body of the temple. Silence seemed to shudder as the high-priest appeared slowly ascending the steps of the tabernacle. As soon as he had stood in front of the holy ark he bowed him to the ground and then stepped back.

A few moments elapsed and he was followed by a man and a woman. The former in gloomy abstraction kept his eyes fixed upon the unleavened cake which he carried between his hands. The woman walked upon the left side of the man, her person being entirely covered by a white woollen veil. The swan of the Euphrates never appeared more graceful.

A brief pause ensued, when the husband, placing the cake upon the altar, uttered aloud, "The spirit of jealousy possesses

my heart. I demand for my wife the test of the bitter waters."

"Thy demand is granted," said the high-priest.

"And, therefore," resumed Hophin, "have I brought this barley-cake, unmixed with oil or spices, a cake of jealousy and a memorial of iniquity. Let the guilty perish!"

"Wife of Hophin, approach," intoned the high-priest. And Ezela walked forward.

A young Levite takes two cups filled with blessed water and places them before the priest. Assir collects some grains of sand from the floor of the sanctuary and slowly casts them into each cup, accompanying the act with a few lowly-uttered words. Then advancing towards the wife of Hophin he removes her veil, and the temple shone as with the beauty of a seraph.

"Oh! mercy and pardon for the young and beautiful," burst from the lips of the men.

The women were mute upon the occasion.

Regardless of this incident, the priest continued his dreadful office. Taking the cake from the husband's hands, and closely approaching Ezela, he whispered, "It is not yet too late. Consent to be my wife; say but one word, Ezela, and thou art free."

"Priest, perform thy duty!" indignantly murmured Ezela. Then raising her radiant eyes to heaven, she added fervently, "God of Israel, protect me!"

"Daughter of Shiraz! wife of Hophin!" said Assir, aloud, "if thou art chaste in thought and deed, be thou unscathed by these waters. But if otherwise, may these waters which thou shalt drink prove thy last draught upon earth?" Then taking the cup and placing it within her trembling hands added, with a fiendish emphasis, "Drink, spouse of Hophin."

Ezela looked at the cup, and then at her husband. His scornful glance aroused her gentle spirit. "People of Israel!" said the victim, with a voice that thrilled through the columns of the temple, but not through the heart of Hophin. "Men, who judge me, and ye women, who hear me, I swear that I am innocent, that my heart is pure, and my tongue a stranger to falsehood. And yet I dread this trial, for the malice of men may be taken for the judgment of God. May the Lord pardon my enemies. I pardon them from my soul." Then rais-

ing the cup to her lips, she drank its contents. For a moment her beautiful eyes were directed towards the roof of the temple, then slowly sinking upon the vast and awe-stricken multitude, she recognized her brother, and faintly exclaimed, "Ammiel, dear Ammiel, farewell!"

"Hophin! thy turn has come," said Assir, presenting the other cup.

At that moment Ammiel rushed through the crowd, caught the fainting Ezela in his arms, and exclaimed, "Who dare accuse my sister?"

"Thy sister!" repeated Hophin, dropping the cup, which broke in a thousand fragments on the pavement.

"Read," said Ammiel, presenting his mother's letter.

Hophin spoke not. He dreaded being accused as the murderer of Ezela.

Assir approached and whispered, "The poison was not in the cup of Ezela!"

"In which, then?" gasped Hophin, recoiling.

"In neither!" replied the high-priest, fixing his eyes on the broken cup with a look of savage disappointment.

Ezela, recovering from her swoon, kissed her husband's hand, and the forehead of her brother. Assir shrunk away from the scene as a foul bird from the light of day. All the men, save the high-priest, blessed the beautiful, and all the women envied her. "A moral phenomenon," saith our chronicler, "by no means confined to the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

MAGNETIC DYNAMOMETER. — Its form is that of a rectangular frame set up vertically. On the lower cross-piece is fixed a horse-shoe electro-magnet with its points upwards, the armature of which is at the centre annular, and to it a dynamometric index is attached by means of a hook. One end of a cord fastened to a ring in the dynamometer passes through a hole in the upper cross-piece, and round the axle of a wheel arranged above the frame. When the wheel is turned until the armature be detached, the index of the dynamometer shows the figure of the dial at which the point of the instrument stopped. This figure, deducting the weight of the armature, which remains suspended to the ring of the dynamometer, gives the exact measure of the electro-magnetic force.—*Literary Gazette*.

MEMORY.

From Frazer's Magazine.

It was in the gardens of the Tuileries that I met with an old college friend. He was prom- enading a young lady, who seemed to me to have some difficulty in making herself understood, and still more in understanding her cavalier. They soon parted company, and my old acquaintance came up to me, and complained of the difficulties he found in speaking the French language. "I always had a bad memory, you know, but I can remember *facts* better than *words*." I should have instantly recognized my man, by this expression alone. He went by the name of "The Man of Facts" when he was at College; and it was to this alone that he ascribed all superiority. To possess more facts than one's neighbor was to have the greatest advantage over him. When asked how he got through his examination, he replied, "Well enough;" but regretted that he had not so many facts as the professors who examined him; and he sighed for his want of memory.

Now, nothing can be more erroneous than were his ideas upon the subject. A man may possess an immense number of facts, and be a very great goose. There are two kinds of memory,—the one purely mechanical, which those possess who retain names, dates, and some facts,—the other is the result of an impression made upon the feelings; and the complaint of want of memory is in general nothing more than obtuseness of an important portion of the intellectual faculties. Few clever men complain of want of memory, or find difficulty in retaining those things which form a part or parcel of their intellectual enjoyments.

The lover of poetry may not be able to recollect when the battle was precisely fought, but if he have ever read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," he can never forget it. He may have read it but once, may not be able to repeat a line of it, but there it is indelibly impressed upon his feelings—he can call it up when he pleases. It is as much his own as the author's. The man without memory or without susceptibility of impression, which is almost synonymous, may have read it many times, and yet know nothing about it; his eyes have passed over it, but it has not passed through those portals to be indelibly stamped upon the sensorium. His ear may, perhaps, again recognize the sound of the words, but still the thing itself has escaped his memory, and from the best of all reasons—that it was never there. The want of memory of which such complain, may be compared to Falstaff's deafness, "Rather out, please you. It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

He who has summed up every thing and placed all things in their true light, has not been wanting in the true definition of memory. When the Ghost says to Hamlet, "Remem-

ber me," he replies, "Yes, as long as memory holds a place in this distracted globe."

Here is precisely what we contend for, viz. that true memory is made up of impression. Such is implied in the tone of Hamlet's reply, that it would be impossible to forget it, that nothing less than the dissolution of the moral and physical world could prevent him from remembering the scene which he had just witnessed. It became hereafter no matter of will with him to do so. To tell him to forget it or to remember it, would be synonymous. It formed from that time a portion of his moral existence, inseparable but by general dissolution. It is precisely the same in other matters, that which has made a very strong impression is never forgotten; it may not always be at hand, but it is still there: circumstances may again call it forth, fresh as it was deposited in the storehouse of the mind. The man without memory is the man whose mind is not organized to receive such impressions as excite those sensations which guarantee durability; such as read the book and lay it down, and forget where they left off; a state which may occur to all at times, when the mind may be preoccupied, but which is habitual with those who complain of bad memories. In these arguments a healthy state of body and mind are presupposed, for by nothing is the faculty of memory so impaired as by physical derangements. It may be annihilated by organic affections, or it may be suspended, or go to sleep. It may happen that the power of speech and the use of language be annulled, that all moral existence may seem extinguished, whilst the physical powers continue their functions; but when the causes operating these effects shall have been removed, then shall blest memory return with all its force to the point where its functions had been suspended. The following case, quoted from the lectures of the late Sir Astley Cooper, illustrates this position in a most satisfactory manner:—A sailor falling from the yard-arm was taken up insensible, and carried into the hospital in Gibraltar, where he remained in the same state for many months; he was conveyed from thence to England, and admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital.

"He lay upon his back with very few signs of life, breathing, his pulse beating, some motion in his fingers, but, in all other respects, apparently deprived of all powers of mind, volition, or sensation. Upon the examination of his head a depression was discovered, and he was trephined at a period of thirteen months and a few days after the accident. The man sat up in his bed four hours after the operation, and, being asked if he felt pain, immediately put his hand to his head. In four days from this time he was able to get out of bed and converse, and in a few more days he was able to say where he came from, and remembered meeting with the accident; but from that time up to the period when the operation was performed (*i. e.* for a period of thirteen months and upwards) his mind remained in a perfect state of oblivion."

Nothing was remembered which occurred between the periods of the infliction of the wound which caused the pressure and the removal of the piece of bone which produced it, because nothing during that long time had made any impression on the sensorium. There was a distinct separation of animal from moral existence.

Mr. Herbert Mayo has published a case of double consciousness with temporary loss of memory. It is rather complicated in a metaphysical point of view, but proves satisfactorily the power of impression. There was no loss of memory where the former had had its due influence. Some physical impediment in the circulation operated to prevent its manifestation at will; but it was there, and as soon as the obstruction was removed memory again triumphed.

I believe, therefore, that we are not far from wrong in accusing our friend of that want of perception and of impression which so much limited the number of his facts that he retained but very few; and his complaint against his memory was unjust and ill-founded, inasmuch as the food with which it is nourished must be duly digested and assimilated before it form an integrant part of that intellectual state which seldom complains of want of memory.

BANQUET TO THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

From the Spectator.

THE Duke of Wellington's position at the East India Directors' dinner to Sir Henry Hardinge, on Wednesday, recalls the image of the captive French King in the tent of the Black Prince. The duke was the hero of the evening; Sir Henry, the nominal hero, laid all the honor of the banquet at the duke's feet; the chairman was lavish in his eulogiums of the duke; the great end and aim of the speechification was to soothe the duke. And yet, amid all this homage, the impertinent idea would recur, that the duke was sitting at the hospitable board of the Board that had checkmated him.

The duke, in return, was grimly civil. In his speech—returning thanks for the toast of himself and the army—there was, to be sure, not one word about indiscretion; but, rigidly scrutinized, not one word of decided compliment to his entertainers will be found in it. No; though he sat at their table—though all the delicacies of the season, and all the flatteries of half-a-dozen seasons, were showered upon him—not one word of his House-of-Lords philippic was even by implication unsaid by him. Not an expression positively unkind

escaped him—but not a kind one either. The bright armor of the French monarch could not have received with more polished coldness and rigidity the blandishments of his youthful captor.

The new governor-general, while apparently bent alone upon soothing his veteran chief, contrived adroitly to pay his court to the directors. The skilful and tortuous climax with which he rose from a panegyric on the Indian army, to dilate upon his own ultra-transcendental pacific disposition, was an unspeakable relief to the assembled chairs. The Board was heard to draw a long sigh of unutterable relief. Each chair muttered to itself, in unpremeditated concert with its fellows—"Public opinion is right; Sir Henry will be a *safe* governor of India."

Oh the faithlessness of chairs as well as of sitters upon chairs! Three little years have not passed since Lord Ellenborough was feasted with as much *empressement* as now Sir Henry Hardinge; yet on Wednesday his name was not once named, even by the Duke of Wellington; and, what was worse, words rife with implied charges against him superabounded. Sir Henry Hardinge's vehement protestations of pacific policy, his reiterated professions of deference to the Directors, and Sir Robert Peel's magnanimous declarations against any change in the constitution of our Indian government, all indicated where the shoe pinched under the late Governor-General. No one knew what Lord Ellenborough might take into his head next; and Lord Ellenborough, not contented with setting the fee-farm of his masters the directors constantly on the hazard, was barely civil to them when they remonstrated.

So, as far as ministers and directors can do it, Lord Ellenborough is quietly shelved. Whether he will sit quietly down under this on his return, remains to be seen. Doubts appear to be entertained on that head. Nay, from the unwonted despatch with which his successor proceeds to the scene of action; it might almost seem to be expected that Lord Ellenborough, unlike the "good army" of Bombastes Furioso, might "kick up a row" before he allowed himself to be disbanded.

APPLICATION.—Every man of eminence, who writes his own biography, explicitly avows that he is unconscious of any other reason for having attained proficiency in his pursuits than *intense application*. Supposing a fair share of natural endowments to be given, an ardent desire to excel will certainly overcome many difficulties. In the autobiography of the late Mr. Abraham Raimbach, an eminent engraver in London, just published, we find an additional corroboration of this view. "All true excellence in art is, in my humble opinion, to be chiefly attributed to an early conviction of the inadequacy of all means of improvement in comparison with that of *self-acquired knowledge*."

DAVID HUME'S CORRESPONDENCE. — The late Baron Hume, the nephew of the philosopher, was generally known to be in possession of a pretty large collection of letters, forming the correspondence between his uncle and a circle of distinguished contemporaries. Many applications were made for access to this collection; but it was the opinion of the Baron, at least until a comparatively late period, that the time had not yet come when a use of these MSS., sufficiently ample and free to be of service to literature, could expediently be made. On his death in 1833, as we then announced, he left the collection at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and it has now been for some time preserved in the archives of that body, accessible only through the special permission of the Council. After some deliberation regarding the proper use to which this peculiar bequest should be applied, the Council resolved that the collection should be placed at the disposal of any editor on whom they might have reliance, who should either publish such parts of the correspondence as have reference to literature, politics, and the personal life of Hume, or employ them as illustrative of a memoir of the philosopher. We understand that with this view the MSS. have been put at the disposal of Mr. J. H. Burton, advocate, who is at present employing them, together with original materials collected in other quarters, in the preparation of a Life of Hume, with sketches of his contemporaries. The MSS. in the possession of the Royal Society contain, besides an ample correspondence with those eminent fellow-countrymen with whom it is well known that Hume enjoyed unreserved intimacy, letters from D'Alembert, Carnot, Reynal, Montesquieu, and the other leaders of contemporary foreign literature. These, with the letters of Mad. de Boufflers, Mad. Geoffrin, Mlle. de l'Espinasse, and other female ornaments of the literary circles of Paris, will serve to throw light on a curious, but little known episode in Hume's life—his enthusiastic reception by the wits and the fine women of the reign of Louis XV. We understand, too, that these papers throw considerable light on the strange quarrel between Hume and Rousseau. —*Athenæum*.

PARISH PRIZES.—Some readers will scarcely believe us when we mention that a practice has been begun in certain districts in England of giving annual "rewards to laborers for bringing up their families independently of parochial relief." He who seeks little or nothing from the parish gets a prize. The reward, however, is proportioned to the number of children he has had the merit of providing for by his own exertions. At a distribution of this kind at Aylesbury, on the 14th of September, we find that one of these miracles of independence got £4 for having had nine children born to him in lawful wedlock, seven of whom he has brought up without parochial relief. Another got thirty shillings for having reared four children without any assistance from the parish.

AUGUST, 1844.

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THE PROGRESS OF ART.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *The Hand-Book of Taste, or how to observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues.* By Fabius Pictor. Longman.
2. *The Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England.* By A. Welby Pugin. C. Dolman, 61 New Bond street.

THERE are few subjects which are just now exciting more attention in England than the present state of the Fine Arts, and few on which more has been said and written; but still it does not appear that any satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at on the subject, or that either the public or the artists themselves understand better what is wanted, or what would be the best means of improving their condition or enabling Englishmen to do something more creditable to the nation than has hitherto been produced. In the meanwhile the demand for art is as universal as the interest it excites, and whether it be for the statue or painting with which the rich man ornaments his dwelling, or for the 'Penny Magazine' or 'Illustrated News,' which find their way into the poorest cottage, every class are enjoying the luxury; and it is of an importance not easily overrated that a right direction should be given to this new-born taste in the nation, working for good or evil to an extent which defies the calculation of the boldest intellect.

It is not however, we fear, in this point of view that the government at present regard the question, and the parliamentary committees that have been appointed, and the royal commissions that have been issued, seemed to have conceived that it was only the wounded vanity of the nation at seeing herself surpassed in art by Bavaria and other continental states, that made her now demand rescue from the disgrace; and the consequence is, that having ascertained that art was at a singularly low ebb in this country (which all the world knew before they were appointed), they have determined to follow in the steps of the Germans, and try and rival what they conceive to be the splendid school of art that has recently arisen there. The experiment is now being proceeded with, and though it would be presumption to prophesy that it cannot be successful, we have very strong doubts of its realizing the expectations of its sanguine promoters.

At the recent exhibition of cartoons that took place in Westminster Hall in consequence of this resolution, the nation were astonished and delighted to find that English artists could produce as good designs as either the French or Germans, and all have been willing to hail with joy the new era thus opened to art. They have not paused to consider that what could so easily be done by some dozens of artists who never before thought on the subject, or never attempted that style of art, must indeed be a very small and very easy exercise of intellect. They, indeed, who agree with the committee, that, after rewarding the original eleven, there were still ten more so nearly equal to them that it would be unjust if they too were not rewarded, may rejoice in the nation possessing such a band of Raphaels, and thank the commissioners for having been instrumental in bringing to light such a mass of hidden talent, which God knows, no man in England ever before dreamt of our possessing, and which certainly never showed itself in the annual exhibitions, or in any paintings these artists had hithertoproduced. For ourselves the experiment goes far to prove that it is as easy for an educated artist to produce cleverly grouped pictures of this sort as it would be for any educated man to produce as good verses as ever Pope or Dryden wrote, provided it be understood that knowledge of the subject, and sense, and wit, are not required to form a necessary ingredient in the composition. He knows little of the long thought, and toil, and pain, with which great works are produced by even the greatest geniuses, who fancies that the stuff of immortality may be found in what is done so easily and by so many.

What appears to us, in the present state of matters, to be more wanted than cartoons, is a correcter knowledge of what true art really is—what are its purposes and objects—and by what means these are to be reached. Till a clearer knowledge is obtained on these points than at present seems to exist, we fear that nothing that is really great or good will be done, and it is to this object that we propose to dedicate the following pages; and though we cannot hope within the narrow limits of an article to examine any one of these objects as we should wish, we still hope to be able to place some parts of the subject in a clear light, and to turn attention to others that are often overlooked entirely.

A century ago, painting, as an art prac-

tised by Englishmen, could scarcely be said to exist in England; and it is now little more than eighty years since the first public exhibition of paintings took place. At that period the attention of the public (if the small body of men who then interested themselves in art may be so called) was more strongly directed to the subject than at any subsequent period till the present, and with strong grounds for hope; for that age produced Reynolds, West, Gainsborough and Wilson, and Hogarth, and Flaxman,—men who raised British art from nothing to a palmy state it has not again reached, much less surpassed. The produce of all the excitement of that time was the establishment of the Royal Academy; and the public satisfied that in this creation they had done all that was required to insure the prosperity of the arts, forgot the subject, and relapsed into their former indifference; while the academy, feeling secure in its monopoly, and its members discouraged by their inability to rival the great Italian masters, or even the contemporary continental schools, sunk into a corporation of portrait painters, and left British art to seek its inspiration where it could; and as long as their own pencils were fully employed, the academicians seem never to have sought to direct or guide the taste or patronage of the nation to a better and higher style of art than what each individual found most profitable. Both artists and patrons seem to have tacitly acknowledged the impossibility of rivalling their great prototypes, and have even been content to allow that in all that concerned art the French were our superiors, and that we could never hope (for some good reason or other unexplained) to possess a gallery like the Louvre or to create one like that of the Luxembourg or Versailles. The French with all their loud boastings of pre-eminence have not been able to excite in us a spirit of rivalry, nor their sneers at the "*Nation boutiquière*" to rouse us to an energetic attempt to prove that the epithet was unmerited. But when Bavaria, a kingdom which stood lower than ourselves in the scale of artistic eminence, roused itself from its lethargy, and in a few short years, under the patronage of an enlightened prince, and without any greater advantages of climate (to which we are so fond of ascribing our deficiencies), produced a school of art which, whether it be really great or not, has at least led to most brilliant results and given employment to hundreds of artists in every corner of Germany,

England could no longer remain apathetic, but began to shake off her lethargy and to dream of the possibility of doing so likewise.

This at least has been the proximate cause; but, if we are not much mistaken, there is a deeper and more home-felt feeling, which, though not so apparent, is the real cause of the present working in men's minds on this subject. If this feeling does exist, we may hope for something great and good, which will scarcely result from rivalling the Germans, or copying the Italians or the Greeks.

The first expression of this new-born feeling was one of wrath against the poor old academy, on whom many were inclined to lay the whole blame of the depressed state of art in this country, and to demand that it should rescue us from the opprobrium; since then, however, the feeling has become stronger and more general, and it being admitted that the academy is incapable of doing anything, the subject has been taken up by the nation at large, and something will be done, and, if we are not mistaken, done successfully;—for, looking at what we have accomplished in literature, and the success that has ultimately attended every undertaking to which the energies of the nation have been fairly directed, there is strong ground for hope; but it is almost equally certain, that, before the right path is hit upon, many errors will be committed, and much money and talent be wasted; for, like a man suddenly startled in the dark from a sound sleep, we are yet rubbing our eyes, and trying to collect our scattered senses; but the chances are we take a wrong direction, and break our shins more than once before we find a light, or are thoroughly awake.

In all inquiries of this sort, one of the principal difficulties is to ascertain what is the real cause of the evil: once the seat and cause of the disease ascertained, the physician has little difficulty in prescribing a remedy. But, in the present instance, no two persons scarcely are agreed as to what is the real cause of our ill success in art. If an artist is asked the question, his invariable reply is, "want of patronage," and his partisans re-echo the sentiment. If a gentleman, not particularly interested in the subject, is asked, he answers, "the climate is unfavorable;" and these two causes, under various names, and with such modifications as the idiosyncrasy of the respondent may suggest, fill the one with hope

that the evil may be remedied, and satisfy the other that it is no use troubling himself about the matter.

Yet it can scarcely be the former, for no class of artists of any kind were ever more employed or more liberally rewarded and made such fortunes, as our architects, and yet architecture is at a lower ebb in this country than either painting or sculpture; and it is a question that has often been mooted, whether more money is not annually spent in this country on pictures than in the highest days of Italian art? Certainly more paintings are now produced and purchased than at any preceding period, and it is scarcely assumed that any great painter is among us creating great works of art which the public cannot understand, and which will only be appreciated when too late to benefit the artist; such things have happened in this country, but could scarcely occur now when the demand for art is so great and universal.

Of course no artist thinks his merits sufficiently acknowledged or rewarded; but there is a wide difference of opinion on this subject between them and the public, and one, we fear, that will not be easily reconciled.

The artist in the present day has an advantage with regard to patronage that scarcely ever existed before; he is not subject to the taste and caprice of one great patron, but, in whatever style of art he feels himself most at home, he is, if successful, sure to find admirers among the public; as the literary men of the present day are sure of finding readers, and, not like their predecessors, forced to flatter and fawn on some great man who would kindly condescend to patronize their works. The absence of this system has produced a far healthier tone in literature, and its re-adoption now would be as prejudicial to artists as it was to poets in former days. What our artists, however, demand is not this, but government patronage; and in this, we fear, they will be much disappointed; the government of this free country have too much to occupy their minds in the struggle for place or party ever to give that attention to the subject that is requisite; and the continual change of persons in power, and the consequent continual change of tastes and opinions, render it singularly unfit, by its very constitution, for the steady following out of any great system of encouragement of art.

A king or prince might do more; but,

in this country, he can only do it as an individual, and not as the absolute monarchs of other countries, who have the resources of their nations more at command. It is to the public that our artists must learn to look for support (as our literary men have learned some time ago). The public are willing to purchase and patronize whatever they can understand, or whatever speaks to their tastes or to their feelings. But they will not buy imitations of other schools when originals are to be had, nor will they buy paintings which nobody understands the meaning of but the painter, if indeed he does, which is not always clear.

The "climate" may be dismissed in a very few words. We acknowledge that Germany and France have done something in art, yet their climate is scarcely more favorable than ours, and the Dutch have produced a school of paintings which, in the estimation of our amateurs, rivals (if indeed its productions are not more valuable than) that of the Italians; and yet the climate of Holland is certainly worse than our own. But it is absurd to talk of climate, or of the chilling effects of modern habits and tastes to a people who have produced such a literature as ours. It is absurd to say that the countrymen of Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or the contemporaries of Scott, Byron, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth, are crushed by climate; or that there is any thing to prevent our painting as well as those men wrote. If we cannot yet boast of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, we may rest satisfied with the comfortable assurance that there is nothing to prevent our having painters as great as Shakspeare or Milton were as poets; and if we have no Camuccini, or Cornelius, or De la Roche, we may at least have painters of equal merit with modern authors. It is true, however, that the climate is not favorable for the production of naked statues or for the employment of Doric porticos; nor is our religion favorable to the revival of saints and Madonnas; and were there no other sources of the Kalon but these, we might well despair. But our literati, after long wandering in the same paths in which our artists have now lost themselves, have at last discovered other sources of inspiration than the mere reproduction of classic models, and have restored our literature to the rank it holds. Till our artists have done something of the same sort, there is, we fear, but little hope of progress or improvement.

Among the causes of encouragement

which are dwelt upon by those who look more hopefully on the state of British art, there is none that is more continually referred to, or insisted on more strongly, than the advantages we possess in our knowledge of the great works of antiquity and of what was done that was great and worthy of imitation in the middle ages; and while we possess on the one hand the Elgin marbles, and on the other such noble collections of pictures by the old masters as exist in this, and other countries to which we have access, no reasoning, at first sight, appears more specious than to suppose that, with all this knowledge, we have only to start from the culminating point which the arts of Greece just reached at their highest period of perfection, and, starting from this, to surpass all that has been done. And, as a corollary to this, artists fancy that, by copying the statues and reproducing the porticos of Greece, we are reviving Grecian art, and may, by persevering in this course, at least produce as beautiful things as the ancients; and some even hope that, by adding our knowledge to theirs, and the power of our civilization to the then less refined polity, we may surpass them. Those, however, who reason in this way, appear to us to have only glanced at the surface of the question, and to know but little of Grecian art, or of what in fact it really consisted. It was not with Grecian artists a thing borrowed from others, or something apart from their feelings or polity, but really and wholly the expression of the faith, the feeling, and the poetry of the nation.

Favored by the most genial climate, and inhabiting the most romantic region on the face of the globe, it was almost impossible that a young and healthful nation like the Dorians could struggle on to independence and civilization without accumulating those images of beauty and of glory, which afterwards shone forth in such splendor; yet they struggled on for centuries before these assumed a fixed or real form that could be embodied for the future. Hesiod first preluded with a glorious drama, and gathering together some of the floating images of beauty with which the minds of his compatriots were teeming, wove them into his early song. But it was Homer who first embodied the poetry of his race, in that immortal song which has been the glory of his nation and the delight of all succeeding generations. It has been disputed whether such an individual as Homer ever lived, and whether this be true or not, the doubt,

though scarcely tenable, in this instance shadows forth a truth of no small importance. The *Iliad* was not the creation of an individual, but of the Greek nation; Homer, however, first fixed, in song, those ideas which had long been struggling for utterance; and, embodying the traditions of the Greeks with their religion and their poetry, built the substructure on which the edifice of Grecian art was raised; and whether this was afterwards moulded into the dramas of Sophocles, *Æschylus*, or *Euripides*, or expressed in the lyrics of *Pindar* or *Anacreon*,—whether it found a tangible shape and form in the works of *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*, or was presented to the eye in the colors of *Polygnotus*, or of *Zeuxis*,—all these were but different modes of the same feeling, the result of a sincere and enthusiastic adoration of what was great and beautiful in art.

The form once given, it required but time to complete the superstructure, though it might never have attained its glorious perfection had not other circumstances combined to add to its beauty. Had the Persian never appeared at Marathon or Thermopylæ, had Salamis and Platea never witnessed those glorious triumphs of patriotism, the mind of Greece might never have risen to that exalted pitch which impressed so noble a stamp on all her after acts; and her poetry and her arts, as the voices through which her sentiments of freedom and of glory found an utterance, would never have acquired that power and purity which is the essence of all the productions of those young days, whether we have it now in the works of her poets or her painters, her sculptors or architects.

The flame once kindled, the emulation and rivalry between the different states was sufficient to keep up the blaze, and in this respect again Greece was fortunate; but it required a greater and more glorious cause than this to produce such poetry and such art as Greece has bequeathed to us.

A similar expression of national feeling and of national religion produced the architecture and the arts of our mediæval ancestors, which were nothing more than the reflex and expression of the poetry and power of the people, written in a language which all then understood, and were interested in. And it was a state of things among the young republics of Italy, not very dissimilar from that which had existed in Greece, that produced the Italian school. A man who studies philosophically the history

of those times might easily predicate in what respects Italian art would differ from Grecian, as being the product of a people less purely patriotic; of a nation that, with much of the vigor of youth, inherited many of the vices of decay; expressing a philosophy less exalted, and a religion which had temporarily lost much of its purity and perfection. For it is true that in the arts of a country its history is written, and that they are much more faithful interpreters of it than the chronology of its kings; in them the nation speaks for itself, without constraint; and though not quite so self-evident at first sight, as in the case of Greece or Italy, we will endeavor to show that they speak of us as clearly and distinctly as in any other country.

When in England there shall exist a social state similar to what existed in Greece and Italy at the times we refer to, we may expect similar effects in art as in every thing else; but he has studied the philosophy of art to little purpose who expects that circumstances and causes so widely different as those that now exist in this country can reproduce what other causes produced in other times.

Are then the Elgin marbles and our Italian paintings of no use to us? and has all the money and trouble they have cost us been spent in vain? Most certainly not! As a means of education they are invaluable—as a means to refine the mind, to point out truth as the highest aim, and simplicity as one of the leading characteristics of the highest style of art; for all this, and much more, they are to us of the highest value, but the moment we begin to copy them they lose these properties, and instead of rivaling them we sink into manufacturing machines.

It sounds almost like silliness to remark (though the fact is so often lost sight of) that we are neither Greeks nor Italians, that our religion is not theirs, our feelings of a widely different class, and that our civilization has taken a very different character from theirs; yet we are a great and powerful people, and our history will bear comparison with the history of the proudest nations of the earth; and in literature and science we may be equalled, but few will admit that we have any superior.

Had we turned our attention to the fine arts, and left them only to express what we believed or felt, they might ere this have been as creditable to us as our other works; but they have, till lately, been entirely neg-

lected, and now, when we are turning our attention to them, it is only with a view to imitation.

One other circumstance of vital importance seems to have been overlooked,—that the Greeks as a nation, as well as the Italians, gave their whole energies to the cultivation of the *fine arts*, while we, on the contrary, have devoted ours to cultivate the *useful arts*; and it is a problem that yet remains to be solved, whether any nation can succeed in successfully cultivating both. Certain it is that no nation yet has, and we believe we might add no individual; still there is no *à priori* impossibility in the matter, though it appears, at the same time, to be tolerably certain that the fine arts of so utilitarian a nation as we are must, to be successful, take a much more prosaic turn than the poetic *abandon*, that characterized the glorious days of Pericles and Leo X. Every thing with us has, for some centuries back, been taking a more and more practical turn, from which art will scarcely be able to escape. Eloquence, when not addressed to the vulgar and ignorant, has had her wings sadly clipt, and now its highest flight consists of merely the best arranged digest of facts stated in the clearest and fewest words possible. Philosophy admits of no brilliant speculations, no cherished dreams, or bright imaginations. Experience and mathematically deduced conclusions are all that can now be admitted within her narrow portals, and even in religion, a cold spirit of inquiry has succeeded to the unsuspecting faith and all confiding trust of former days.

For more than three centuries this spirit has been gaining ground with us, and every year becoming more and more essentially a part of the public mind. Friar Bacon was our Hesiod, and he of Verulam our Homer, who first gave being and form to the gods of our idolatry—the first who fixed the belief, and directed the mind of the people into the path which they have since so steadily followed; Galileo was the Thespis of our civilization; while Kepler, Newton, and Locke, like the three great dramatists of the Greeks, moulded and brought to perfection that great branch of our glorious triumphs which Watt and Arkwright, like Phidias and Ictinus, reduced to fixed and tangible shapes.

There are no doubt many who regret that the civilization of modern Europe should have taken so prosaic a turn, and who would forego our philosophy and our

steam engines for a new Parnassus with its legends, or a Parthenon with all its architectural perfections.

We confess we have small sympathy with these *laudatores temporis acti*: but whether they or we are right is not now the question—the thing is done; we are a practical people, worshippers of reason and truth, and cannot now go back and become followers of their sister imagination, or admirers of what we do not believe, and know not to be true. Our energies are and have been for centuries directed to the practical arts, and the same perfection and progress is visible in them now, that was seen in the fine arts of Greece or Italy in their best and most glorious days. Every thing that is now done—every ship, for instance, that is built, every engine or machine made—is, or is meant to be, an improvement on all that was done before: the shipbuilder does not pause first to consider whether his vessel shall be built to look like a Roman triremis or a Venetian galley, and then consider how he may still avail himself of modern improvements and purposes in this disguise; on the contrary, he adopts every improvement that is introduced from every country, and dispenses with every form that is not absolutely necessary, and every ornament that would interfere with his construction—and he has produced or is producing a thing more sublime than a Greek statue. Go and look at a ship reposing in calm security and conscious power alone on the pathless and almost boundless ocean; or see her in the storm struggling in her might with the fiercest displays of elemental war, and acknowledge that we are a great and powerful race, and dare to conceive and do things before which the minds of the ancients would sink in terrified abasement.

What would now be thought of an engineer who, in constructing a steam engine, should try to make it look like a water-mill or a horse-gin, or some equally irrelevant object? This is not the course they pursue, but every engine is better than its predecessors, though only perhaps in some detail; almost the whole nation still are employed, or at least interested in perfecting steam machines, and our progress surprises sometimes ourselves. If there is to us no poetry in them, it will not be so in succeeding generations, for mankind will learn to envy those who lived in these times and took a part in the great progress of knowledge and power that marks the present

century. In the last and greatest of our mechanical triumphs—the creation of the railway locomotive—we have surpassed all that was done before; but it is too near for us to see its greatness: we smell the oil and see the smoke—and more than this, we know the men that invented and the men that make these things, and they are not sublime;—no more were the semi-barbarous hordes who sat down before Troy; but distance has almost deified them, and we certainly deserve more of posterity than either they or their bard.

It is by thus doing with the useful arts what the Greeks did to arrive at perfection in the fine arts, that we have achieved such triumphs. Thus every new work is an improvement on all that was done before—every step is forward. The artisan now watches the progress of his art with the same intense anxiety as in former days the artist devoted to the creation of new beauties in his: there is no retrocession, no wandering about without any aim or fixed purpose, no copying now from Greece, then from Rome, or from Italy, or Germany, or India. There is a meaning and a purpose in all that is done. Power and knowledge are gained daily; and the accumulative energy of nations is advancing science and art to a point that the boldest imagination cannot reach or even conceive.

It is painful to turn from the contemplation of what we have done by well-directed energy in this path, to contemplate our doings in Art properly so called, which, if it be too strong a term to say they are disgraceful to us, must still be allowed to be utterly unworthy of a great and civilized people. But in this we are not singular, for nations, our contemporaries, though loud in their boastings, are not much better off; and, though they paint acres of showy pictures, have no more real art and no more feeling for it than ourselves. Of all modern nations the Dutch alone have escaped, or nearly so, from the vicious system we have been trying to expose. When the Reformation changed their religion they left off painting saints and martyrs, but they neither stopped painting altogether, as we and the Germans did, nor did they, as the French, turn at once to copy the Italians. Of the latter the good Hollanders had little knowledge, and still less sympathy for their productions; Dutch artists, therefore, fortunately free from extraneous influence, went on painting subjects that interested them and their em-

ployers; the sea with its ships, the village with its fun and festivals, and scenes of still life or domestic interests; and if they attempted history they painted their distinguished men and women dressed as they had dressed, and doing as they had done. It was by following this path that the Dutch worked out a school which even now divides with the Italian the admiration of all Europe. Among collectors Dutch pictures generally fetch a higher price than pictures of the same relative value in the more elevated schools, and this without their possessing one single quality which writers on æsthetics are in the habit of enumerating as requisite for the production of art; but to make up for this they possess originality, and what is of more importance, truth—truth to nature and to the feelings of the artist who produced them; and though we might wish they had been of a more elevated class, all must acknowledge the charm that arises from these circumstances. And can we not do what Dutchmen have done? There is little doubt that we can do that, at least, and more if we chose to follow the same path. We are a more refined and better educated people; our chivalrous history, and, above all, our national literature, afford us higher and purer sources of inspiration than they could command, and then there is more demand for art and more leisure to enjoy it in this country than ever existed in Holland. Yet we have hitherto effected but little; for instead of doing as they did, we attempted to start at once from the high grade of Grecian or of Mediæval art, and, as might have been foreseen, we failed. It was not in us nor in our sympathies or our feelings; there are no sources of such inspiration about us. We have attempted a flight from the top of the ladder; we must now go back and begin at the bottom. We must build houses and churches which shall be nothing but houses and churches; we must paint and carve men and women who will be only such, acting as we act, and feeling as we feel; if we paint saints we scarcely believe in, and gods and goddesses we laugh at, and heroes we neither understand or have any sympathy with, it is not likely we shall ever do any thing great.

But we have around us other sources of inspiration equal to those that any people ever possessed, and such as will never be exhausted or worked out. No nation ever loved inanimate nature more than we do, or had more opportunities of cultivating

our admiration both by land and by sea: but were there nothing else, the novel position in which the chivalry of the middle ages has placed women in our society, is a source of which the ancients knew nothing. Our novelists have seized it, and out of it created a new literature which is read with avidity by every class, and works for good or evil on almost every mind; but our artists think a naked Venus or a Greek triumph, or a saint or martyr, or a holy family, is a thing more likely to interest us modern practical Protestants; and the consequence is, we care as little for such art as we would care for literature if it were filled with the same stuff.

Hogarth, and Wilkie, and Gainsborough, and Landseer, and some other of our painters have followed the track we would point out, and they have been by far the most successful, and the only ones whose works will in all probability outlive the fashion which produced the others; their works will be understood and admired when Reynolds, and Lawrence, and others are remembered and admired only as portrait painters: for these men spoke of things they knew and felt in a language we can understand, and which will not be lost. Yet they were not great men, nor such men even as we have a right to expect will one day devote themselves to art. Hogarth cannot stand higher than Butler in our literature, nor could Wilkie take a higher relative place than Allan Ramsay. There are many steps yet unoccupied between Butler and Shakespeare; and the sister throne to that of Burns is still vacant for him who has the courage and the power to mount it. But if our artists would strive in that way, they must recollect how these great men gained their immortality—it was not by copying.

The career of Wilkie is a pointed illustration of what we have adduced. An indifferent draftsman and bad colorist, his great and well-merited celebrity rests entirely on the homely nature of his subjects, and the truth to nature, and the feeling with which they were treated; but Wilkie was not a great or strong-minded man, and it was almost impossible that he could escape the contamination of his school: had he remained in England the common sense of the people and the applause they always award to English works might have kept him free. But his journey to the continent sealed his doom as it has done that of many before him: he became a copyist,

an imitator of Rembrandt and Velasquez, and the result we all know too well. Had he travelled in his youth it is probable he never would have risen above mediocrity; but in the prime of his life and zenith of his talents, though the effects were painful, the false system could not altogether destroy him, and he sometimes looked back to his own home and own feelings for his inspiration, and the charm reappeared. Still the curse of his age was upon him, and he was fast sinking into an academician when he died.

We believe we have now as great men among our artists as Wilkie—men who feel as deeply and read human nature as truly: but, instead of expressing what they or their compatriots feel or know, they are following a false system which can lead to nothing, for there is no truth in it.

Our painters complain bitterly of the unpicturesqueness of modern costumes, and are fond of pleading this as an excuse for their imitations of the classics and Italians. Yet our men fight as bravely, do as great things, and in these strange costumes impress their contemporaries with as much awe and respect as ever the most classically clad Greek or Roman did his countrymen; and our women, too, feel as strongly, and express, if we mistake not, their feelings of grief or joy with equal distinctness and power.

The costume on the living subject renders no men or women ridiculous, nor prevents them from expressing or doing all that is great or dignified in them, and if we do not find these qualities in our paintings we must look elsewhere for the cause. Be this, however, as it may, painters have been laughed out of the absurdity of painting our kings and statesmen in Roman armor and Roman togas, as was the fashion in the days of Charles the Second or William the Third; but though the public would not now tolerate portraits of Queen Victoria or Prince Albert in these heroic costumes, it is strange, though true, that our sculptors are so far behind the painters that they have not yet shaken off the false fashion. Canova's Napoleon was stark naked: and George the Fourth rides, *sans culottes*, on a horse without a saddle or stirrups, with nothing on but a blanket draped over his shoulders, and a few laurel leaves for a hat; Canning stands in an analogous costume in New Palace yard; and every square exhibits like strange doings, not to mention the funny things in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

Chantrey did much to reform this, and most of his statues are dressed somewhat as the persons they represent were in life (though he is not guiltless of togas), and we have no allegories or gods and goddesses in his works. His first great production was the 'Sleeping Children' at Litchfield, and had he been able to follow up this purely English style of art, he might have rescued English sculpture from the neglect under which it now labors; but unfortunately, the design of that work was not his own, and either from inability to go on in this line, or because he found it more profitable, he sank into a mere portrait sculptor; and we still expect the man who is to Anglicize the art.

Some fifteen years ago, a common working mason, Thom, a native of the land of Burns, made a stride in the right path, which narrowly escaped being successful. His statues of 'Tam O'Shanter' and 'Souter Johnny' excited more attention and elicited more praise from the public than any works of either Flaxman, or Nollekens, or Chantrey, (except, perhaps, the 'Children' alluded to,) and this merely because they were national and true to nature. They were in the lowest walk, and far from being the best that might have been produced in that walk; yet it shows how eagerly we grasp at what is right in art—that, in spite of all the prejudices of our education, these statues, with all their defects, should have created the sensation they did; and even now they are more visited—copies of them are more common in Britain than of any work of sculpture, ancient or modern.

In France and Germany they certainly have done more in art than we have done of late years, though scarcely, as we said before, with more success.

When France awoke from the dream of the middle ages, she recommenced art by copying. In literature, Corneille and Racine put Frenchmen into Greek dresses, and by hampering themselves with the unities and other necessary difficulties of the Greek theatre, they and their contemporaries thought they had rivalled, or indeed improved upon the great dramatists of Greece. We, and even their countrymen, now begin to perceive how falsely: that what is good in them is French, and that all that would be Greek is bad. Yet the French are now glorying that they are doing in architecture exactly what their dramatists did in the drama; and in the Madelaine, by hiding a French Christian

church in the skeleton of a classic temple, they think they are rivalling the works of antiquity; and it may be a century before we, or at least they, learn to laugh at this.

In painting, their greatest man, N. Pousin, began by translating Raphael into French, and with more success than falls to the lot of most copyists; and Le Seur and Le Brun went on transplanting these exotics to the soil of France. But nothing individual or native seems to have been attempted till the glorious events of the empire, so flattering to the vanity of the nation, first led her artists to believe that representations of them might be as interesting as would be copies of the antique, and so it has proved; and some paintings by Gros, Gérard, and H. Vernet might have led to a better era, had they been able to shake off entirely the fetters which their academy and the copying school of David had heaped upon them, which even now their most promising artists cannot break, though every annual exhibition proves that the most successful works are those which differ the most widely from the classic schools.

We are, however, sufficiently aware of the errors of the French school, and have too little sympathy with its extravagances to be in much danger of being hurt by its example; but it is not so with the modern school of the Germans, which is now held up for our admiration on all hands, and virtually forms the model on which we are moulding all that is now going to be done for art in this country.

It is scarcely more than twenty years that some German artists assembled at Rome had taste enough to admire the works of the great masters found there, and vanity enough to think they could rival them. A prince was found impressed with the same belief, and since that time unbounded have been the orders given, and equally so the quantity painted, and all in the highest walks of art. The boldness of the attempt, and the brilliancy of the effect produced, have dazzled the eyes of all Europe; and as no time has been allowed for pause or reflection, the world has not known whether most to admire the liberality or taste of the prince or the boldness and genius of these modern Raphaels and Michael Angelos, who, in twenty years, have produced out of nothing a school of art and works rivalling the best days of Greece or Italy.

But is this really the case? Cornelius

has painted acres with scenes from the heathen mythology—with gods he does not believe in—heroes he cannot feel with—and men and women, whom he can neither identify himself with or feel any sympathy for; still they are clever, artist-like productions. He has studied the marbles and paintings of the ancients; he knows in what lines Raphael grouped his figures to produce his effects, and has learnt by heart the rules of color from the Bologna school. These, intelligence and long study have taught him to combine; and if we are content to dispense with truth and feeling, these will serve our purpose; but if so, the prize poem of an Oxford student should be preferred to a song of Burns, or to the best effusions of a Shelley, a Wordsworth, or a Coleridge.

And so it is with the rest; some paint Christian subjects, and so does Cornelius when told to do so. In fact most of them are ready to execute any order confided to them, Pagan or Christian, portrait or landscape, whichever is most in demand or best paid, they are ready for. We will not presume to say that they have not succeeded, or may not succeed; the voice of Europe is against us; but if they have, we have seen a spectacle that never was seen before, either in poetry or the arts, of men producing great things that they have not felt, and influencing others by uttering what they do not believe.

Overbeck, and Hess, and Hermann, and one or two others, have restricted themselves almost entirely to religious subjects, and from (we believe) religious feeling, so if any thing was good it might be expected from them, had they attempted to express the sentiments they feel; but, on the contrary, they have gone back to the old stiff school of drawing, the glories, and quaint devices, and old architecture of the old German and Italian schools, and having copied their forms they think they have given the substance;—as if a poem printed on bad paper, in old black letter, and as badly got up as in former days, would on that account, without any further merit, rival the productions of Chaucer or of Spenser. In their paintings we have angels playing on fiddles and guitars, and saints with glories, and all the old strange emblems, when none of the painters hesitated to introduce the first person in the Trinity. All these were things which, in the simple faith of an ignorant age, were not only excusable, but respectable, as the

expression of the highest faith in art the painter knew; but in an educated man in the nineteenth century, the former are puerile absurdities, and the latter a piece of blasphemy as disgraceful to the artist as to the public or patron who admires it.

There are men among these Germans who can and have painted good pictures, such as Lessing's 'Convent in the Snow;' Kaulbach has painted some German scenes that rival our Hogarth's; and others occasionally descend from their hobby to truth and nature, but their productions are good, precisely in the ratio in which they are opposed to the principles of the Munich Academy.

The last work of the Germans, and their greatest, has been the erection of the Walhalla; and such has been the enthusiasm and admiration this has excited throughout all Europe, that sober-minded members of parliament have begun to talk of our doing something like it, and we believe that a grant from parliament for that purpose would not only be unopposed, but generally approved of. Yet, if we can do nothing better than re-erect, in a Christian country, a temple built for and dedicated to the worship of a heathen goddess, and this as the only means we can think of for doing honor to our Christian fellow-citizens, we confess we shall not be sorry to see the project lie dormant some time longer.

However beautiful the Parthenon may be, the Walhalla does not express one single feeling of the persons it is built to commemorate, nor of those who erected it, except the great truth that they had no art, and if the architect has been as successful as he is generally allowed to have been, he has proved that since the days of Phidias and Ictinus art and civilization have stood still, and religion changed for the worse. For even where the original Greek afforded no copy, owing to the ruined state of the interior, some figures of a different character have been introduced, but these were not, as one might expect, borrowed from the Christian religion; no! but from the barbarous mythology of the Scandinavian tribes. For what, then, have these men lived whose busts are stuck against the wall—"authors, architects, painters, philosophers, and heroes?" If we ask the building, the answer is, they lived in vain; they have left no trace, and nothing has been done worthy of notice since the days of Pericles and Wodin. An equivocal compliment, it must be confessed, to the illustri-

ous, but the best and most meaning that modern art can bestow.

It may, however, be urged, that pictures and statues, and even architecture in this form, are at best mere luxuries, and that if we are pleased and gratified with the production of our artists, the object sought after is obtained, and nothing more is required. It is sad to think how often this argument is practically urged, and that, in consequence, those means which might be most efficiently employed to educate and elevate the minds of the people are degraded into mere sensual gratification. But even should this be the case with regard to painting and sculpture, it is certainly not so with regard to architecture, using the word in its fullest sense; this last is a necessary art, one we cannot do without, and on which our comfort, if not our very existence depends. We cannot do without houses to live in—public buildings and halls for assemblies or the transaction of public business; and, above all, we require the assistance of this art in erecting churches, places in which we may conveniently congregate for worship, and which, at the same time, will mark the honor and respect with which we regard every thing dedicated to so sacred a purpose. Notwithstanding this, however, and though the whole nation have and always have had an interest, not only in the private edifices, but in the public buildings erected throughout the kingdom,—while the knowledge and enjoyment of the sister arts have been confined to the affluent and the educated, still architecture is with us at present in a worse position than either of the others, its professors have less title to the name of artists, and its best productions can only claim as their highest praise to be correct copies, or at most, successful adaptations of some other buildings erected in former times, for purposes totally different from any thing we at present require.

The cause of this, we believe, will be found to lie, even more directly than in the other arts, in the system of copying, to the exclusion of all original thinking, or, indeed, of common sense; and the reason why this should be so fearfully prevalent in architecture will be found to be principally in the anomalous system in which not only the patrons of art, but the artists themselves have been educated in England.

Since the time of the Reformation, the education of every gentleman's son has been what is termed strictly classical, a knowledge of Latin and Greek has always been

considered as an indispensable qualification to the title of an educated man, and, generally speaking, to the exclusion of every other knowledge.

At the public schools the same absurd system is still pursued; and though private institutions have somewhat deviated from this practice, still the interest of public bodies has hitherto maintained a predominant influence over the education of all classes.

Every boy at the age at which he commences his career in life is intimately acquainted with Cæsar and Livy, while the chances are he never read a word of Hume or the military records of his own country: he knows the greater part of Virgil by heart, while it certainly is not his master's fault if he knows more of Milton than his name; and he is flogged into admiring the bad plays of Terence, while if he knows any thing of Shakspeare, it must have been by stealth and out of school that he acquired this knowledge. He is carefully taught the names and properties of every god and goddess of the heathen mythology, their various adventures, and "filthy amours;" but he is left to pick up from his mother, or how or where he can, what little knowledge he may acquire of the Bible or of the history and tenets of his own religion; his education, in short, is strictly and purely heathen, though in a country professing Christianity. Though some shake off the trammels of this false system, the mass of the nation, in the pleasure or business that follow their school years, have no leisure for other pursuits till the season is past, and if then called upon to think on the subject, the attainments and recollections of younger days return with the power and vividness of deeply-rooted prejudices, which few, very few, have the strength to shake off. In his youth he has been taught a literature he cannot adapt, a history he cannot apply; and little wonder therefore if, in his maturer years, he tries an architecture totally unsuited to his climate and worse than useless for his purposes. Did the evil consequences of this system stop here, it would not be so serious as it really is; but thus it is, that in trying to copy and adapt the classical types, we have learnt to be mere copyists; and when we turn our attention to the Italian or Mediæval styles, the false system still clings to us, and correctness of copying is still the greatest merit of every design.

The same absurd system poisoned our

literature for more than a century and a half, though, fortunately for us, we have seen both the beginning and end of its influence there. Shakspeare was the last of our great men that escaped it: his own learning was small, and fortunately for him his contemporaries had not then forgotten that native art had existed in England as well as in other countries, nor learnt to believe that it could only exist in foreign lands and ancient times. It is true nothing could have destroyed the might of his genius; but had he lived later, we should have been obliged to seek for his gold in the ore of plagiarism instead of having it pure and brilliant from his own crucible. This, however, was not the case with his successor Milton; his vast learning and admiration for the ancients induced him to put his great Christian epic into the heathen garb of its great prototypes, and nine-tenths of the faults that can fairly be found in this work are attributable to this great mistake. Had he known neither Homer nor Virgil, but sung his higher theme in the purity and power in which he felt it in his own heart, his poem would probably have surpassed the productions of his predecessors as far as his subject surpassed them, or as the accumulated poetry of Christianity to which he was to give utterance surpassed the accumulated fables of the heathen.

'Paradise Lost,' however, had sufficient power to rivet the chains of copying on all that came after it, and from Milton's time till Cowper first dared to sing of English thoughts and English feelings, and the giant hand of the peasant Burns tore to pieces the flimsy web of conventional criticism in which the corpse of English poetry had been wound.

If any one will take the trouble of reading the 'Cato' of Addison, the 'Seasons' of Thomson, the 'Blenheim' of Phillips, or indeed any of the thousand and one poems about Damon and Daphne, or Phillis, or Chloris, or Mars, or Cupid, which formed the staple commodity of poets of that age, he will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the merit or absurdity of the classical productions of our architects, while the washy imitations of the old English ballads, on which Johnson was so witty, will afford a standard by which he may judge of our modern Gothic churches and mansions, always bearing in mind this distinction, that the one is an innocent trifle, the other a positive and expensive inconvenience. A poet may indulge himself in harmless flirta-

tions with dyrads and water nymphs without hurting any one; but a habitation must be either in reality very unclassical or very uninhabitable in this climate, and the whole race of porticos only serve to encumber our streets and darken our windows.

A better state of things has arisen in literature, and our poets are now content to write in English of what they think and feel; and it is not difficult to foresee that we are on the eve of a revolution in art, similar to that which has taken place in poetry, and we only wait the hand of a man of genius and originality enough to set the example and point out the way that all may follow him, though it is true that no one man will be able to effect this, but it must be the result of long-continued experience and exertion, not only on the part of the artists, but of the patrons with them.

If, however, it is to a mistaken system of education that we can trace the principal causes of the degraded state of art in this country, the same reasoning that points out the cause of the disease, points, as we said before, towards the means of cure; and were a proper system of artistic education adopted in England, we should not be long before its effects would be felt in every branch of art.

The two universities might do much. They might, with little difficulty, lay a foundation of knowledge in the minds of young men who pass through them, which would, in nine cases out of ten, enable the man to become not an artist, certainly—that is not wanted—but at least a competent judge of art, which on the part of an educated man, would be of much more importance to his country. This seems to have been one of the great objects of their institution, but so completely have the universities been diverted from the purposes for which they were originally intended, that it is a true but melancholy fact that, since the Reformation, they have done nothing for art, either in the way of teaching or promoting it. Richly and nobly endowed, and inheriting from their founders all the privileges that could be desired for the cultivation of art and science in all their branches,—undisturbed by civil wars or political changes—an island of peace in the troubled ocean of the world—what might they not have done during the three centuries they have been held by Protestants?—a tithe of their revenues set aside for these purposes might have formed galleries and libraries rivalling those of the Vatican or Florence; and museums

might have been collected such as the world does not know. What is the fact? Their libraries were given them, and ungraciously received, and scarcely a fitting building erected to store them in; and neither university possesses a picture worth looking at; except at Cambridge,—a few left by a patriotic nobleman, who knew the university well enough to take care also to leave money to build a place to put them in (as Dr. Radcliffe had done with his library at Oxford): and as for statues, go to Oxford and see its statue gallery there; a low damp room, badly lit by one ill-placed window, and there their only collection of Roman antiquities stand in a circle on a few old scaffolding boards. Most of these are inferior, though some may be good, if placed in a light in which they could be seen; and even this wretched collection was presented by a dowager countess to the richest university in the world, and one that devotes itself exclusively to the study of classical antiquity.

Neither university possesses a school in which the theory or practice of any branch of art is taught, and has not even a course of lectures, nor any means by which a young man may either be taught or can acquire the requisite knowledge on this class of subjects.

What they inherited from the dark ages they have tried to preserve without, if possible, ever going one step beyond what then existed; and because only the books of the ancients were then known, the universities have resisted the auxiliary aid which modern arts would afford in completing the limited system of education proposed. To take one instance among a thousand: there is not a tutor in either university who would not shudder at the idea of his pupil not knowing every word of Virgil's description of the death of Laocöon. Every schoolboy has been tutored or flogged into an admiration of it; but has any boy ever been taken by his master to see a caste of the famous sculptured group, or had its beauties and its power pointed out to him?

Masters and tutors would laugh at the proposal; yet it is still a matter of doubt whether the marble or the verse contain the original creation, and the marble certainly speaks a more intelligible language than the verse of the Latin poet, and to almost every boy would convey a clearer and better idea of the scene than the ill-understood lines. If we are taught the poem for the purpose of elevating and purifying our

thoughts and to give us an insight into classical taste and elegance, the statue would, in almost every case, be a better guide than the poem; and boys who hate the book, could easily be made to admire the statue, and would return with delight to the one because they loved the other.

But no! whatever your disposition, or whatever your feeling, to one and one only of the muses shall you devote yourself. Should you in after life turn your attention to her sisters, you have first to learn their language, which is not that you have been taught; and fortunate, indeed, is the individual who, before a cold contact with the world, or the still more chilling lapse of years has deadened his feelings of enjoyment, has leisure or is able to re-educate himself, to understand that language without difficulty and read it with freedom.*

One other inconvenience of this system is, that when an Englishman does acquire a knowledge of art, it is not in England that he obtains it, but in France, where the information is seasoned with praises of the genius of the "*grande nation*," their school of art, their galleries, &c.; or in Italy, where it is the climate, the history, and the *bell'anima* of the people; or in Germany, where the glory is ascribed to the academies, to patronage, to metaphysics, and heaven knows what;—in short, to any thing and every thing that England has not; the traveller returns to his own country, not only convinced that art does not exist there, but that it cannot be produced within our seas; and so strong is this feeling among the educated classes of the country, that parliament was last year on the point of sanctioning an importation of a colony of Germans to paint our national frescos. Every one knows how many of our public statues and monuments have foreign names engraved on their pedestals; and even at this moment foreigners are employed to erect statues to our great men, which though they may be creditable to the persons represented, are certainly not so to the country.

* The two colleges which at present form the university of London, being founded more in accordance with the spirit of the age, seem inclined, as far as they can, to rectify this error on the part of the older universities, and to restore the faculty of arts which has perished there; and for this purpose have established lectures on architecture and other branches of the arts, which certainly will do good, and are a step in the right path, but they have not the influence nor can they remedy the defects of the great national institutions.

But if the education of those who should be patrons of art is defective, that of architects is ten times worse. A young man designing to enter the profession is apprenticed for seven years to an architect, not on account of his eminence, for none of our great architects have a school of followers, nor do any of them take more pupils than are requisite to perform the drudgery of the offices; but the choice of an instructor in the art is entirely guided by family connexion or acquaintance, or more commonly by the pecuniary consideration that an architect is willing to take.

This period of servitude is spent in copying papers or designs of the most commonplace buildings, and in working out the details of carpentry and bricklaying. It is not pretended that the pupil is sent there to be instructed in the history of his art, nor to be taught the art of designing buildings according to any fixed or received theory; and if during his apprenticeship he picks up any artistic notions on the subject, he must have more enthusiasm or better opportunities than fall to the lot of most men. Pupils are taken to assist the master in carrying out his own designs, and to acquire what knowledge might stick to them in so doing: whatever they learn beyond that is their own.

It is true some travel after their period of servitude has expired, but the best years of their life have been wasted, and the only principle of their art with which they are thoroughly imbued is, that all buildings must be erected on the model of something that has been done before. They travel, therefore, not to study the spirit of the buildings, of antiquity, or to trace the motives or feelings which sought expression in those forms, so that by following the same path they might arrive at the same perfection, but merely to fill their sketch books with forms and details which may be used up whenever an opportunity occurs; and they return to their own country prepared to execute any design in any style their patron may wish, and to do it on the shortest possible notice. Indeed it is scarcely to be expected that a young man would decide to think for himself, and to shake off the trammels of his school at a time when the struggle of life is beginning with him; he would probably starve without having an opportunity of trying his principles, while those following in the wake of copyists were rising in their profession and enriching themselves without trouble; and still

less is it to be expected that an architect, when once in good practice, will turn round on the style that has raised him to eminence, and attempt a better; in the first place he has not time for it, and besides the experiment might be dangerous.

It is true, though strange, that not one of the architects who have done any thing in this art to which we can refer with pride or indeed without shame, was educated for the profession. We owe our cathedrals and churches to bishops and priests, with only the assistance of the mason and the carpenter; and even since the revival (as it is called), Inigo Jones was a director of masks, a carpenter, a hobby-horse maker, or something not well ascertained, but certainly did not turn his attention to the art to which he owes his fame till he had reached the prime of life. Wren had acquired an European reputation as a natural philosopher and a man of general science, and had reached the maturity of his talents before he seems to have thought of architecture even as an amusement, much less as a profession. Vanburgh was educated as a soldier, and even through life was a successful dramatic author and speculator in theatres. Chambers was brought up to commerce, and gained his first experience of the world as supercargo of a vessel trading to China. Burlington lived in a sphere which prevented his practising an art he was capable of adorning. And it is to Horace Walpole, the statesman, that we owe the revived taste for Gothic architecture. We pass over such men as Aldrich, Clarke, and Burroughs, though better than many who have earned more fame,—nor will we insist on continental examples, though France owes her best monument—the Louvre—to a doctor of medicine, and all that is great in St. Peter's is the conception of a painter. These were men of genius and taste, unfortunate only in the school of art to which they belonged. They were followed by such men as Gibbs, Kent, Dance, and others, who ushered in the present class of regularly educated architects, while they themselves went on combining Roman details into strange forms, and believing as sincerely as we do now, that they were producing truly classical works; till tired of the tasteless and unmeaning piles that disfigured every corner of the land, the nation seized with avidity on Stuart's *Delineation of the Ancient Glories of Grecian Architecture*. To a nation that only aspired to correct copy-

ing, that work was invaluable, and every building that was now erected was to be pure Grecian. The portico of the Parthenon, or of the Temple of Theseus, was added to every building that was erected; churches, town halls, prisons, dwelling houses, or shops, no matter for what purpose the edifice was built, how many stories high, or how low, a Grecian Doric portico saved the architect all further trouble: it was classic, and no one could gainsay it: to the present hour this absurdity disfigures the land. But we are getting tired of copying Greek, and the present tendency is to copy Gothic, and in one point of view this is a decided improvement, for that style is a native of, and much more suited to, our climate than the other; still the system of correct copying leads our architects into absurdities scarcely less glaring than those committed in the days of Greek supremacy.

Of Grecian art we have little left except the temples, and of the works of our own ancestors, almost all the buildings that remain to us are either churches or castles; in the former pointed windows and buttresses and pinnacles were necessary adjuncts, and are now repeated in every Gothic villa that is built; or we see the tower and battlements of our "barons bold," frowning in grim array among the chimneys of the modern peaceful dwelling-house, with its large French windows opening on the neat *parterre*.

It is in producing these puerilities that the present race of regularly educated architects are so industriously and (for their own pockets) so profitably employed; yet there have been and are men of genius among them, but the system weighs them to the ground, and nothing is done that is creditable or satisfactory.

Soane was decidedly a man of talent, and he saw the necessity of some improvement on the copying system, but he (or his employers) wanted the judgment necessary to perceive how this was to be done; he could not, or would not, go back to the severe and reasonable, and begin *de novo*, but he tried to improve on the Roman forms and Roman orders, and ended, as might have been foreseen, in caricaturing them, for he had no principle to guide him, and no aim.

Nash was also a man both of taste and talent, though perhaps more as a landscape gardener than an architect. His conception of Regent street is bold and masterly, and has set the example of all that has

since been done in metropolitan improvement; and it was not till he came to the copying part of his task that he utterly failed; his pillars and cornices, and indeed all the classical details, are as bad as bad can be, and badly applied, but not much worse than his neighbors. Without these details his masses are bold and effective, and it is only their addition that gives his works the tawdriness complained of.

Wilkins was another man of the same day, who was capable of better things than he has left behind him. Had he devoted himself to any one line, more especially the Grecian, he might have been a more elegant copyist than most of his contemporaries, but in conforming to the practice of the day, he attempted every thing, and failed in all.

Sir Robert Smirke has adopted a safer plan than any of these men; his fame rests entirely on the sound masonry of his buildings, and the only attempt he makes at artistic effect is putting up as many Ionic columns as his employers will allow. One drawing made long ago has served for all his porticos, now about to be brought to the acme of perfection in the British Museum, where forty-four of these useless Ionic columns, placed in various rows, are to form the *façade*.

We will not go on to specify the works of each architect where none are satisfactory.

There have lately been splendid opportunities, but all are thrown away. One of the best was the Royal Exchange, for which the locality is the most picturesque an artist could desire, and the nature of the building also most favorable for a good design; but after three competitions, and it must be confessed a more than usual quantity of unfairness and low jobbing, what has been the result? A building that is a rifacimento of the theatre at Bordeaux, and the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with this difference from the latter, that the steeple, instead of being set astride on the roof like a man on horseback, is seated on the rump like a sweep on his jackass; and this variation of design is now thought sufficient to change the house of prayer in the west, into a temple of money changers in the east. Add to this a degree of clumsiness and vulgarity in every detail, which shows how little Grecian art is felt in this country, how useless it has been in purifying the tastes of our architects, or their employers, unless indeed when they are employed

in copying it literally. As it is, the building stands a characteristic monument of jobbing, and vulgar, tasteless pretension.*

Club-houses have afforded our architects an opportunity of displaying their taste, as favorable as ever fell to the lot of their brethren of Venice or Rome; yet, though, from the size of their rooms, and the magnificence of their arrangements, club-houses could not escape being palatial, still none of them are quite satisfactory, and even the last and most splendid, the Reform Club, only affords another illustration of a doctrine we wish impressed on the minds of every architect, that when he copies literally, it must be at the expense of convenience, and when he deviates from his model, it is generally at the expense of art.

Were it not for this, it would be difficult to understand why Mr. Barry, when he took the Farnese for his model, should not have copied the cornice literally, instead of going out of his way by omitting the modillion band which occupies one-third of the height of the Farnese cornice to make his heavier than the original, or than the cornices even in the rusticated palaces of Florence, and this when he could not afford the plain space of blank wall, which the Italian architects always considered necessary as a base for their bold cornice. The cornice is Italian, but cutting up with windows the space on which it rests, modern English. This is incorrect copying, at the expense of art.

In the interior, the principal rooms are sacrificed to produce a correct imitation of an Italian cortile, and that this may be correct, the bad Ionic and Corinthian orders of the *cinque-cento* architects are used,

* Of all the architects who competed for this building, not one seems fairly to have grappled with the difficulties of his subject.

The design comprises, first, the hall or court for the merchants to assemble in; next, a number of shops, offices, and rooms of business.

These incongruous materials all the architects tried to combine into one uniform whole, taking generally for a model a classic temple, which the whole was to be made to resemble as much as possible.

Whereas the true plan for making this design would have been first to provide the great hall, with its three or four entrances strongly and boldly marked out, and then grouped around these the offices and shops, as distinct but harmonious parts of the great design; the whole would then have been intelligible, and the irregularity of the ground is singularly favorable for producing picturesqueness and beauty out of such a combination.

though the architect had all the finer and more elegant models of classic antiquity at his hand, which the Italians of that day had not, or they would not have neglected them. It has also been thought necessary to put the staircase in a crooked tunnel, which it puzzles every stranger to find, and having found, to find his way up it, because neither Sangallo nor Michael Angelo understood the modern improvement of hanging stairs. This is correct copying, at the expense of convenience.

The Parliament houses are, however, the great architectural undertaking of the present day. Since the rebuilding of St. Paul's nothing so splendid has been attempted in Britain, and indeed, since Versailles, scarce any thing on the continent can compare with them. We have also the satisfaction of knowing that the design is the best of our best architect, and that instead of the grudging economy that is said to have spoiled so many of our undertakings in art, the expenditure here has been not only liberal, but lavish; for had we been content with a plain, honest brick building, with stone dressings, such as would have satisfied our fathers or ourselves a few years ago, we might have had all the accommodation the present one will afford, and better arranged, for 150,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*, whereas the estimates for this one already amount to 1,200,000*l.*, and it will not be finished under a million and a half. Here then is at least a million of money spent on pure æsthetic ornament, a sum that would have restored to their pristine beauty (if we wanted Gothic) every cathedral or church in the kingdom, or would have established schools of art and design, with collections of art, in all the principal cities in the kingdom; this it has been determined to expend in realizing the design of one architect, and already the nation are beginning to tire of their bauble before they have got it, and to think they have paid too much for what they begin to find out will not be satisfactory when finished.

The river front is now nearly completed, and as Mr. Barry declares it to be the best part of the design, we may safely assert that the new buildings, though clad in the very prettiest and best selected Gothic detail, will, when finished, be as much like the bold, meaning, purpose-like buildings of our ancestors as the very pretty Swiss peasant girls and very polite brigands and Albanians of our ball rooms are like the rough originals.

Every building of our ancestors expressed in every part the purpose for which it was erected, and with a degree of richness or simplicity suited to its destination; here, with the idea of producing a grand uniform whole, every part has been made externally to look exactly alike. The speaker's house is the counterpart of that of the usher of the black rod, and though the latter is obliged to share his residence with a librarian, that is not to be discovered from the exterior; and equal magnificence is displayed in the apartments allotted to the clerks of the house and all the inferior offices. Indeed, whether it is the great conference hall or the public libraries or committee rooms,—whether it is the Queen's robing-room or a librarian's bed-room, each is externally the same; and whether the room is fifty feet by thirty, or only fifteen feet square, the stories throughout are of the same height, unless indeed, as has been suspected, some of these fine looking windows are to be cut into two by concealed floors, a falsehood no Gothic architect ever was guilty of, and a meanness which two honest windows would never exhibit.

It is needless to point out at what an enormous sacrifice of expense and convenience this has been effected; but what is worse, it is not only not Gothic, but is an attempt at the same silly pretension which induced Nash, in the Regent's-park terraces, to group together a number of small houses into one design, to make them look like a palace. The truth peeps out at every corner there, and so it does here; and if any one will take the trouble of clothing any of them in Gothic detail, Chester terrace for instance, he will be surprised how nearly he has re-produced the river front of the Parliament houses.

Where a mediæval architect was called upon to design a hall, one side was made like the other, the windows were like one another and equidistant; if a church, the same thing was done, one transept was like the other, and the north side of the church was like the south, and the whole was made as uniform as circumstances would admit; but then it was one hall, and one church, and it did not occur to our simple forefathers that the best way to make a small church look large would be to make the choir, the church proper,—to make the chapter-house like a north transept, and occupy its place, while the library might enact the part of the southern one; that the refectory and offices might supply the

place of the nave, and its clerestory make excellent dormitories, while the chimnies of the establishment might be concealed in the pinnacles of the western towers. A larger and more uniform building might, it is true, have been produced on this plan than on the usual one of building monasteries, where every part told its own story; but should we not laugh at and despise the monks who had attempted so silly a cheat?—yet this is the system on which our great national edifice is being erected, with this difference, that the one would still show that it was an edifice devoted to religion, while the other might as well be the residence of a king, or a museum, a gallery, a college, or indeed any thing else, as the seat of our two legislative bodies.

It must always appear strange how an architect could have gone so much out of his way to obtain this uniformity, and produce a prevalence of the horizontal lines over the vertical, for not only is this utterly abhorrent from Gothic in every case, but here, where he had a front about eight times the length of its height to deal with, all his ingenuity should have been exerted either to break the horizontal lines, or by bold projecting masses (as at Versailles) to prevent the eye following them, and thus take off the low street-like appearance the building now has; but, as if to make this still more apparent, the towers, instead of being parts of the river front, so as to give it height, are placed behind it, and disconnected, as if by contrast to make it still lower. It is lucky for the architect's fame that the land front, in spite of his worse judgment, will be broken and varied by the projections of Westminster Hall and the law courts, and will thus much surpass the river front; but it is painful to see the great tower placed so as by its mass to depress and overpower the Abbey and Henry the Seventh's chapel. It would have been difficult to invent any thing that could be more prejudicial to them than this feature, which, if admissible at all, should have been placed where the speaker's house is, at the angle next the bridge. Had this been done, we should not have had the architect coolly asking for 120,000*l.* to rebuild the superstructure at great temporary inconvenience to the public, and permanent detriment to the navigation of the river, and this merely because he forgot the existence of the bridge in making his design, or had not wit enough to know how to counteract the effect of it on the building. It is besides here, where there

is a great thoroughfare and a fine open space (it is understood that the houses in Bridge street are to come down), where processions and shows can be seen from the square, the bridge, and the river, that the Queen's and Peers' state entrances, with the Peers' house, should have been placed; not as they now are, in a back street of Westminster; and had this been done, and the south end devoted to the Commons, there would have been good grammar and good taste in building that part of a plainer and less pretending style than the north, half devoted to royalty and the peers. This would have been more appropriate to the confined situation, and the saving of expense as great as the additional convenience.

If, however, the exterior shows all these defects, and many more, which it would be tedious to point out, the interior is far worse, which will be easily understood when it is stated that one-fourth of the whole area is occupied by eleven large and seven small courts; and as these are all entirely surrounded by high buildings, they will be at best but damp ill-ventilated well holes, whose floors the sun will seldom see. They increase the expense of the building to an extent not easily calculated, not only by spreading it over a quarter more space, but they actually present more lineal feet of stone-fence wall than the whole exterior of the new building put together.

Had the architect adopted one great court, with a glazed roof running behind the river front, and divided into four compartments by the two houses and the central hall, these compartments forming four halls might have been surrounded by three tiers of arcades, something similar to the galleries of our old inn court yards, thus affording easy and cheerful access to all the apartments, and doing away with the tunnel-like corridors which at present occupy half the building. If, in addition to this, he had raised the roof of his ground floor about ten feet, and lighted it with good honest windows, instead of the loopholes which at present scarce admit light to render it habitable, a much smaller building would have afforded far more accommodation.

It is not easy to conceive any thing that would, architecturally speaking, have been more magnificent than this range of halls, extending at least 700 feet in length, and broken by the arcades supporting the houses and central hall, so as to take off every ap-

pearance of narrowness; and had something like fan tracery been adopted for the roofs, but with the fairy lightness that cast iron would have enabled the architect to introduce, and the interstices glazed with colored glass, we might fairly have challenged the world to produce any thing like it. In these halls, too, might have been placed the memorials of our great men; one court might have been devoted to our literary men, another to our men of science, whilst the others would have been occupied by our heroes and statesmen. Their statues might have stood in the centre, and their illustrious deeds have been painted on the walls.

By bringing the ground floor into use, it would not only have given the building more height, which it much wants, but have provided space, in conjunction with the halls, for coffee rooms, committee rooms, waiting rooms of all sorts; and by adopting four covered courts instead of the open ones, so much space might have been attained that the building might have been set back fifty feet from the present line of front, and a good broad terrace road obtained, from which the river front might have been seen; at present it is entirely lost, and cannot be seen near enough to be examined from a boat; the present terrace, of thirty feet wide, is too narrow to admit of the building being viewed from it, besides not being accessible to the public.

Had these difficulties been foreseen and studied, and these or some such suggestions adopted, the public and members would have been both externally and internally much better accommodated, and there would have been more space for the officers and all concerned with parliament; there would have been some meaning and expression in the building; and last, though not least, it could have been erected for half what the present one will cost; for, independently of the saving of space, and of the expensive decorations of the southern half, there would have been no rebuilding of the bridge, no pulling down of Abingdon street, and no erecting a new terrace in the river in the front of the present one, which must come, though not yet spoken of*

* When it was determined to introduce Dr. Reid's system of ventilation, a lofty chimney was required to carry off the smoke and vapors, and Mr. Barry, instead of considering how he could introduce this feature so as to make it ornamental, turns over his books and draws out a lofty tower with a very high spire. When asked why he

While these things were going on at Westminster, Mr. Barry produced a design for the law courts in Lincoln's-inn fields in the pure Grecian Doric style of the Parthenon!

In comparing this design with that for the Parliament houses, the first thing that strikes the observer is, that one or the other of them must be essentially wrong and bad, which we leave for others to decide. There is no difference of climate between the two localities, and no difference of purpose between the two buildings which could justify so extraordinary a difference as exists between the two designs. At Westminster, all the windows in the river and street fronts are exposed to the sun, without even a cornice to throw a shadow; at Lincoln's inn, there would have been only eight windows, with a very small portion of wall, on which the sun could shine, the whole building being inclosed in a cage of one hundred and fifty massive Doric columns, so as to be entirely in the shade, an absurdity that would not have been tolerated, and, as far as we are aware, which never was practised, even in the temperate climate of Greece (except in a temple which was not inhabited, and where there were no windows in the walls), and it can scarcely be conceived how a man could propose such a plan in the gloomy latitudes of Lincoln's-inn fields. On the south front a few pillars might not have been inappropriate; but the north front was to have been precisely the same as the south, and these only differ in extent from the east and west fronts,—all shaded by the same useless colonnades.*

had chosen this form, he replied, "My object in putting it into that form was to make the central tower differ as much as possible in outline from the two other towers, by which a more picturesque effect would be produced!" Reasons for making a chimney like a church steeple! It further creeps out that the apertures are to be concealed; but that it may continue to look unlike what it is meant for, he first proposes to use only coke in the building, or to have an extra furnace to consume the smoke.

Out of evil, however, good may come; and if this absurdity of having a steeple for a chimney forces the architect to devise some means of consuming the smoke, it will be a public benefit.

* There is something extremely amusing in the *naïveté* with which Lord Langdale, when examined before the Committee of the House of Commons relative to this building, expressed his surprise that the records should here be buried in the vaults of the basement, while at Westminster it was proposed to place them in the ascending stories of a lofty tower. So little did his lordship know of the principles of British architecture,

There are law courts now in the course of erection at Liverpool which surpass even these in extravagance, and possess all the beauties and all the defects of the English classical school to an extent never before perpetrated; for here the architect has not only managed to introduce deep colonnades on all the sides of the building that are seen, but by an excess of misapplied ingenuity, has managed effectually to hide every window, so that on the east front, extending four hundred and twenty feet, three small doors are the only openings by which apparently light or air can be admitted to the interior, and one solitary doorway is the only opening to the south. There is no dome with its eye, no skylight,—all is darkness and mystery. When finished, the building will have the appearance of a vast gloomy mausoleum; no one will be able to conceive how such a windowless and chimneyless* pile could be made serviceable to the purposes of living men; yet this mysterious pile is devoted to transactions of public business, and, what is still more strange, to the gay amusements of singing and dancing.

Should the government recur to the idea of a classical Walhalla, this is a design infinitely more appropriate to the purpose than Klenze's copy of the Parthenon.

We are far from asserting that Mr. Barry is to blame for what he has thus done amiss; he is a man of taste and talent, and had he been brought up in a better school would have done what would have been creditable to himself and his employers. In copying, as he conceives correctly, and sacrificing every thing to the correctness of the copy, he has only done what any other architect would have done in his place; and, had he attempted any originality, he might have let the job pass by him into less worthy hands.

If we only consider what it is we ask of our architects, we shall see how impossible it is that they could satisfactorily answer

that he thought what was the proper place for them in one instance would be the proper place in the other; and it does not seem ever to have occurred to him that, when in Lincoln's-inn fields, he must consider himself and his records as Greek and in Greece, while at Westminster it was only necessary to consider himself as carried back to the stormy times of the wars of the Roses.

* Few men would find out that the copy of the Temple of the Winds, at Athens, standing in an inclosure at the distance of some hundred of feet, has to do duty for all the chimnies of the establishment.

the calls made on them. Here—an architect is ordered to design an immense pile in pure Gothic; there—another in as pure Grecian; the Duke of Sutherland wishes his country seat to be rebuilt in the Italian; and Lord Frances Egerton, his town house in the style of Kent or Gibbs. Mr. Barry may have to-morrow an order for a Saracenic or an Egyptian building, or heaven knows what, and great would be the astonishment of his patron if he refused. There is not another architect in London who would not undertake to have the design ready in a month or six weeks; yet do we think of what we are asking? Suppose some learned man, the cleverest and most learned of his day, were to set up for a like universal genius, and one bookseller gave him an order for an epic poem in Greek, after the manner of Homer, and another demanded some books of Latin poems, like those of Horace, a third might wish for an Italian epic, like Ariosto's, a fourth might wish for a German imitation of the Nieblungen, and others might ask for Arabic or Hindoo poems of approved models, while the more moderate would only demand correct imitations of Spenser or Shakspeare. Supposing a man were found who could and would undertake all this, he must be a cleverer man than the world has yet produced if even fashion or friendship could induce his contemporaries to read them, and it requires no great gift of prophecy to foresee that few of them would descend to posterity; yet this is not an exaggerated representation of what Mr. Barry has done, and what every artied apprentice of an architect is prepared to do, whenever he is lucky enough to have an opportunity.

Mr. Welby Pugin is almost the only architect in England who has seen the absurdity of this cosmopolite practice, and has devoted his whole energies to the study of one style, and indeed almost one branch of that style, so that he may fairly be called a Gothic ecclesiastical architect. Even with him, however, this does not seem to have been so much the result of a reasoned conviction as of an enthusiastic admiration for the works of our forefathers, and what is of more importance to our present subject, he has only seen half the difficulty; for though, to continue the metaphor, he does not profess to write in all languages, he still insists in writing in a dead one: true it is that he can read any page in this language that is placed before him, and can, even without diction-

ary or gradus, write a respectable copy of verses which can be understood and translated by others, while the nonsense verses (to use a school-boy, though expressive phrase) of other architects never having been understood by their authors, are likely to puzzle antiquarians to the end of the chapter.

In these copying days, however, it is something to have an architect who has so thoroughly studied the style in which he is to build that he can copy it correctly, and his buildings have not only the general form, but really the meaning and some of the spirit of the ancient ones.

But this is not enough; for, to use his own words, "The great test of architectural beauty is the fitness of the design to the purpose for which it was intended, and that the style of a building should so correspond with its use that the spectator may at once perceive the purpose for which it was erected."

No one is less inclined to dispute the truths of these words than we are; but the conclusion he draws from these premises, that we must erect churches in the same style, in the same form, and with the same details in every respect as those erected in the age of the earlier Edwards, or, at all events, prior to the accession of Henry VIII, appears to us to be one of the most singular *non sequiturs* that ever enthusiasm led a man into, and doing himself exactly what he reprobates in others; for the educated and refined Englishman of the present day is much more like the civilized republican of the classic times, both in tastes and habits, than he is to his rude and semi-barbarous ancestors, of the times of the Plantagenets and Tudors. The bold, bull-headed, blood-thirsty baron of those days, is an animal of a different species from the delicate and refined aristocrat of ours. The ignorant domineering priest is not our educated clergyman; the unacknowledged *tiers état* differ widely from our all-powerful commons; and the independent artisan of our times would scarcely acknowledge kindred with the unfortunate serf of those days; yet Mr. Pugin overlooks all these distinctions, and would have us reconstruct, in the nineteenth century, the buildings which expressed the feelings and were in every detail fitted for our ancestors of the fourteenth and fifteenth century.

It might please some enthusiastic persons that we should give up our science and

civilization, and return to the barbarous ignorance and simplicity of those days; but it requires no great sagacity to foresee that, so far from retroceding, we cannot even stand still, but must advance; and although, because we have no other art to admire, we are now wild after correct copies of old churches, it is quite evident that neither the symbolism nor the monkish superstition of the middle ages can have any permanent hold on an enlightened people. It is true the classical element is fast disappearing from our system of education, from our laws, and from our philosophy; but must we, therefore, go back to the middle ages to supply its place? Are the *Nieblungen*, and the *Lays of the Minstrels*, to become our class-books instead of the Greek and Roman poets? Is the feudal system to resume the place of the code of Justinian? and the doctrines of the dark ages, that of the philosophy of Aristotle or Plato? And, as a corollary to all this, is Gothic art to supersede classical? Our belief is, that we can have no true art till a modern English element supersedes both.

It has been lucky for us that the ancients have left us fewer examples of their engineering works than productions of their architects. Our mediæval ancestors indulged but rarely in roads or bridges; and besides this, the exigencies of locality, and above all the exigencies of estimates, which are usually carefully looked at in the utilitarian works executed by our engineers, have allowed them less temptation to copy, and less means of doing so than their brother builders, and the consequence is, that they may challenge Rome, or the whole world, to match either the magnificence or the taste of our public works. It is true we possess some "truly Roman works," the taste of which is very questionable; and both Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges narrowly escaped being spoilt by the interference of the architects, who fortunately, however, have left nothing to mark their presence but the absurd Ionic and Grecian Doric columns that stand on the piers—in the one case supporting an enormously heavy granite parapet, and in the other in company with a most incongruous Roman balustrade. But since those days the engineering interest has acquired a predominance which enables it to walk alone; and in London bridge they have produced a specimen of bridge building, perfect in all its parts, and as yet unrivalled in the world, and this simply because there is not one

detail copied from any other bridge, not one ornament applied that had not a meaning, nor one thing added that was not seen to be wanted by the sound sense and mechanical knowledge of its builders; yet there is a magnificence in this bridge amounting even to splendor, and could we point to one building in Great Britain built on the same principles of sound common sense, we should probably have to apply to it the same epithet.

The names of Watt, Brindley, Smeaton, Telford, and Rennie, or of our Stevensons, Brunels, Lindleys, and Cleggs, are names to which an Englishman refers with pride, and stand in strong contrast with those of their contemporary builders of the present day; the former have contributed, as much as almost any class of men, to the advancement of civilization, and to the glory of the nation, and may almost be said to have created an art which is daily becoming of more and more importance. The latter, on the contrary, have done nothing to which we can refer with unmixed satisfaction, and much that has made us a laughing-stock to surrounding nations.

They have created nothing and advanced nothing; yet so closely do these professions approach at some points, that it is difficult to draw a line between them, and to say what works belong to the one, and what to the other; but their mode of treating their subject differs as light does from darkness. The one admits of no rule but fitness and propriety, and the dictates of reason and common sense; the other, copying and disguising, never thinking of what is most fit or most useful, and worshipping the shadow of exotic art.

Such an impulse has lately been given by our railways and canals to the science of engineering, that it now occupies almost as much of the public attention as architecture, and as there is more probability of this influence increasing than diminishing, we may hope that the sound principles which have enabled engineers to execute such satisfactory works may extend to our architects, and that we may soon see some improvements in their designs; but much ignorance and long-rooted prejudice must first be conquered, and, above all, the patrons of art must learn to take more interest in the subject than they have hitherto done, and to think more for themselves.

It has been truly and beautifully remarked by a late German writer, that true art is like

a natural flower that cannot exist without root, and stem, and leaves; but false art, like an artificial flower, can dispense with all these, to it, useless encumbrances.

The metaphor, we fear, applies too truly to the arts in this country. We have copied the flowers of every foreign land, and so long accustomed ourselves to their gorgeous brilliancy, that we are now unwilling to turn to the humbler but sweeter scented blossoms of our own native land; and beginning to be dissatisfied with these artificial productions, we are equally unwilling to try and naturalize them, by planting the seeds in our gardens, and waiting the long years that must elapse before a seedling becomes a tree. *?

CONFESSIONS OF AN ILLEGIBLE WRITER.*

BY MRS. ABDY.

From the Metropolitan.

CHARLOTTE EASTON had but a small fortune, and her connexions were exclusively among the middling classes; but she was beautiful, sensible, and amiable, and evidently regarded me with very favorable eyes. The only drawback to my happiness in her society arose from the evident disapprobation of my mother and sister to the attentions that I showed to her. They had no personal dislike to Charlotte—such a feeling would indeed have been impossible—but they thought, to use their own expression, that “I might do much better for myself;” in short, they gave their vote and interest to another lady in the neighborhood, a meagre, peevish, middle-aged spinster, whom they advocated because she had fifteen thousand pounds, and could talk of “my brother the baronet.”

These recommendations had no great force with me; my own income was sufficiently easy to support a wife in comfort, and I had a perfect horror of the title of baronet ever since my unfortunate blunder in regard to Sir David Drewett. While pondering on the expediency of immediately offering to Charlotte Easton, I was invited to spend a week with my old friend at Richmond, where, by-the-by, I had the daily pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs.

James Crofton in an elegant barouche, accompanied by a little fairy flaxen-haired boy of three years of age. My friend advised me by all means to propose immediately to Charlotte, and I wrote to her from Richmond, offering her my hand and heart, and telling her that I should return home on the evening of the following day. The next evening I reached home a little before eight, anxiously hoping to find a letter from Charlotte. I was welcomed in the passage by my mother and sister, and somewhat surprised at the extreme warmth and cordiality of their reception.

“Well, my dear William,” said my mother, “you have not treated me as you ought to have done, in excluding me from your confidence in the important matter of the choice of a wife; but I am too well pleased with your taste to lecture you very severely on your reserve.”

“Let me assure you,” said my sister, “that I am equally well pleased with the prospect of so desirable a relative.”

I looked from one to the other in astonishment. “I confess,” I said, “that I have made an offer of marriage, and I have every reason to think it will be accepted; but how can you possibly know any thing about it?”

“Why,” said my mother, looking rather embarrassed, “to tell you the truth, William, a letter directed in a lady’s hand was laid before me, and I opened it without looking very intently on the superscription; it was a very prettily worded acceptance of your offer.”

“She has excellent sense,” said my sister.

“Such a heart, such a temper, such eligible connexions,” added my mother.

“Eligible connexions,” I said to myself; “my mother has become surprisingly humble; Charlotte Easton’s connexions are only eligible inasmuch as they are worthy and respectable people.” However, my feelings were those of exceeding complacency towards my mother and sister, over whose prejudices I believed the graces and amiable qualities of my Charlotte to have obtained a complete conquest.

“And now, my dear William,” pursued my mother, “I have an agreeable surprise in store for you.”

“I have already been agreeably surprised,” I said; “I think I can hardly be more so.”

“When I had read the letter of my dear daughter-in-law elect,” continued my mo-

* Concluded from page 387.

ther, "I was so anxious to assure her of the affection with which I should welcome her into my family, that I immediately put on my bonnet, walked to Belvidere Place, confessed to her the mistake under which I had opened her letter, and obtained her consent to come and drink tea here this evening; now are you not surprised?"

"Very much so indeed," I replied, wishing that my mother had not been quite so officious and prompt in her movements, although at the same time I felt glad that my timid gentle Charlotte should have been encouraged by such marked demonstration of kindness on the part of one with whom I knew she suspected that she was no favorite.

"As soon as tea is over," said my mother, "I and your sister will slip out of the room, and you may enjoy the conversation of your beloved."

"But, mother, you have never shown me her letter," I exclaimed. My mother was on the point of producing it from the recesses of her pocket, when a knock was heard at the street-door, announcing the arrival of the fair one in question. I hastily ran up stairs to arrange my hair, and put on the most irresistible waistcoat in my wardrobe. When I descended again, I stood for a moment in the fearfulness of true love, with my hand upon the lock. "How shrill Charlotte Easton's voice sounds to-night," I thought; "she speaks much louder than my mother and sister; I suppose nervous excitement is the cause of her altered tones; however, her beauty will not be impaired by her trepidation, although the sweetness of her voice may be so." I threw open the door, expecting to feast my eyes on the smiling, blooming countenance of sweet Charlotte Easton; alas! what was my horror at beholding the bony angular form of Miss Euston, the spinster who had been so often and so warmly recommended to me by my mother and sister. Instantaneously the truth flashed upon me; both of the ladies lived in Belvidere Place, and the atrocious habit of which George Gordon had accused me in my boyhood, of making an a in the precise shape of a u, had occasioned the letter meant for Miss Easton to be carried to Miss Euston, read, and favorably answered by her. I actually trembled with consternation.

"William is rather overcome, my dear," said my mother to Miss Euston; "but it is always the way with true lovers to be doubtful and diffident."

Miss Euston vainly endeavored to conjure up something like a blush upon her sallow cheek, and rejoined, "Mr. Seyton has received my letter, and must feel perfectly secure of the reciprocity of my sentiments."

I could not help thinking with the Irishman, that "the reciprocity was all on one side;" my cheeks flushed, my hands trembled, and I had the conviction that I was cutting a very ridiculous figure. My companions, however, were all disposed to be very indulgent to me, and I talked about Richmond Hill and Twickenham meadows, and strove to appear as unembarrassed as possible; my plan was, that as soon as my mother and sister had left the room, I should disclose to Miss Euston my unfortunate mistake, and advise her to take upon herself the credit of refusing me, which I was perfectly well inclined to give her as a balm to her wounded vanity. At length my mother and sister exchanged a telegraphic look, and the former half rose from her seat, murmuring something about the geraniums in the back drawing-room, when suddenly a thundering knock resounded at the door, and she resumed her former position.

"I believe it is my brother the baronet," said Miss Euston; "directly I had read Mr. Seyton's letter, I inclosed it in a note to Wimpole-street, begging that he would soon call upon me to converse on a measure so important to my future happiness; and I directed, that if he came this evening, he should be told where I was to be found."

My mother and sister looked aghast. Miss Euston had frequently alluded to the very high views formed for her by her brother the baronet, and they apprehended that he had come to fulminate his right honorable indignation on our presumptuous family, and bear away his sister an unwilling victim, to receive the addresses of some earl or viscount. I entertained somewhat of the same idea, but with me it took not the pale cast of fear, but the rose-colored tint of hope; such an event would extricate me from my difficulties without impugning my honor; and had the baronet thought fit to enact the part of Lochinvar, and carry away my affianced bride on his steed, I should certainly have borne a close resemblance to "the poor craven bridegroom" who "spoke never a word" on the occasion. The first glance, however, at the countenance of the "very magnificent three-tailed bashaw," who was now advancing towards

us, dissipated the fears of my mother and sister, and my own hopes; he was amiably and patronizingly condescending, assured me that he had always respected me as a very deserving young man, and that he felt assured the more he saw of me the better he should like me; told me that I had made choice of a treasure, and complimented my mother and sister on the fondness and admiration which his dear Dorothea had informed him they had long evinced towards her. For the first time in my life I was ashamed of my mother; she kept inclining her head as reverentially as if she had been the mother of Aladdin asking the stately Chinese princess in marriage of the sultan her father; and she occasionally uttered short phrases expressive of her delight, honor, and satisfaction at the proposed alliance. I learned afterwards the secret of the unexpected affability of "my brother the baronet."

About three months ago, he had united himself with a very lively, laughing, pretty young girl, who had obtained great influence over him, but whose levity inflicted such a severe shock on the nerves of her prim sister-in-law, that she took the trouble of going every other day to Wimpole-street, to lecture the young bride on the enormities of standing half the morning in the balcony, singing French ballads with the windows open, and encouraging young men to drop in at luncheon-time. Lady Euston was by no means grateful for this *surveillance*, and repeatedly told her husband that "she would give any thing in the world to get the old maid married, and only wished that he would look out for some one silly enough to take her."

"I had some thoughts," the baronet remarked to me, "of deferring my visit till to-morrow, but Lady Euston would not hear of it; she said she quite felt for the anxiety of mind under which you must suffer while awaiting my opinion. Lady Euston is excessively fond of Dorothea, she feels for her just as a younger sister would do for an elder one." (Lady Euston was seventeen, and Miss Euston forty-seven, therefore she must have felt for her like a very younger sister indeed!)

My mother here interposed an observation, that much as Lady Euston's affectionate kindness was to be admired, the wonder would be to find any one who was *not* attached to Miss Euston.

"I presume," said the baronet, turning sportively to me, "that you are willing that

my sister's property should be settled on herself."

Too much overcome to speak, I gave a nervous nod of the head.

"And I conclude," he continued, with additional vivacity, "that you are not overburdened with capital, and have not much of your own to add to it."

I gave a nervous shake of my head, and my mother interposed in my favor with the hackneyed joke that "I had nothing to settle but my heart, and had already done that most effectually."

"I imagine," said the baronet, "that you will not object to the settlements being made by my own solicitor, who is an excellent fellow; indeed I am particularly fortunate in every one whom I employ. I can recommend you to an admirable wine-merchant, and an invaluable tailor; and when you furnish your house, you cannot do better than to apply to all my own tradespeople."

Thus oppressively condescending, did the baronet converse for a couple of hours, when drawing his sister beneath his arm, he took his departure, leaving me convinced that it was too late for explanation, and that, to use an expressive colloquial phrase, I was "fairly in for it!"

A week passed, my courtship progressed; I did not confide the secret of the misdirected letter to any one but my old friend George Gordon.

"I pity you sincerely," he said; "but I am afraid that on the present occasion I verify the words of Rochefoucault, that 'there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which does not displease us;' let me, however, first ask you if you really mean to marry Miss Euston?"

"I cannot do otherwise," I said mournfully, "she has just ordered her wedding-bonnet, and her brother the baronet has presented her with a topaz necklace belonging to the late Lady Euston, all claim to which the present Lady Euston has generously relinquished, because the setting is old-fashioned, and she has a particular dislike to topazes. But why do you ask the question?"

"Because," said George Gordon, "I have long secretly admired Charlotte Euston, but never made known my feelings to her, deeming that you were attached to her, and that your attachment was reciprocated; even now I will not address her till your marriage has taken place."

My marriage *did* take place in a few

weeks, and the next day, George Gordon sent an exquisitely-written proposal of marriage to Charlotte Easton, which lay in no danger of being taken to a wrong house. He was refused, but Charlotte's aunt, with whom he was a great favorite, privately admonished him to persevere, saying that Charlotte had certainly felt a decided predilection for Mr. Seyton, who had paid her marked attentions, and she was both mortified and wounded when he made choice of another lady, but that a little time and her own excellent sense would doubtless enable her to forget him, and she would then begin to value the good qualities and firm and consistent attachment of Mr. Gordon. George took the hint, was a frequent visitor at the house of Charlotte's aunt for three months, then renewed his offer, and was accepted.

I have been married for a year, and have not the most remote intention of claiming the Dunmow sitch. The temper of Mrs. William Seyton is still less placid than that of Miss Euston; her jealousy is such that she cannot even bear me to look at the pretty faces in the *Annals*, and she repays the anxiety of my mother and sister to possess her for a relative, by treating them with so much rudeness and hauteur, that it is painful to me to see them in my house, while I am subjected to the most rigid domestic cross-questioning and lecturing if I visit them in their own. It is true that my wife had, as was alleged, fifteen thousand pounds, but the solicitor employed by "my brother the baronet" has so drawn up the settlements, that should my wife die without children, (and at her age it is likely enough that "she may lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy,") I am deprived of even a life-interest in her property, the whole of which goes to her brother and his descendants, of whom there promises to be no lack, Lady Euston having just enlivened her domestic hearth by the introduction of magnificent twin boys. Thus, when I am left a widower I shall be a pennyless one; the property of my wife being in the three per cents, only produces four hundred and fifty pounds a-year, of which she claims two hundred as pin-money, asserting that no lady can dress neatly upon a less sum; the one-horse chariot and French *soubrette*, which her brother the baronet declares to be absolutely necessary to the respectability of his sister, absorbs the remainder of the income she brings to me, and my friends all say of me, that, like Bumble the beadle

in *Oliver Twist*, "I let myself go very reasonable,—I was cheap, dirt cheap!"

I had written thus far, when George Gordon called.

"George, my excellent friend," I said, "I know your regard for me, it has been tried and proved; will you give me another demonstration of it?"

George looked rather alarmed at this preface, as the firmest friend would find it very natural to do.

"I am sure, Seyton," he said, "I would do any thing to oblige you, but my account at my banker's is very small just at present."

"I do not wish you to lend me money," I returned, "the service I require at your hands is of a domestic nature."

"Surely," he exclaimed, "you are not going to separate from your wife! I know these things are very common in the fashionable world, but indeed, Seyton, they will not do in middling life."

"Again you are wrong, my friend," I said, "I have been writing a sketch of my life for the benefit and improvement of the rising generation; I wish to insert it in the *Metropolitan*, but it has awakened feelings in my mind so painful, that I cannot bear the idea of again glancing on it; you know my adventures, you know my turn of expression, you know better than any one else the little peculiarities of my hand-writing, will you take it to the editor, and will you—will you, my dear friend, order the proofs to be sent to you for correction?"

George started, put his hand for a moment before his eyes, then withdrew it, looked first at the cabalistic mysterious characters of my blotted manuscript, and then on my rueful and imploring countenance.

"I will," he said, in a firm, distinct tone.

I wrung his hand in silent gratitude, and feel happy to close my melancholy tale with so sublime an instance of the devotion of true friendship. By the time these pages meet the eye of the public, George Gordon will have performed his promise!

LADY ELIZABETH LEVESON GOWER.—A matrimonial engagement is confidently stated to be concluded between the Marquess of Lorn and the Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of their Graces of Sutherland.—*Court Journal*.

DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

From the British and Foreign Review.

The History of Ancient America, anterior to the time of Columbus, proving the identity of the Aborigines with the Tyrians and Israelites, and the Introduction of Christianity into the Western Hemisphere by the Apostle St. Thomas. By GEORGE JONES, M. R. S. I., F. S. V. Longman and Brown, London; Harper and Brothers, New York. 1843.

IF all the embellishments the art of printing can bestow, with the addition of an elaborate title-page and a solemnly inflated style, could insure the success of a work and confer reputation on its author, Mr. George Jones would henceforth become the literary lion of the day, and his 'History of Ancient America' would display its hot-pressed charms upon every library table. Unfortunately the merits of a book are not in precise proportion to its outward garniture; and though we doubt whether even the author would recognize the "child of his brain," were it unrolled from the gorgeous coverings in which it has been sedulously swathed, we own that we would rather have seen it *in puris naturalibus*.

Few questions have given rise to more discussion or more ingenious theorizing than the original history of America. It is one of those moot points which have always been, and probably will ever continue to be, of an uncertainty only stimulating to the appetite of the speculative; while the inquirer, though he fail to solve them, may chance to alight upon detached and valuable portions of truth, as the hammer of the geologist may sometimes strike out a gem, though he lose the course of the stratum he is investigating. To determine this disputed paternity, many incredible and absurd hypotheses have been from time to time propounded. Some authors—Lord Kaimes among them—have not scrupled to report that the Mosaic account of the creation of our first parents was only intended to inform us of the origin of the inhabitants of the Eastern world, and that the American nations sprung from a different Adam and perhaps a less erring Eve! Others, with less imagination, or more piety, have contented themselves with hazarding the conjecture, that the destruction of the tower of Babel, when, according to holy writ, "the Lord scattered them (the

builders) abroad upon the face of all the earth," was the time when the vast plains and forests of the Western world first received man as their inhabitant. A third party, still more absurd, have conceived (from a passage in Plato) that, in former times, an island of enormous dimensions, named Atlantis, stretched from the north-western coast of Africa across the Atlantic Ocean, and that over this continental tract both man and beast migrated westwards. In one night, however, a mighty storm and wind overwhelmed this island, at a time when only a few animals had succeeded in making good their passage.

These theories, and many others even more wild which might be collected from different writers, are not without their warning use; they give a humiliating proof of the puerilities into which even vigorous minds may be betrayed, when once they abandon inductive reasoning for the seducing fields of speculative fancy. Thus the early geologists conceived that the petrified shells and vessels found buried in the secondary strata were produced by what they called a "plastic force" in nature, and accounted for the vast beds of shells on the tops of the Alps by remembering the shell-ornamented bonnets of the pilgrims passing from Rome!

To return however to our subject. The discoveries made by the Russians in the northern parts of the world, under the auspices of Peter the Great, confirmed the opinion of those who, not disposed to account by supernatural agency for what might be effected by natural causes, had early suggested the possibility of America having been peopled from the contiguous northern shores of Europe on the one side and Asia on the other. They insisted upon the similarity in features, manners, and mode of life of the denizens of these frigid zones; and, arguing upon the analogous migrations of the European and Asiatic nomads, they accounted for the existence of the Southern Americans by the continual pressure of a rapidly increasing population from the north.

But even when the discoveries of Russia apparently corroborated this hypothesis, the tide of discussion was not checked, but merely diverted into fresh and numerous channels. Almost every nation of the Old World set up its claim in turn to the honor of having given birth to the new hemisphere; the Jews, Canaanites, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, the Greeks, Scythians, Chi-

nese, and many others, have all found zealous advocates for their respective claims.

Josephus Acosta, a Spanish Jesuit, who wrote about the year 1560, is opposed to the opinion, which he says was prevalent in his time, that the Americans were of Jewish origin. He treats this suggestion, which he believes to have been founded on a passage of the book of Esdras, with utter skepticism and even some degree of contempt. He "cannot well see how that Euphrates in Esdras should be a more convenient passage to go to the New World than the enchanted and fabulous Atlantike island of Plato." He confesses, however, that the coincidences in the customs of the two nations are curious, although in his opinion accidental.

Mr. Parsons, the author of the work entitled 'Remains of Japhet,' entertains no doubt that the earliest Americans were a colony from Tartary. In confirmation of this idea he observes, that the American nations had some acquaintance with the doctrine of the Trinity, for they worshipped their tutelary deity, the Sun, under the threefold appellation of the 'Father and Lord Sun,' 'the Son Sun,' and the 'Brother Sun;' and moreover they adored an idol called by the name of Tanga-Tanga, which signifies 'One in Three and Three in One.' This circumstance is considered by Mr. Parsons, who had observed a similar worship among the Lamas of Thibet and Tartary, as a strong presumption in favor of the original identity of the two nations; and from this and some other analogies he concludes that both the Peruvians and Mexicans are derived from the house of Togarmah, the son of Gomer, the son of Japhet, who, we are told, settled "eastward, in the northern quarter."

Dr. Robertson, whose graceful yet manly style stands out in strong and pleasing relief to that of some authors upon this subject, does not place much reliance upon the analogies which may be traced in the customs, either secular or religious, of any two nations. He justly observes, that there is nothing in these coincidences which may not be sufficiently explained by the similarity of their condition or situation; and that, to prove an identity of origin, it is requisite that some arbitrary institution, such as the keeping the seventh day holy, should be discovered in both. He also conceived that America was not peopled by any nation of the Old World which had made any considerable progress towards civilization.

But we should give due weight to the remark of the author of the work before us upon this point, viz., that this eminent historian was not aware of the existence of the stupendous remains of former magnificence which it is the object of Mr. Jones to ascribe to their proper architects. On the whole, Robertson inclines to the opinion of Mr. Parsons before alluded to, and concludes that we must consider the north-eastern nations of Asia to have been the first inhabitants of America; and that, after having migrated across Behring's Straits, they spread themselves gradually over the whole hemisphere. This account tallies with the traditions the Mexicans have of their own origin, which relate that their ancestors journeyed from the north-west.

This theory receives some additional confirmation from an account given by Peter Kalm, in his 'Travels into North America,' of pillars of stone, apparently of great antiquity, which had been found some hundred miles west of Montreal,—one of them covered with inscriptions, which some Jesuits who saw them affirmed were written in Tartarian characters. It appears moreover, from Marco Polo, that Kublai Khan, a Tartarian monarch, one of the successors of Genghis Khan, after he had conquered the southern part of China, sent out a naval expedition for the purpose of subduing Japan, but that this armament was cast away and never more heard of; and it has been conjectured that some of these vessels may have found their way to the American shores.

The Abbé Francesco Clavigero, a native of New Spain, and author of a 'History of Mexico' of considerable celebrity, is decidedly of opinion that his countrymen came from the northern parts of America, but evades the question of their original parentage. His description of their state at the time of their discovery is extremely curious and entertaining, but appears too much drawn from the notoriously exaggerated and fanciful coloring of Boturini to be received as history without the most extreme caution. He affirms that the Mexicans worshipped a supreme deity called Teotl, which bears some analogy to the Greek *Θεός*, both in sound and attributes. They had also some notion of an evil spirit, whom they called (for what reason we cannot conjecture) by a word which signified 'a rational owl.' They also believed in the immortality of the soul, and had descriptions of the creation, deluge, confusion of tongues and

dispersion of the people, in the paintings which served them as national archives. Moreover, they had in their system of religion monasteries and different orders of monks.

To the list of distinguished writers who have embraced the opinion that America received at least the bulk of her inhabitants from eastern Asia, may be added the name of Mr. Pennant. The customs of scalping, torturing, and even eating their prisoners, of disguising themselves as wild beasts for the purpose of the chase, and of marching in file and not abreast, prevail, according to this author, as well among the American Indians as among the Scythians and inhabitants of Tartary, while in their physical formation the similarity is even more apparent.

Having thus, in some measure, recalled to our readers the opinions which have at various times prevailed respecting the parentage of the American aborigines, it is time to bestow our attention upon the work from which we have wandered.

A great evil is conspicuous throughout the whole book, viz. the diffuse and digressive style in which it is composed; we are indeed prepared for this by the following announcement in the preface:—"Knowing from experience that works upon antiquities, described in language cold as the marbles they illustrate, are not of deep interest to the general reader, the author has therefore avoided the usual frigid style, and has consequently placed around them such fervent glowing words as their novel characters have authorized and demanded." Under shelter of this considerate care for the amusement of his readers, and disregarding the intrinsic interest of his subject, however dryly handled, our author has introduced intercalary disquisitions upon every branch of the fine arts; he has drawn long and hypothetical characters of celebrated persons, from Hiram king of Tyre, down to his present majesty of Prussia; and, in fine, has contrived to put us in possession of his sentiments upon very many and very miscellaneous topics. Unhappily he has been but too successful in diffusing over the whole composition an inflated and frivolous tone, not only the worst which could be devised for a serious and important discussion, but which does not do justice to the information the author really possesses, and the ingenuity with which many of his propositions are maintained. An additional objection to this mode of composition is, that it has

increased to the size of a royal octavo a book, the matter of which might fairly have been compressed within the dimensions of a duodecimo.

There are three distinct assertions, the truth of which it is the author's aim to establish, though the first two are far less anxiously and laboriously investigated than the third. These are—first, that the American nation are of two distinct races; secondly, that those to the north of Mexico are of Hebrew descent; and thirdly, that the Mexican and Southern aborigines were that remnant of the inhabitants of Tyre saved, after the destruction of their city, by Alexander the Great, and of whom Isaiah predicted that "these should be as the shaking of an olive-tree, as the gleaning grapes when the vintage is done."

The first of these propositions, though perhaps (inasmuch as it influences the correctness of the second) the most important, is very cavalierly dealt with. Mr. Jones asserts that there are distinctive national differences in religion, politics, and customs, as well as in physical conformation, between the nations to the north and those to the south of Mexico: further, that the former are as remarkable for all the virtues which can adorn humanity, as the latter are for vices which would have disgraced the Romans under the corrupt sway of the later emperors. For these assertions no authority is adduced, though the author has apparently framed his peculiar creed alternately from Boturini and the calumniator of the Mexican race, M. de Pau. In opposition to these statements, we find in Humboldt that "the nations of America, except those which border on the Polar circle, form a *single* race, characterized by the formation of the skull, the color of the skin, the extreme thinness of the beard, and straight and glossy hair." We are told by the Chevalier Pinto, "that they are *all* of a copper color." From Don Antonio Ulloa we learn, "that the Indians who live as far as 40° and upwards north and south of the equator are not to be distinguished in color from those immediately beneath it, while the resemblance in their genius, character, and customs is no less striking." And lastly, Robertson bears his powerful and impartial testimony to the remarkable uniformity of all the American Indians both in appearance and character.

We are far from asserting that Mr. Jones has no authority for what he has advanced; but he has not chosen to adduce any, and

we must therefore be guided by those we possess.

The second proposition, viz. that the nations to the north of Mexico are of Hebrew descent, is dependent in no slight degree upon the truth of the first; since even Mr. Jones does not contend that *all* America was peopled from the house of Jeroboam. In proof of his assertion he enumerates various analogies between the tribes of the north and the Hebrews; such as the seclusion of the mother after childbirth, the marriage usually contracted between a widowed wife and her husband's brother, their possessing an ark, their selecting their medicine men (*i. e.* priests or prophets) from among a portion of the tribe not warriors, their worship of one God, their traditional knowledge of the deluge, their various festivals, their belief in the immortality of the soul, and the practice of circumcision. Finally he proposes to the reader "this (as he believes) unanswerable question: if they are not of the lost tribes of Israel, who are they?"

Now many of these analogies can by no means be received as proving identity of origin, but rather as curious and instructive points of similarity in the parallel yet independent progress of national intellectual development. How often does the same idea strike two minds, connected by no kindred tie, except the sympathy of thought! How often have the same inventions been simultaneously made in different parts of the world! and why should not like political, or religious, or social institutions exist among nations totally unconnected, but arrived at a similar point in civilization?

On the other hand, it seems admitted that Nestorianism, mingled with the dogmas of the Buddhists and the Shamans, spread through Manchou Tartary into the north-east of Asia; and therefore the supposition appears not improbable that their doctrines and rites may have been partially communicated to the northern parts of America, from which the Tultecs emigrated, and which must therefore be considered as the *officina virorum* of the New World.

But however this may be, we must again enter our protest against the total omission of authorities for these alleged analogies. Referring once more to the preface, we find it to be the author's opinion, "that to give a list of works consulted "during fifteen years in America, and more immediately for the last two years in England, while writing the Tyrian *Æra*, would be pedan-

tic;" and again, that "being professedly an original work, the volume of the brain has been more largely extracted from than any other writer whose works are already before the public." We confess we see no pedantry in furnishing the student with the sources from which the conclusions he is pondering are drawn; neither do we think originality and imagination should, in an historical work, supersede accurate information and sobriety of detail.

The third division of the work is devoted to the establishment of a theory, founded upon the ruined cities lately discovered by Mr. Stephens, that the aborigines of Mexican America (under which term Mr. Jones would include the southern continent) and the West Indian islands, were the ancient Tyrians of Phœnicia.

Upon the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, in the year 1520, all vestiges of art and civilization were destroyed with fanatic zeal, as monuments of paganism and idolatry. Consequently no relics of former times, with the exception of some ruins at Copan, were discovered till the year 1790, when a circular piece of sculpture, having reference to the astronomical calendar of the ancient inhabitants, was exhumed. About the same time Palenque was visited by Del Rio and Du Paix. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, Humboldt visited Mexico. Still later Waldeck was employed by the Spanish government to explore Yucatan. In 1836 Copan, nearly a hundred and fifty years after its first discovery, was visited by Galindo, and at length, in 1839-40, most of these cities, with several others, were thoroughly investigated and accurately delineated by Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood.

It is on the ruins of Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal that the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Jones are founded, and to them he has consequently confined his remarks. He has taken as his text-book Mr. Stephens's narrative, with a running commentary of his own upon such points of inaccuracy as he has discovered in that work. We will give his own programme of his proceedings.

"First will be given a description of such parts of the great ruins as may be necessary in the author's own words, with such commentaries as may be required by the narration: then will follow Mr. Stephens's reflections upon all the ruins; his arguments will be met, his errors detected, his contradictions investigated, and thereupon we shall endeavor (at least) to completely refute his deductions and conclusions."—Page 56.

These "errors," even when detected, hardly justify the parade with which they are ushered to our notice, or the exultation which our author displays whenever he has succeeded in discovering one. In his description of the principal temple at Copan Mr. Stephens makes this remark:—"Though gigantic and extraordinary for a ruined structure of the aborigines, that the reader's imagination may not mislead him, I consider it necessary to say [it] is not so large as the great (Egyptian) pyramid of Ghizeh." Upon this Mr. Jones compares various measurements of the two edifices, and discovers with infinite glee that they coincide within eighteen feet, which "cannot be accidental." On another occasion, in describing the pyramid at Cholula, he finds out, with equal satisfaction, that a difference of only eight feet would make the pyramid at that place twice as large as that of Egypt. We have not time or inclination to pursue him, as he has pursued Mr. Stephens, through all his descriptions of the ruins, but we must say one word upon his remarks on that traveller's conclusions. "I set out," says Mr. Stephens, "with the proposition that they are not Cyclopean, and do not resemble the works of Greek or Roman;" upon which Mr. Jones observes, "We admit the negative to the first and last proposition, but not to the second; for the sculpture at Uxmal is not only as fine, but distinctly of a Grecian character;" and again, "the whole façades have to the eye an appearance, in regard to the character of the ornaments, which compel the looker-on to exclaim, 'Grecian knowledge has been there.'"

With this we do not agree. Under all climates, and in every age, men have always been pleased with a *rhythmic* repetition of the same forms, which repetition is the greatest characteristic of what are called *grecques*, meanders, and arabesques. Neither is any great degree of civilization requisite to produce these ornaments, for Mr. Krusenstern describes arabesques of great elegance tattooed upon the skins of the most ferocious inhabitants of Washington Island.

The chapters upon the analogies between the Tyrians and the Mexican aborigines are by far the best part of the work. Mr. Jones says:—

"The religious ceremonies of the Tyrians would have been lost but for their being preserved by the Carthaginians, a colony from

Tyrus, and between whom there existed the strictest union and friendship, and which may justly be supposed to have practised the manners and customs of the parent country. The Tyrians also would follow the customs of the Sidonians and the Canaanites, their original ancestors; gathering, therefore, evidences of religious ceremonies from Canaan, Sidon, Tyrus and Carthage—for they were all of the Phœnician family—we shall include those nations under one general term, viz. *Tyrian*, for the same convenience as the term *Mexican* is used."—Page 139.

Both nations were idolatrous, and both sacrificed human beings on the dedication of their temples and on defeat in war. The Tyrians offered up children to the god Saturn (Moloch), who was represented by a large statue; the figure bent slightly forward, and was so placed that the weight of the smallest child was sufficient to alter its position, and to cast the infant into a fiery furnace below the idol. This custom appears to be portrayed on the sculpture in the ruins, of which Mr. Jones's description is both ingenious and spirited, but too long to be extracted. But though they worshipped Saturn, the tutelary deity of the Tyrians according to Dr. Prideaux was Malcarthus,* compounded of the two Phœnician words Melec and Kartha, and signifying "king of the city." This god possessed many of the attributes of the Grecian Hercules-Apollo, and as such is compared by our author to the chief deity of the Mexicans. Astarte (the moon) was also worshipped by both nations, and her emblem, the cross, is found sculptured in many parts of the ruined temples.

Other analogies are to be traced in their national and political peculiarities. The swan was the symbolical emblem of the Canaanites, and the antiquary Jacob Bryant remarks, that "where they or their descendants (*i. e.* Tyrians) may have settled, there will be a story found about a swan." Accordingly the Spanish historian Sahagun relates that about two centuries before their conquest by the Spaniards, the Aztecs (Mexicans proper) were compelled to surrender to a neighboring kingdom that oppressed them, their *emblematical bird the swan*.

The serpents and eggs found sculptured upon the Mexican altars are essentially Tyrian emblems: so are the spiral shells, which used to be represented on their coins

* Not improbably the Marcolfus of later tradition. See also Buxtorf in *voc.* Marcalis.

in commemoration of the discovery of the celebrated dye. We must however refer the reader to the work itself for the investigation of each particular analogy, and avail ourselves of the author's summary, which is as follows:—

“Religious idolatry:—the worship of, and sacrifice of human lives to, the god of war; the worship of Saturn, and consequent infanticide to propitiate the remorseless deity; the long cross (and others) of the goddess Astarte, in the sculpture; the sacrifice to Hygeia by *optional* circumcision; the chief worship to Apollo, or the Sun; the gorgeous temples erected to his glory; human sacrifice on the dedication of the temples; and the sacred fire, guarded by the Virgins of the Sun. The comparative mummies of the Tyrian isles and Peru; the traditional story concerning swans; the tortoise and serpent in sculpture; the dyeshell or purple *murex*; navigation with its attendant maps and charts; the aborigines coming from the ‘East’ and by navigation; their landing or ‘touching at Florida,’ and ‘before the Christian era;’ then the discovery of the wreck of a Tyrian galley. The knowledge of painting, and the general application of colors; and gem-engraving. As the sculpture contains only hieroglyphics, and not one cipher or letter, consequently the spoken language of Phœnicia is not found, *nor is there any other language discovered*; and for a proof of its antiquity, the Tyrian temple-sculpture should be *only* hieroglyphical. The political character in the formation of monarchies and republics, as shown at Tyrus and Carthage, Mexico and Toltecas:—military character and knowledge of defensive locality, with analogous architecture in the sea and river walls of Tyrus and Copan. The *last event* in the history of Tyrus, sculptured upon the chief altar of the most ancient ruin (Copan); and from the character of that event, it would naturally become the *first* subject of record in the country to which they had emigrated; every detail of that altar is essentially Tyrian. *Painted* sculpture and the stuccoing of the walls of Tyrus and Palenque. The architecture, as to its square-columned style, identified as Tyrian and proved to be analogous from the temples of Jerusalem and Palenque, and from the square pillars of Copan; while the pyramidal base produced the compound term Egypto-Tyrian.”—Page 202.

We now come to the second book of the volume, in which the fact of the identity of the Mexicans with the Tyrians being presumed to be established, the author proceeds, by a history of Tyre from her origin to her overthrow by Alexander, to instruct us as to the events which led to the colonization of America, and the means employed to effect it. In this portion of his task, Mr.

Jones, considering the paucity of his materials, has shown much ingenuity,—we wish we could add equal accuracy; but of this hereafter.

The Tyrians, a colony from Sidon, were directly included in the malediction uttered against Canaan, the common founder of their race, and the innocent suffered by Ham's impiety. This curse, however, for many ages hung innocuously over their heads, and Tyre long continued first among the cities of the world,—a supremacy she owed to the benefits of commerce and navigation, a strict monopoly of which she succeeded in establishing and maintaining. Such indeed was her jealousy on this point, and so stern her refusal to allow any one to share in these advantages, that, although she granted her assistance to other nations in exploring and maritime expeditions, she insisted that they should be accomplished with ships she had built, sailors she had reared, and pilots she alone had instructed.

For some centuries after her foundation Tyre was governed by Cadmi, the Cadmus being a supreme judge, aided by a senatorial council; but soon after the Israelites had obtained a king, they became dissatisfied with their previous government, and, fixing on a monarchy, chose for their first sovereign Abibal, the Hiram of Scripture, and the father of the friend and ally of Solomon, Hiram the Great. This latter monarch, who appears to have been singularly liberal and beneficent in his policy, furnished, as is well known, both materials and artists for Solomon's temple. For these and other services he received from that monarch certain cities, which, failing to satisfy his expectations, he named the “land of Cabul” (displeasing).

Pygmalion, whose cruel treatment of his sister Dido and her husband Sichæus (or of Elizabeth and Acerbas, as Mr. Jones delights to call the unfortunate couple) was the immediate cause of the founding of Carthage, reigned at a later period in Tyre. During the reign of Ithobal I., according to the authority of Herodotus, the circumnavigation of Africa was accomplished, under the auspices indeed of Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, but under the superintendence and with the naval assistance of Tyre. Mr. Jones announces with great mystery, as a conclusive proof that the expedition was really accomplished, the circumstance that Herodotus in his account has mentioned the phenomenon of the sailors observing, upon passing the line,

that their shadows turned from the left to the right. But this would merely establish their progress as far as Melinda, a point which they would reach, comparatively speaking, at the commencement of their voyage.

It was shortly after this expedition, if any such really took place, that Tyre experienced the fulfilment of the first prophecy which had been made concerning her by Jeremiah and Ezekiel, that she should be taken by the Chaldeans under Nebuchadnezzar. This fact, according to Bishop Newton, is established by heathen writers, it being expressly mentioned by Josephus on the authority of Menander, and by Philostratus in his 'Indian and Phœnician Histories.' The effects of this siege, which lasted thirteen years, compelled the inhabitants to desert that part of the city which stood upon the main-land and to shut themselves up in the island, which subsequently became the Tyre so celebrated in history. Some authors have supposed that the island, Tyre, was first inhabited as a city after this siege by the Chaldeans; but Vitrिंगa, in his dissertation upon Isaiah, has satisfactorily proved that New and Old Tyre were one city.

The next important event in the history of Tyre is the deposition of the reigning family and substitution of that of Strato, a dynasty which continued until the termination of the monarchy; this event took place in the reign of Azelmic, the eighth king of that family, when "the ancient city," after a gallant defence, was taken, sacked, and destroyed by Alexander the Great. This siege is fixed by Mr. Jones as the commencement of the annals of ancient America, and he takes the opportunity to try his powers of graphic and stirring narration. We cannot think the experiment successful, or that the fifty pages containing an account of this event were particularly needed, or have much to do with the elucidation of his theory. An historical account, indeed, it cannot be called: it is a species of dramatic story, built upon the details which Arrian and Plutarch have handed down, and is throughout in the style of the following quotation, which purports to record the storming of the city, and the anecdote of the superstitious citizens chaining the statue of their Hercules-Apollo to the principal altar.

"At length the advancing heralds of Apollo were seen bounding above the mountains of

Damascus, springing with their gold-imbuing feet from cloud to cloud until they reached the zenith, when the Sun-god himself appeared, and approached from the mighty portals of the East, arrayed in the gorgeous mantle of his eternal throne! There was a moment of calm, breathless intensity, as before the hurricane; then arose the loud hosannahs from his Tyrian subjects, now prostrate with adoration: but they were answered by the terrific and appalling shouts of the ambushed Macedonians! Sudden as the storm-flash, a breathless panic seized the kneeling worshippers; they were transfixed with fear, surprise, and wonder; they felt that their ever-faithful deity had delivered them, bound in his own fetters, to the unsparing foe. They called aloud for his protection, but the brow of their god was suddenly shadowed by the clouds of an approaching tempest, indicating the war of elements as of man; the voice of supplication was now changed to the wild language of despair; all was horror and confusion among the temples, palaces, courts, and streets of the metropolis; the screams and shrieks of women and children, trodden under foot by the frantic and flying citizens, were unheard amid the demoniac yells of the invaders, which even deadened the sound of the distant and murmuring thunder; and they now in their shouts of approaching triumph applied the battering-engines with every energy and success, for the ramparts were unmanned, and their desperate assault unchecked.

"The boldest of the Tyrians recovering from surprise now rallied, and snatching up weapons merely of attack (for their persons were defenceless, from their festival attire) flew towards the wall, against which the impious attack was so furiously rendered. It was too late; an upper breach had been made, and the soft stone wall was fast falling beneath the repeated and ponderous blows of the battering-engines; the balistæ and catapultæ were now unmanned and overthrown as being useless, while the giant towers were wheeled and levered towards the breach which now momentarily increased in width; the several drop-bridges of the towers were instantly lowered upon the battered walls, when the concealed soldiery, after their first discharge of arrows and javelins, rushed like wolves from their dens upon the devoted sheepfolds! As the towers, galleries, and hive-cells were emptied, they were instantly replaced (refilled?) by swarms of warriors from the camp, the whole of which was now in motion. The hitherto inactive and impatient cavalry were drawn out and marshalled, ready to plunge like fierce dragons within the city when the crumbling walls should be partially levelled. The bravest of the hardy Tyrians met the first storming party (the forlorn hope even of ancient days) with dauntless courage, and kept in check, even by their dead bodies, the instant advance of the foe; the wall was disputed inch by inch, and with increasing fury by both parties, each being resolved to conquer or to die!

While the conflict was raging on the walls, where the loud sounds and flashing weapons seemed but the similitude of the overhanging thunder and the vivid lightning, Azelmic, his priests and body-guards, prepared to protect their god and temple to the last; in their despair and wild devotion, they took the golden statue of their deity from its pedestal, and with massive chains of the same metal to secure it, and with huge nails driven through perforated holes in the feet, they thus fastened it to the broad summit of the great altar of the nation!"—Page 371.

Mr. Jones expresses violent but just indignation at the conduct of Alexander in crucifying two thousand of the citizens after the siege, but it should be observed that Arrian does not mention this circumstance; it rests solely upon the authority of Diodorus and Quintus Curtius; and, even if true, there is some palliation, though no excuse, in the reflection, that the Tyrians had themselves previously violated the law of nations and become the aggressors, by murdering the envoys despatched to them during the siege by Alexander.

We learn from Curtius that the Sidonians carried away fifteen thousand of the ill-fated inhabitants of Tyre in their ships, and this mourning squadron is conducted by Mr. Jones, as the sagacious reader will have anticipated, down the Mediterranean. They touch at "The Fortunate Isles," where the friendly Sidonians leave them; but hearing rumors of Alexander's implacable resentment, they cast off again into the wide ocean, and leaving the Old World for ever, are wafted across the Atlantic into the Bay of Honduras. In haste to sacrifice to their tutelary god, they resort to the very foolish expedient of burning their ships for firewood; and hence their concealment for so many ages. All this is strikingly original, and may be satisfactory to ingenious minds!

Having thus followed our author as briefly as possible through his various theories, we cannot profess ourselves converts to his faith, although we readily bear testimony to his ingenuity and the pleasure to be derived from some parts of the volume. We still are disposed to consider, with some of the authors cited, that America was peopled by the nations of eastern Asia *viâ* Behring's Straits; but we admit it to be possible that the Tyrians, although not the original colonists, may, as Mr. Jones has suggested, have settled in Mexico, and perhaps for a time subdued the original inhabitants. They might have struggled for existence for some centuries, built the cities which have form-

ed the basis of these speculations, but have been finally overrun and extirpated by the Tartaric hordes, which, according to our supposition, would be continually moving downwards from the northern regions. If they had been the first inhabitants, we should naturally expect to find remains of cities in all the other parts of the hemisphere into which they by degrees spread: but far from this being the case, the ruins, comparatively speaking, lie within an extremely narrow compass.

It is now requisite to give some extracts illustrative of the peculiarities of the author's style, which exposes the most unblushing vanity with a confiding *naïveté* that is very amusing. We will begin with the following, from the introduction to the third chapter:—

"To support these startling assertions, to make their truth apparent to the reader, to convince his understanding and crush all doubts, that even History may place the volume within her archives, requires a basis of argument which shall be rock-built, that the superstructure about to be raised, while it invites, may yet resist (not defy) the storms and shafts of criticism; but as a strong-cemented edifice requires the warm influence of the sun to secure the component parts, so do we look for the sun-smile from the just and mild eye of the true critic, which will not only glance upon only one part of the composition, but view each as required to form the consistency of the entire building; and when the edifice is finished, whether the entablature will remain blank or bear our humble name, is not for us to determine or command; yet in reference to the latter and natural hope the sentiment of the senator of Utica will direct us, that if we cannot 'command success,' at least we will endeavor to 'deserve it.'"—Page 29.

The following specimen of the author's various dissertations upon the fine arts will be sufficient, even for the warmest admirer of the Maturin school:—

"Sculpture has a more harmonious voice than that of her stern consort (Architecture); the graceful bride, whose rock-ribbed cradle was amid the Parian hills, whose virgin youth reposed upon the halcyon marble of Pentelicus, has a voice of warm, yet chaste simplicity; her tones are as sweet, as from lips first nourished on Hymettus' hill. Yet at times they speak with all the solemnity of her consort, around whom she fondly clings, as the ivy around the oak; and, like that plant and tree, the sculpture-vine preserves for ages the character of the marble monarch of the arts, even after his broad-spreading authority has been broken and humbled to the earth by Time and Desolation; or these two destroy-

ing powers may be viewed as the Regan and the Goneril, while Architecture is the Lear and Sculpture the Cordelia of the arts."—*Page 34.*

We confess ourselves baffled and out of breath. In what sense Time, Desolation, and Sculpture can be the daughters of Architecture, more particularly as in the first part of the paragraph the last of the three is personified as his bride, is totally incomprehensible. There is much more of the same sort.

"Egypt! my first-born and consort of the Nile! while thy pyramids and temples shall remain,—and they will even to the final tempest of the world,—thou shalt be identified from among all the nations of the earth!

"Athens! my favorite daughter! until the rock of the Acropolis shall fall, thy classic beauties, around which have gleamed the meridian splendor of the mind, will proclaim that Minerva, Plato, Pericles, and Phidias were thy own!

"Palmyra! my third joy! although the wild Arab sleeps within thy roofless dwelling, with the whirling sands for his mighty mantle, yet, while thy porticoes, arches, and colonnades shall be seen, the city of the desert will live in memory; for the spirits of Longinus and Zenobia will be there!

"Rome! my warrior son! thy ancient glory," etc. etc.—*Page 35.*

The occasion of these passionate apostrophes is that they are supposed to be the bitter outpourings of Architecture and Sculpture, the parents of these ruined cities.

Mr. Jones's inaccuracy is sometimes surprising. In his account of the submission of Sidon to Alexander, he says—

"In compliment to his favorite Hephæstion, the Conqueror allowed him to appoint whom he pleased for king of Sidon. Hephæstion thereupon selected a poor man of the capital by the name of Strato, and instantly raised him to the dignity of Sidonian sovereign. The mendicant was a remote branch of the royal house, but had been unjustly degraded by the reigning monarch. When the new-raised king had his first interview with Alexander, his grateful remark was—'I pray that Apollo will enable you, Alexander, to bear prosperity with the same fortitude with which I have struggled with adversity!' The Macedonian highly applauded the philosophical point of the remark, and secured him in his new possession."—*Pages 342, 343.*

It happens unfortunately that *Strato* was the name of the then king of Sidon, whom Alexander deposed, while the name of the hero of the legend was, according to Quintus

Curtius, Abdolonymus. This however is of less consequence than the way in which Mr. Jones has missed the "philosophical point" of the reply, which in reality was to this effect:—"May the gods grant *me* to bear the crown with as tranquil a mind! For these hands have supplied all my wants, and having nothing I have wanted nothing."

Mr. Jones is an American, and we would wish to treat him and his works with that courtesy and urbanity which foreign, and particularly American authors are wont to receive from the British press; neither would we arrogantly exalt our own idioms over the transatlantic vernacular; yet in spite of all these considerations we must warn him for the future against such expressions as "acknowledges to know," "this distinction is nearly defined from the fact," "this last sentence cannot be entertained," etc.—against such sentences as, "these pictorial efforts of art are on a cloth of unusual thickness, in order to secure stability, for the Mexicans had no other written records but, which may now be added from the late discoveries, sculpture:"—and against such paragraphs as the following:—

"The hieroglyphics on the altar and idol of Copan (*vide* last section) in a similar manner demonstrate these sculptures to be of a religious character, but that fact does not preclude the association of historical events—they were so introduced and incorporated by the Egyptians and the ancients in order to *deify* those events: and by thus rendering a *sacristy* of character to the hero or the glory, to give them both (in their belief) an earthly, or rather celestial immortality."

As a parting word of advice we would bid him remember that

"Where so much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wise;"

and that in treating such recondite and, at best, uncertain subjects as those he has chosen, modest indecision and the most careful deliberation can scarcely be too apparent, while their opposites are certain to be condemned.

THE DEBTS OF THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE COBURG GOTHA.—The Times states, in the most distinct and emphatic terms, that the reports which are in circulation relative to the Duke of Saxe Gotha dying in debt are false, and without the slightest foundation. Instead of being in debt, the Duke left his eldest son money to the amount of £300,000, after the payment of his debts.

THE ILL-HUMORIST; OR, OUR RECANTATION.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Oh, I am stabbed with laughter.

[A voluntary confession of error has always a certain recommendation with it. We therefore trust that the discovery we have made, and the acknowledgment we here give of the fault we have fallen into respecting the "Humor" in which we have written, will be properly appreciated by a discerning public. EDITOR.]

WE are weary of good humor, heartily tired of mirth; we are resolved, in short, to be comical no more. The Tragic Muse shall have us all to herself. The Blue Devils take us!

For all man's life me-seems a tragedy
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophies,
Are heap't with spoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at last laid forth on baleful bier."

There shall be no more "cakes and ale" if we can help it. Our part in future shall be with virtue and Malvolio; we mean to give Sir Andrew Ague-cheek warning, and clasp Sir Andrew Agnew to our heart. If there shall be any more ale, it shall be "bitter ale," and our cup shall be that of Tantalus.

The grievances of Englishmen are, in sad earnest, the dearest privileges they possess. Our patriots of former days committed a grievous blunder in bringing in their Bill of *Rights*. A Bill of *Wrongs* would have been infinitely more popular, and immeasurably more in unity with the tastes and feelings of the country. The true rights of a Briton are his wrongs, for he is never so pleased as when he is afflicted, and never so discontented as when cause for grumbling he has none. Dogberry was a genuine son of Albion, albeit the great dramatist, in his caprice, claps us down that pink of constables in the streets of Messina. With what satisfaction and vain-glory does he not describe himself as "*a man who has had his losses!*" The losses of many a man are worth his profits told ten times over. What he gains subjects him to envy, increases his cares, augments his responsibilities and temptations; but what he loses (in addition to all the moral benefits resulting from the abstraction of so much filthy lucre,) has the enormous advantage of furnishing him with a good *casus belli* with the world, and a fair quarrel with the lady of the ever-spinning wheel.

Can there be a better proof of the prevailing fashion for grievances, than the precarious hold which reformers have had in all ages upon the affections of their fellow-citizens? The love of abuses springs from the love of having something to abuse. To be abusing somebody or something the live-long day, is an enjoyment not to be dispensed with by those who have once tasted it; and the abuse highest in favor is that which comes in our

* Spenser's "*Tears of the Muses.*"

way most frequently, and affords us the greatest number of occasions for exhibiting our spleen. We have known a man keep a three-legged stool in his study, for no earthly purpose but to knock his shins against and swear at. Upon the same principle many people keep cats and dogs in their houses, that they may have something to execrate for every broken saucer, and to cuff and kick whenever they meet it on the stairs. This is the true reason that pets are often the most odious creatures of their species; the animal is maintained at considerable expense, expressly because it is mischievous and detestable, thus providing us with a perennial theme for vituperation, and the exercise of our irascible dispositions. Nay, we often see this system extended to the human race, and servants and other dependants retained in an establishment, purposely to keep the temper of the master or mistress up to the boiling point. This is the use of a Smike to a Squeers. Smike was a well-conditioned simpleton; but many a mischievous and incorrigible brat escapes expulsion from school, because he ensures some epicure of a pedagogue the daily exercise of his verberose propensities. An urchin of this description is the schoolmaster's pet-boy; not all the good scholars in the academy afford him half the satisfaction which he derives from this one incorrigible favorite.

This pleasure to be found in pain, this good in evil, this source of joy discoverable in the very stream of sorrow, is precisely what is figured by the diamond in the reptile's head.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Still wears a precious jewel in his head.

Discontent is the jewel of adversity; tears are literally pearls; and there is no gold to be compared to the "gold of affliction," as a celebrated impost in the Lower Empire was appropriately designated. Why is Ireland, for example, called the

First flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea,

but because she is always in tribulation, and for ever in the dumps? Her true emerald is her distress; robbed of that she would be robbed of her reputation, and reduced to poverty indeed. A "good distress" makes the fortune of a tragic poet, and in this respect most men resemble the priests of Melpomene; they love a "good distress" prodigiously. It is evident from the wild schemes and impracticable objects that we are continually proposing, or in quest of, that we actually seek to be disappointed, knowing how sweet it is to talk of blighted hopes and rail at Fortune. How often do we not subscribe to mad speculations, and invest every shilling of our capital in the airiest bubbles, seemingly out of an abstract love of ruin. A ruined fortune would seem to be as attractive as the ruin of an abbey or a

castle in a landscape. In like manner we expect impossibilities from our children, and make the most unreasonable requests of our friends, merely to qualify ourselves to deplore filial ingratitude, and protest that friendship is but a name.

The place-hunter may possibly derive some slight advantage from gaining his suit and a situation: but how much happier is he who is in a condition to accuse the perfidy of a minister, and revile the government all his days? In matters of religion, it is well known, that the way to gratify the zealot is to persecute him. The enthusiast loves the country where good fires are kept to warm, and even occasionally to roast him. Toleration freezes him, and perfect religious liberty is like sending him to Siberia. We have a shrewd notion that the most miserable country imaginable is that which Sir Thomas More discovered, and called Utopia. We would not be Utopians for all the world; but as we meditate a formal attack upon that dull nation at a future opportunity, we shall say no more of them, or their sad prosperity, at present.

He that will take the trouble of measuring the L'ALLEGRO with the IL PENSEROSO, will find the latter poem some score of verses longer than the former, an apt illustration of the truth that the catalogue of human troubles is longer by twenty grievances than the list of human satisfactions. We are determined, therefore, to be merry no longer.

There's such a charm in melancholy,
We would not, if we could, be gay.

What costs and trouble we have been at in the quest of gayeties, while sorrows and tribulations might have been had in bushels, as plenty and cheap as blackberries! It is to be feared that we have hitherto committed a gross mistake in catering for the supposed public appetite for mirth. We have forgotten the *luxury of woe*! We have overlooked the most striking fact in the philosophy of the human mind,—namely, the *love of grievance*. From this error have arisen the Comic Almanacks, Comic Annuals, and all Comic Miscellanies of the day. Even the Latin Grammar has been made a farce of, and laughter extracted from "As in Presenti." "Punch" has even distilled smiles from law-books; which proves that sunbeams are producible from cucumbers. One would suppose that England was still the "merry England" of the days of Robin Hood and the Round Table. One would think that we English were a giggling, grinning, joking, light-hearted people, instead of the plodding, grumbling, tax-paying nation that we are. What have we to do with fun and frolic? We who live on melancholy beef, and have our being in solid plum-pudding, what have we to do with kickshaws, entre-mets, and trifles? Our centre is the centre of gravity, and those who would have us spin on the centre of levity, mistake the mechanism of our national character altogether. The Eng-

lishman is solid as his own food, and grave as his own mustard-pot. We eat melancholy meat, drink melancholy drink, and melancholy has "marked us for her own."

It is the most preposterous thing in the world for us to keep a retinue of wits, and such an immense establishment of jesters. Next year it will not be our fault if there is not a "Tragic Almanack," and our resolution is taken to establish a "Tragic Annual" likewise, and perhaps baptize the *New Monthly* anew by the title of the "ILL-HUMORIST." We shall publish at Charing Cross, and we expect all *grave* people will promote and encourage our *undertaking*. It will be our study to suit the *ill-temper* of the times, and we shall endeavor to engage the services of Mr. Croker. In fact, it will be a sort of revival of "Fog's Journal."

With a view to these projects we have already commenced forming a library. It contains,

Burton's Anatomy of The Mourning Bride.	
Melancholy.	The Distressed Mother.
Zimmerman on Solitude.	Memoirs of Grim.
Thomson's Winter.	McWhine on the Lamentations.
The Dance of Death.	Ovid's Tristia.
Young's Night Thoughts.	The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.
Hervey's Meditations.	Stories of Shipwrecks and Tales of Conflagrations.
The Sorrows of Werther.	Miserrimus.
Blair's Grave.	The Practice of Courts of Equity.
The Newgate Calendar.	
The Elegies of Tibullus.	

With this lamentable library, and a corps of the sourest fellows, drinkers of vinegar and eaters of lemons, to be met with in the saddest streets, the most lugubrious lanes, and the crossiest courts in London, we hope to make the "ILL-HUMORIST" a most fascinating magazine. We have already retained three elegiac bards to do the poetry, and the same number of grievance-mongers to manage the political department. Our editor will always be habited in a sorry suit; our "sub" will wear green and yellow, those being the colors which Shakspeare assigns to melancholy; our devils will be blue, if we can procure them, if not we shall advertise for sad boys; and at the door of our office will be stationed a pair of the most dismal mutes to be found in the metropolis. We shall appear in a drab cover, with a huge cross, or vinegar-cruet for our device, with the motto,

It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques

There will be a letter-box (illuminated with weeping gas) always open to receive the sighs of lovers, the tears of schoolboys, the complaints of wives, the recriminations of husbands, the wails of the disappointed, the grunts of the disaffected, the moans of manufacturers, the groans of the farmers. It shall not be

our fault if we do not deserve to be groaned, and merit the rueful countenance of the public. Moor ditch shall not be more melancholy than we, or a drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe more doleful. The cries of London shall find a faithful echo in our pages, and we shall make engagements with the criers of all the courts of justice in England, so as to ensure returns of all the wrongs and hardships that suitors and offenders sustain at the hands of judges and juries. Instead of paying a penny a line for murders and great fires, we shall give the same handsome sum per word, including conjunctions and pronouns. All who rail at railways will do well to favor us with their contributions, for it is our fixed determination to be always rich in land-slips, collisions, and explosions. In general strikes we shall endeavor to be as striking as possible. If we fail, it will not be for lack of failures, for our columns shall be rich in insolvencies, and we are resolved to break ourselves in bankruptcies.

A portion of our space will be devoted to rural and agricultural affairs. We have a project for cultivating the cypress in this country, and encouraging the growth of rue and wormwood. As to our English corn, it will be our constant care to tread upon it: we shall thrash the question of the corn-laws, and raise the animating cry of "Dear Bread;" while in Ireland we shall maintain, support, and defend the Corn-Exchange, that Delphos of discontent, and Dodona of dissatisfaction. As to Oates, we care but little for any branch of the family except old Titus, who catered so well in his day for our national love of a supper of horrors. We shall ourselves be always well supplied with plots and conspiracies, and treason alone shall flourish in our pages. We intend to be the greatest alarmists in England, and our readers will see a French navy or a Russian squadron in every fleet of fishing-boats they perceive in the offing. Every month there will be a report of a terrible earthquake in some part of the country or another. We shall prove this to be the most volcanic corner of the globe, and we shall have correspondents in Wales and Cumberland who will give us daily accounts of wolves and avalanches. Then Perkins's steam-gun shall burst once a fortnight at least, and the blowing up of the few public men whose loss is likely to afflict the nation, shall be recorded minutely.

The markets will be carefully watched—the flesh of donkeys detected in the veal, horse-flesh in the beef, kittens in rabbits, crows in pigeons, and hemlock in every sprig of parsley. We promise to keep public attention forever alive to the adulterations of bread and every other necessary of life. There will be a sharp eye into every copper kettle in London, and it will be a small speck of verdigris that will elude our sagacity. Our magazine will be a vast assistance to the magistrates and police, by pointing out a thousand street nuisances which, with all their acuteness, they have as yet no notion of. We have been edu-

cating our eyes and noses for the purpose, and if a single annoyance escapes our notice, we engage to return the money to our subscribers.

To recommend ourselves to fine gentlemen and young men of spirit, there will be a black list published in every number, of those discreditable tradesmen and shop-keepers who keep accounts, and have the assurance to send in their bills.

There will always be a pitiful story by Moody, illustrated by Scowl, or a tale by Mrs. Whimper, with a design by Wasp. We invite contributions, but a single stroke of pleasantry, or the slightest evidence of good-humor, will be fatal to any writer who desires to appear in our pages. Nobody shall shine in the "Ill-humorist." Instead of paying by the joke or the smile, we shall pay by the rub or the frown. Our contents must be discontents, or mal-contents.

The discontents of the first number will be as follows:

1. The Shocking Condition of England Question. By Sir Gloomy Grumble, Bart., M. P.
2. Sharpe upon Acids.
3. The Perils and Dangers of the Streets of London.
4. Ode to Dissatisfaction.
5. An Essay on Sighs. By Dieaway Sob, Esq.
6. The Natural History of the Weeping Willow. By Professor Lorn.
7. The Seven Woes. By the Rev. John Fright. Author of the "Waters of Mara," and the "Day of Vengeance."
8. Disasters by Land and Sea.
9. Life and Adventures of Mr. Diggory Doleful, with his continual falls and downfalls, misdoings and undoings, losses and crosses, evictions and convictions, moanings and groanings, his woes, foes, throes, blows, from his first cry to his last sigh. By Miserrimus Moody, illustrated by Scowl.

DIVING BELL.—On the 21st of April, a chemist of Paris descended to the bottom of the Seine in a diving-bell, which weighed nearly a thousand pounds, (*plusieurs centimes de kilogrammes*), and remained nearly half an hour under the water. The bell contained a chemical apparatus, by means of which he absorbed the carbonic acid gas, and secured a supply of oxygen and hydrogen, so as to maintain the atmosphere within the bell in a fit state for supporting animal life. The experiment succeeded perfectly, and there is every reason to believe that a person may descend with the apparatus in such a bell to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the sea, and remain there for an indefinite time. The invention promises to be of much advantage in the pearl and coral fisheries.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH RIVALRY IN EASTERN AFRICA.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *The Highlands of Ethiopia.* By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1844.
2. *Voyage sur la Côte Orientale de la Mer Rouge, dans le Pays d'Adel et le Royaume de Choa.* Par C. E. X. Rochet d'Hericourt. Paris. 1841.
3. *A Geographical Survey of Africa, its Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Productions, States, Population, &c.; with a Map on an entirely new Construction. To which is prefixed, a Letter to Lord John Russell regarding the Slave Trade and the Improvement of Africa.* By James M'Queen, Esq. London: B. Fellowes. 1840.
4. *Voyage en Abyssinie, dans le Pays des Galla, de Choa et d'Ifat; précédé d'une Excursion dans l'Arabie Heureuse, et accompagné d'une Carte de ces diverses Contrées.* Par MM. Edward Combes et M. Tamisier. 1835—1837. 4 tomes. Paris: 1838.

EVENTS are at present in progress, which must, ere long, in all probability, concentrate much of the attention of the civilized world upon the western shores of the Red Sea. Governments professing towards each other the strictest amity at home, may, nevertheless, be elsewhere carrying on all the while a system of secret hostilities, that is, be endeavoring, by intrigue and negotiation, to undermine and supplant each other, to circumscribe each other's trade, to diminish each other's allies—in one word, to effect by silent arts what the noisy diplomacy of the cannon often fails to accomplish. There is no friendship between states. Leagued together they may be for the achievement of some particular purpose, and while this connexion continues they may seem to be animated by feelings of mutual good-will; but where their interests diverge, there instantly arises a divergence of predilections, and the smothered enmity of centuries exhibits itself without disguise. Thus is it now, and thus will it ever be, between Great Britain and France, one of the theatres of whose undying hostilities we purpose to delineate, physically and morally, in the present article.

Abyssinia consists of a cluster of tablelands, supported at a vast elevation above

the level of the sea, by chains of mountains which stretch round them like buttresses on all sides, and descend precipitously, verdant and reeking with moisture, into the arid and burning plains of the torrid zone. Within the limits of this extraordinary region lie the once mysterious sources of the Blue Nile and the Hawash. Here, according to numerous traditions, was situated the country of the Queen of Sheba, who, in the reign of Solomon, visited the Holy Land. On the same spot rested one of the earliest cradles of the gospel, and through it, as through a spacious portal, have issued in all ages the collected riches of Central Africa, its ostrich plumes, its ivory, its perfumes, its precious gums, its spices, and its gold.

Of the real value of this country, Europe has, nevertheless, at all times formed but a very inadequate conception. It has been looked upon as the mere threshold of the great continent, of which it ought rather to be esteemed the citadel. Travellers and adventurers have consequently approached it, until very recently, with no projects terminating within its own borders, but merely in the hope of facilitating their entrance into the interior. And wherefore? Simply because Abyssinia is not itself the region of gold and precious stones, of rich dyes and costly odors. But, in the eyes of a civilized statesman, it is something more; gifted as it is with an inexhaustibly fertile soil, abundant water, a temperate climate, varied and beautiful hills and valleys, and every possible requisite for carrying on successfully the pursuits of agriculture. Few tracts on the surface of the globe present more peculiar or picturesque features. Every where the eye may rest at once on the productions of the temperate and torrid zones, firs and larches clothing the summits and upper slopes of the mountains, while junipers shoot up to the prodigious height of one hundred and sixty feet on their lower terraces, and pines and bananas nestle in the sultry recesses of the valleys. The advantages offered by the accidents of the ground are, wherever they prevail, turned to account by agriculture. We have here, consequently, a repetition of the system of tillage anciently pursued with diligence in Greece, Palestine, and Peru, as at present in China, the Himalaya, and the countries west of the Indus. Rude walls of stone are carried at different heights along the face of the mountains, to check the downward tendency of the soil, so that the eye

of the traveller, in whatever direction it may turn, beholds a succession of platforms, green with the young corn, or golden with harvest, climbing the precipitous acclivities, by which the conical pinnacles of Æthiopia are usually approached.

Other features co-operate in imparting beauty to these landscapes. Villages and hamlets, in many instances scarcely a pistol-shot from each other, chequer the mountain side; and their clusters of conical roofs, made peculiarly pointed in order to turn off the tropical rains, peeping forth through breaks in the hoary foliage of the juniper or the luxuriant acacia, suggest at once the idea of security and comfort. Numerous tribes of monkeys inhabit the crags and precipices; and birds of the most varied and gorgeous plumage, including the blue heron, the flamingo, and the white ibis of Egypt, bask upon the rocks, or swarm among the branches of the trees. Elsewhere, as in the forests of Gidam, and in the jungal tracts on the banks of the Hawash, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the wild buffalo, and the oryx, the lion, the leopard, and the hyæna, with antelopes in droves, augment the living interest of the scene.

The inhabitants themselves, whatever may be the defects of their moral character, in the picture tell well, artistically considered. Tall in stature, bulky in form, and affecting a flowing and showy costume, they, especially when on horseback, with lance and buckler, their long dark hair streaming in the wind, excite, mechanically, the admiration of the stranger. To heighten the effect of their exterior, they are generally beheld together, flocking to the court of their despot, or scouring under his lead over hill and plain, upon the military expedition or wild foray. On occasions like these they vie with each other in barbaric splendor. Nations scarcely emerged from the savage state always delight in displays of the precious metals, which, brightly burnished, glitter about their persons, or in the caparisoning of their coursers. When assembled, therefore, in thousands and tens of thousands, in the bright sunshine of the tropics, their spear-blades flashing, their metallic ornaments, and the appointments of their steeds, sending forth, at every movement, coruscations illuminating the surrounding atmosphere, an Amharic host must undoubtedly be a brilliant and exciting spectacle, though inferior, perhaps, in grandeur, to a body of British cav-

alry clad in scarlet and gold, with polished cuirasses and crested helmets.

Upon a closer scrutiny, however, the Abyssinians show to much less advantage. Unhappily they have not yet discovered the value of cleanliness. Addicted, man and woman, to the practice of anointing themselves with mutton fat or rancid butter, and feeding habitually upon raw flesh, which imparts to their perspiration an execrable odor, their approach is always announced by a cloud of a very different quality from that which floated round the gods of classical poetry. What Prior wrote of the ladies of the Cape, is literally true of the Abyssinian dames,

‘Before you see, you smell your toast,
And sweetest she who stinks the most.’

We have ourselves scented a bevy of African damsels at the distance of a hundred yards, and always, when engaged in colloquy with them, manœuvred to prevent their getting between the wind and our nobility.

In physical conformation, as in habits, the people of Shoa are somewhat coarse. The women exhibited in the slave bazaars of Egypt, under the name of Abyssinians, remarkable for their delicate and finely-proportioned features, for the lightness of their step, and the gracefulness of their figures, are all of them Gallas. Nothing similar is observed in the Abyssinian race, though tradition brings them from Arabia, and fame has blazoned their reputation for beauty throughout the East. Even in the court of the great Kublai Khan poetry delights to place a damsel of this country;—

‘It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.’

But in contemplating the present inhabitants of Ethiopia, the Gallas, whether converted to Christianity or lingering still amid the prejudices of their Mohammedan or Pagan creed, ought to be regarded as natives, since they, perhaps, constitute a majority, at least among the subjects of the king of Shoa. And this people, whose history, beyond a certain period, is unknown, forcibly attract our thoughts far beyond the limits of Abyssinia, which they hem round with their settlements, tributary or hostile, while their roving hordes, hovering in the back-ground in savage independence, obstruct at pleasure the great arteries of African commerce. Returning towards the shores of the Red sea, we meet with the

various tribes of Danakil, the Isah, the Somaali, and the Mudaito, among all of whom a sort of impure leaven of civilization has been thrown hitherto, not to better their condition, but to embitter and degrade it.

A different destiny, however, appears to be in store for them. More than one European state has extended its desires to that part of Africa, which, to all appearances, must shortly be subjected to external influence. It has every where, in fact, been the plan of European nations to gird round Africa with a belt of settlements, and then to close in gradually, as it were, upon the interior, civilizing or conquering as they proceed. On the eastern coast this process has been obstructed, at the very first step, by the nature of the country, which, arid, burning, and unproductive, has not been deemed worthy of subjugation. Even commercial settlements have not been attempted until lately. But as soon as Aden became an integral portion of the British empire, it was evident to all who could extend their observations thus far, that the light of our civilization would not be set up in vain on the mountainous promontories of Southern Arabia.* The 'meteor flag of England,' waving or flapping over our impregnable fortifications, may almost be said to be visible from the African shore, which is visited daily by the sound of our guns. The natives, however, whether in Asia or Africa, are far from being scared by this music, which instead of inspiring terror and apprehension, suggests feelings of confidence and hopes of protection, and attracts them like swarms of bees to the secure hive prepared for them.

*'Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum.
Ipsæ considit medicatis sedibus: ipsæ
Intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.'*

The force of this attraction will be understood when it is remembered that Aden contained no more than six hundred souls when it fell into our hands, whereas the population now, after little more than four years' occupation, ranges between twenty and thirty thousand.

The giant strides made in all directions by our Indian empire, our invasion of Afghanistan, our occupation, though temporary, of islands in the Persian Gulf, our negotiations for Socotra, and our settlement at

* Is it possible, as has been insinuated in an article in the 'Morning Chronicle,' Feb. 10, 1844, that Lord Ellenborough contemplates the abandonment of this all important fortress?

Aden roused the jealousy of our political and commercial rivals in both hemispheres. Steps were taken by the United States to arrest our progress on one point by becoming our competitors for the possession of Socotra; the Imâm of Muscat, friendly to us upon the whole, though perhaps on compulsion, exercised all the art of diplomacy of which his intellect was capable to supplant us on the shores of the Indian ocean, from Zanzibar upwards; while the French, at first under the direction of M. Thiers, and afterwards, with greater caution, under the guidance of M. Guizot's more astute policy, endeavored to counterbalance the advantages we had gained at Aden, by furtively introducing themselves as friends or masters into the various little emporia and harbors on the coasts of the opposite continent. As a beginning, by force, fraud, or negotiation, the port of Johanna was taken possession of in the island of Madagascar. Next a single ship, exceedingly moderate in dimensions, in order that no alarm might be excited, was despatched to the African shore, with instructions to negotiate for permission to attempt the navigation of the Juba. Whether out of fear of all Europeans, however, or from a well-founded distrust of the French in particular, the Mohammedan authorities greeted the adventurous Gaul with a peremptory refusal. But France, prepared for failure on particular points, was by no means discouraged. A small squadron of ships of war, said to have been fitted out secretly in the port of Bordeaux, shortly afterwards entered the straits of Babelmandeb, not all at once, but dropping in unostentatiously, frigate after frigate, until there was a force in the Red Sea capable of alarming a maritime power less conscious than Great Britain of its irresistible strength. Negotiations were now commenced in downright earnest. Fortunately for the designs of these interlopers, Shereef Hussein, the governor in command at Mocha, entertained extremely hostile feelings towards this country. He believed, whether with or without reason, that we intended to co-operate with the Imâm of Sana in dislodging him from his post, and therefore regarded the arrival of the French as a fortunate circumstance, and threw open to them at once both his port and his affections. Operations were immediately commenced. Berbera they found was hopelessly secured in the English interest. They consequently made their *coup d'essai* at Zeyla, which being in

some sort a dependency of Mocha, they reckoned with extreme confidence on obtaining at a blow. The correspondence of the French commander, had it been intercepted, would doubtless have contained very curious revelations, of the nature of which we are of course wholly ignorant. But it has somehow or another transpired, that Ibn Ismail entertained no preference for a French alliance, so that the light of Louis Philippe's countenance was compelled to seek for some spot further north, whereon to diffuse its radiance. One of the subtle diplomatists of the Tuileries proceeded to Tajúra where the generous and gentle Sultan Mohamed Ibn Mohamed, whose eulogium has been so feelingly composed by M. Rochet d' Héricourt, was expected to yield himself up at once to the seductive charm of French manners. Perverse fatality! Here also the agents of M. Thiers made the disagreeable discovery that the English had been beforehand with them. Nor was this all. Instead of gently declining their alliance Mohamed Ibn Mohamed unceremoniously and roughly ordered them to depart from his territories, where he caused them very distinctly to understand their presence would be exceedingly offensive to his good friends of Aden. All this may appear very inexplicable to one acquainted with the circumstance that Tajúra pays, from time immemorial, a sort of tribute to Zeyla, while Zeyla again pays tribute to Mocha, which at the period of the above transactions was devoted to French interests. Most readers, however, remember the classical anecdote of Philip of Macedon, who said that no city was impregnable to him, which could be approached by an ass laden with darics. Now asses of all kinds are plentiful in the east, and the English, it is said, are prone to use them, which may in part account for the little success that attended the efforts of M. Thiers' naval missionaries. But the authorities both of Zeyla and Tajúra were, moreover, sufficiently able to calculate to convince themselves, that the nation which commanded the entrance to the Red Sea, and possessed a line of enormous steamers capable of blowing in one hour the whole of their frail tenements into the air, was far more to be dreaded than a state like France, in whose power they were very slow to believe. The game which thus failed without the straits was now played within, first at Massowah, with no better luck, and next at Eedh, where an exhibition of French probity and faith was made, which

can scarcely fail to excite the admiration of the civilized world. Upon the arrival of the great diplomatist, the Sheikh was found to be absent, engaged we believe in a pilgrimage to the tomb of his prophet. He had, however, according to custom, left his better or worse half behind him. Here then was an occasion for the display of French gallantry. The gentlemen of the mission caused the lady to be informed, that being anxious to establish a commercial residence in the place, they wished to purchase a small plot of ground whereon they might erect a factory. It was in vain that they were informed in reply, that the Sheikh being absent, there was no person at Eedh possessing authority to treat with them on the subject. They persisted in their demand; and at length, by the usual display of force and insolence, terrified the poor Arab lady into the disposal of what did not belong to her. An instrument was drawn up in Arabic, making over to them, in consideration of a certain sum, sufficient land for the ground plot of a house, with perhaps a court or garden. Of the purchase-money, one half was to be paid down, the other at some future time stated in the instrument. According to custom, a translation of the document was made for transmission into France, and to this as well as to the original the lady was prevailed upon to set her seal. Instead, however, of adhering to the terms agreed upon in the Arabic document, the honest agents of Louis Philippe, not being exposed to immediate detection, transferred to themselves *one hundred and fifty miles of coast, over which the Sheikh and his wife had about as much authority as we have!* This characteristic transaction obviously justifies our neighbors in applying to us, as they constantly do, the appellation of *La Perfide Albion*.

While these creditable movements were in progress on the coast, the interior was by no means neglected. Shoals of French spies and emissaries drifted before the policy of the warlike minister into Tigré, Gojam, and Shoa, some intent upon fulfilling the designs of their employers and some with other projects to which we shall allude anon. It is well known to the public that the English Church Missionary Society had at different times despatched several ministers into Abyssinia for the purpose of diffusing in that benighted country a correct knowledge of Christianity. Of these some were actually there when the French agents arrived. Their presence,

however, and the influence they exercised, were so wholly incompatible with the views of France, that the first step taken by its unscrupulous emissaries was to dislodge them. The experiment was commenced in Tigré, the cruel and astute despot of which, tolerant not through principle, but through policy, had up to that time favored them to serve a political purpose. An Egyptian army, it was said, secretly no doubt encouraged and urged on by France, had approached to within three days' march of the frontiers of Tigré, with what views was not publicly stated. Ubié feared, however, that Mohammed Ali contemplated the entire conquest of Abyssinia, which in reality was the fact, though a chain of circumstances, guided by a far distant hand, checked the pasha's ambitious enterprise. So long as the Egyptians continued to advance, Ubié exhibited every token of friendship towards the missionaries, because he expected, through them, to obtain from India military assistance against the Egyptian pasha. When, in obedience to the court of St. James's, Mohammed Ali relinquished his design upon Abyssinia, the ruler of Tigré, not by any means aware to whom he owed his deliverance, began immediately to look coldly upon the English missionaries, and to listen to the insinuations and promises of the French. Among these was a Roman Catholic priest, animated at once by religious and national bigotry, who excited the fanaticism of the Abyssinian clergy against our Protestant brethren, by denouncing them incessantly as heretics, and maintaining that they were universally so regarded in Europe. These sectarian denunciations were vigorously seconded by the diplomacy of the secular emissaries. They dwelt upon the encroaching spirit and perfidious policy of England, which, by treachery the most consummate, had established its authority throughout a great part of Asia, and was now pushing its preliminary settlements towards Abyssinia along the shores of the Red Sea. Ubié suffering himself to be alarmed by these representations, withdrew his protection from the English missionaries, and ordered them instantaneously to quit his country. The same arts were put in practice with more or less success in Amhara, Gojam, and Shoa. Every where French influence was predominant, and by an artful though extremely sparing distribution of presents and still more liberal promises, a taste was attempted to be excited for French manu-

factures. Nevertheless, our English goods could not be wholly excluded from the Abyssinian market, their cheapness and superiority obtained for them an irritating preference. Recourse, therefore, was had to other manœuvres, and as a master-stroke of diplomacy, the idea was diligently circulated throughout the country that the English were insidiously making their approaches, in order to abolish the slave trade, and thus in every house, from the palace to the cottage, to arm and animate the servant against his master.

In giving currency to these calumnious reports, numerous agents were busily engaged, and at their head may be placed the Messrs. d'Abadie and the well-known Rochet d'Héricourt. But in selecting this last-named individual M. Thiers had made a great mistake. Rochet, as Sáhila Selássi used familiarly to call him, was not a person to be content with the position of an emissary. He formed plans of gigantic dimensions and aimed high, and if fortune stepped in between him and success, the fact is only to be accounted for by the circumstance that M. Rochet's ambition was very greatly an overmatch for his prudence. Had it been otherwise his plans might have come to us through the channels of history, which would have had to record how M. Rochet d'Héricourt arrived in Shoa by way of Tajúra; how, by the dispensing of medicine and other arts, he ingratiated himself with the inhabitants of the country, and got together a strong party; how, through his agency, Sáhila Selássi was sent to sleep with his fathers; how he seated himself on his vacant throne, took the royal Besabesh into his harem, added thereto the most beautiful among the five hundred concubines of his predecessor, erected his new capital on the summit of one of the loftiest mountains in the country, offered the honors of the patriarchate to Mr. Krapf, the English missionary, on condition he would co-operate with him in carrying out his plans, sent the lazy native priests to cultivate cotton and sugar-canes in the sultry valleys of Gidam, conquered the surrounding Gallas, extinguished English influence, and extended condescendingly the right hand of fellowship to his former most scrupulous and royal master the King of the French. The reader may smile; but most certain it is that our worthy French adventurer contemplated all we have sketched out, and more. Nor would the undertaking have proved so difficult as might at

first sight appear. To project daringly is, in those countries, half the battle, and could Rochet have got hold of all the presents which the Controller-general, M. Combes, and others, pretended to have brought to the coast, he would certainly at all events have commenced the drama.

But this of course was a little episode, not foreseen or contemplated either by M. Thiers or by M. Guizot. Their object was to extend, along the shores of Eastern Africa, the chain of forts which they had established on the north and west, and which it is confidently hoped in France will shortly embrace Egypt. At the outset, commercial objects only were ostensibly to be effected by this policy. France was to secure to itself a monopoly in all the productions of the interior of Africa conveyed by caravans towards the Red Sea, through the countries of Enarea, Kaffa, Kambat, Shoa, Gojam, and Amhara, up to the confines of Senaar. What these productions are we need scarcely enumerate in detail. It will be sufficient to mention the ostrich plumes, the ivory, the rich dyes, the precious gums, the spices, the coffee, the gold, whether in dust or in bars, the peltries, and the slaves, which the lax consciences of our neighbors would have allowed them to smile upon in their passage from the land of their birth to Asiatic servitude. Upon this part of the subject it is unnecessary to dilate. The government of India saw at once the greatness of the interests at stake, and after mature deliberation determined upon despatching an ambassador to the King of Southern Abyssinia. It should be observed, however, that Sáhila Selássi, the prince in question, was still more eager to behold such a mission set on foot than the Indian government itself, and while the idea was under discussion at Bombay, forwarded a letter, earnestly entreating that an ambassador might be sent to him. The home government having been consulted upon the subject, Lord Palmerston, always alive to the interest of commerce, approved of the design, and directed that an embassy should proceed without delay to the court of Shoa.

Considering the number of able and distinguished men ever to be found in the military and civil service of India, the government could be at no loss to find an able politician to conduct the business of the embassy. The choice, however, fell upon Major Cornwallis Harris. This officer had not previously, we believe, been engaged

in diplomatic affairs. But it was known to all the authorities in the presidency that he had diligently applied himself to the study of politics, and what was of far greater importance, concealed great depth of thought, far-seeing sagacity, and the capacity to detect and counteract the most cunning devices of political Jesuitism, beneath a laughing and seemingly careless exterior. We saw, therefore, that he was precisely the man to represent Great Britain in Abyssinia. His genius, comprehensive and versatile, was equally adapted to the pursuits of peace and war, to the intrigues of the cabinet, and the fierce encounter of wild beasts in forest or jungle. His suite was numerous and well selected, including officers of high ability and scientific men eminent for their attainments. From the moment of touching on the African coast, the varied powers of Major Harris's mind were called into play. He had sometimes to soothe, sometimes to menace and overawe the subtle and avaricious old sultan of Tajúra; he had to bring his diplomatic arts to bear on the owners of mules and camels, more difficult oftentimes to treat with in the East than the Metternichs of the Durbar; he had to reconcile hostile chiefs, to subdue the rancor and animosity of jealous tribes; now to exercise the forbearance which the highest civilization teaches, and now to make an exhibition of those arts of destruction which repress the insolence of the savage, and accustom his mind to acquiesce in its own inferiority. In the portion of his work, which describes the circumstances to which we have alluded, Major Harris displays the skill of a practised and popular writer. His account of the march through the burning deserts of the Adárel, from the Bay of Foulness to the foot of the Abyssinian Alps, reports of which reached us from time to time, is one rapid succession of glowing and gorgeous pictures, such as would be vainly sought for in the work of any other modern traveller. Many of his landscapes are worthy of Salvator Rosa. The fire of the climate appears to be infused into the language which describes it. He spreads the burning canopy of a tropical sky over the fancy of his reader, piles around him the rocks and precipices crumbling beneath the rays of the scorching sun, and renders him the companion of the thirsty caravan toiling in sullen despair through the suffocating ravines and hollows which constitute the home of the cut-throat Danakil, Isah, and Mudaito

Bedouins. A tame style would have been absurd and offensive in delineating scenes such as these. They required, to give them verisimilitude, words analogous to themselves, bold, picturesque, and strange, calculated to excite powerful emotions, to give birth to new associations, to raise and transport the mind from the tranquil beauties of a temperate climate into the wild and terrible volcanic creations of that particular section of the torrid zone. To illustrate our meaning we shall here introduce Major Harris's account of his passage along the Great Salt Lake, which our friends the Arabs ironically denominate Bahr Assal, or the 'Sea of Honey.'

"'Twas midnight when the thirsty party commenced the steep ascent of the ridge of volcanic hills, which frowned above the south-eastern boundary of the fiery lake. The searching north-east wind had scarcely diminished in its parching fierceness, and in hot suffocating gusts swept fitfully over the broad glittering expanse of water and salt, whereon the moon shone brightly—each deadly puff succeeded by the stillness that foretells a tropical hurricane—an absolute absence even of the smallest ruffling of the close atmosphere. Around the prospect was wild, gloomy, and unearthly, beetling basaltic cones and jagged slabs of shattered lava—the children of some mighty trouble—forming scenery the most shadowy and extravagant. A chaos of ruined churches and cathedrals, *eedgahs*, towers, monuments, and minarets, like the ruins of a demolished world, appeared to have been confusedly tossed together by the same volcanic throes, that, when the earth was in labor, had produced the phenomenon below; and they shot their dilapidated spires into the molten vault of heaven, in a fantastic medley, which, under so uncertain a light, bewildered and perplexed the heated brain. The path, winding along the crest of the ridge, over sheets of broken lava, was rarely of more than sufficient width to admit of progress in single file; and the livelong hours, each seeming in itself a century, were spent in scrambling up the face of steep, rugged precipices, where the moon gleamed upon the bleaching skeleton of some camel that had proved unequal to the task; thence again to descend at the imminent peril of life and limb, into yawning chasms and dark abysses, the forbidding vestiges of bygone volcanic agency.

"The horrors of that dismal night set the efforts of description at defiance. An unlimited supply of water in prospect, at the distance of only sixteen miles, had for the brief moment buoyed up the drooping spirit which tenanted each way-worn frame; and when an exhausted mule was unable to totter farther, his rider contrived manfully to breast the steep hill on foot. But owing to the long fasting and privation endured by all, the limbs of the weaker

soon refused the task, and after the first two miles they dropped fast in the rear.

"Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A tiny sup of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, and consumed some of the more down-hearted, again raised their drooping souls; but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voice declaring their days to be numbered, and their resolution to rise up no more. Dogs incontinently expired upon the road; horses and mules that once lay down, being unable from exhaustion to rally, were reluctantly abandoned to their fate, whilst the lion-hearted soldier, who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, subdued and unmanned by thirst, finally abandoning his resolution, lay gasping by the way-side, and heedless of the exhortation of his officers, hailed approaching dissolution with delight, as bringing the termination of tortures which were not to be endured.

"Whilst many of the escort and followers were then unavoidably left stretched with open mouths along the road, in a state of utter insensibility, and apparently yielding up the ghost, others pressing, on to arrive at water, became bewildered in the intricate mazes of the wide wilderness, and recovered it with the utmost difficulty. As another day dawned, and the round red sun again rose in wrath over the Lake of Salt, towards the hateful shores of which the tortuous path was fast leading, the courage of all who had hitherto borne up against fatigue and anxiety began to flag. A dimness came before the drowsy eye, giddiness seized the brain, and the prospect ever held out by the guides, of quenching thirst immediately in advance, seeming like the tantalizing delusion of a dream, had well nigh lost its magical effect; when, as the spirits of the most sanguine faded within them, a wild Bedouin was perceived, like a delivering angel from above, hurrying forward with a large skin filled with muddy water. This most well-timed supply, obtained by Mohammed Ali from the small pool at Hanletánta, of which, with the promised guard of his own tribe, by whom he had been met, he had taken forcible possession in defiance of the impotent threats of the ruthless 'red man,' was sent to the rear. It admitted of a sufficient quantity being poured over the face and down the parched throat, to revive every prostrate and perishing sufferer; and at a late hour, ghastly, haggard, and exhausted, like men who had escaped from the jaws of death, the whole had continued to struggle into a camp, which, but for the foresight and firmness of the son of Ali Abi, few individuals indeed of the whole party would have reached alive.

"A low range of limestone hillocks, interspersed with strange masses of coral, and marked by a pillar like that of Lot, encloses the well of Hanlefánta, where each mule obtained a shell full of water. From the glittering shore of the broad lake, the road crosses the saline incrustation, which extends about two miles to the opposite brink. Soiled and mossy near the margin, the dull crystalized salt appears to rest upon an earthy bottom; but it soon becomes lustrous and of a purer color, and floating on the surface of the dense water, like a rough coarse sheet of ice, irregularly cracked, is crusted with a white yielding efflorescence, resembling snow which has been thawed and refrozen, but which still, as here, with a crisp sound, receives the impress of the foot. A well trodden path extends through the prismatic colors of the rainbow, by the longitudinal axis of the ellipse to the north-eastern extremity of the gigantic bowl, whence the purest salt is obtainable in the vicinity of several cold springs, said to cast up large pebbles on their jet, through the ethereal blue water."

But, however magnificent this portion of the work may be—and it has seldom, as we have said, been equalled—our business lying with the politics of the undertaking, we transport ourselves at once to Abyssinia. Upon the arrival of the embassy on the frontier, it began to taste the fruits of French intrigue. It is one of the characteristics of barbarians—as all who have had experience in this part of world can testify—to be utterly ignorant of the boundary line which separates the possible from the impossible. Of this our Gallic rivals were well aware, and therefore, they labored, not wholly without success, to implant in the minds of the Abyssinians the most extravagant suspicions and apprehensions of the English. In their reports, we were elevated or degraded into a nation of potent magicians, capable of setting all the laws of nature at defiance. We could, it was said, topple down mountains, bring up gold or hidden gems from the bowels of the earth, depopulate whole kingdoms by the force of spells and medicines, or, if need were, could transport into the region we designed to subdue, an overwhelming array of infantry and cavalry in boxes! But that which appears to have wrought most powerfully on the imagination of the African highlanders, was the idea that Major Harris carried along with him the Queen of England, no gentle lady rustling in silks and satins, but a monstrous and terrific *ghoul*, who, being let loose, would eat up Sáhila Selássi and all his subjects at a tiffin! Figurative-

ly, perhaps, the thing might not have been beyond the bounds of possibility. Most assuredly, however, our object was not to try the experiment, but to deliver those unhappy savages from their ignorance and prejudice, and raise them in the scale of nations. It is unnecessary to dwell on the numerous obstacles and difficulties which originated in the stupid fables above alluded to. They were, in a short time, completely overcome, and at the very first interview that took place between Major Harris and the king of Shoa, a wound was inflicted upon French influence which it only required the continuance of Lord Palmerston in office to render mortal. The description of this scene, which took place at Machal-Wans, a country palace of Sáhila Selássi, will serve at once to throw light on the manners of the country, and show the high consideration in which the British embassy was held.

"The last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain, as the British embassy stepped at length over the high threshold of the reception-hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets, and rugs of all sizes, colors and patterns, covered the floor, and crowds of alakas, governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, whilst in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honor, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Æthiopic state his most Christian majesty Sáhila Selássi. The *Dech Agafari*, or state door-keeper, as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British guests entered the hall, and made their bows to the throne, motioned them to be seated upon chairs that had previously been sent in; which done, it was commanded that all might be covered.

"The king was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls after the fashion of George I.; and although considerably dis-

figured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble*, belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide; even the Danakil comparing him to a 'fine balance of gold!'

"All those manifold salutations and inquiries, which overwrought politeness here enforces, duly concluded, the letters with which the embassy had been charged—enveloped in flowered muslin and rich gold kimkhab—were presented in a sandal-wood casket, minutely inlaid with ivory; and the contents having been read and expounded, costly presents from the British Government were introduced in succession, to be spread out before the glistening eyes of the court. The rich Brussels carpet, which completely covered the hall, together with Cashmere shawls and embroidered Delhi scarfs of resplendent hues, attracted universal attention; and some of the choicest specimens were, from time to time, handed to the alcove by the chief of the eunuchs. On the introduction of each new curiosity, the surprise of the king became more and more unfeigned. Bursts of merriment followed the magic revolutions of a group of Chinese dancing figures; and when the European escort in full uniform, with the sergeant at their head, marched into the centre of the hall—faced in front of the throne, and performed the manual and platoon exercises amidst jewelry glittering on the rugs, gay shawls and silver cloths which strewn the floor, ornamented clocks chiming, and musical boxes playing 'God save the Queen'—his majesty appeared quite entranced, and declared that he possessed no words to express his gratitude. But many and bright were the smiles that lighted up the royal features, as three hundred muskets, with bayonets fixed, were piled in front of the footstool. A buzz of mingled wonder and applause, which half drowned the music, arose from the crowded courtiers; and the measure of the warlike monarch's satisfaction now filled to overflowing, 'God will reward you,' he exclaimed, 'for I cannot!'

"But astonishment and admiration knew no bounds, as the populace next spread over the face of the hills to witness the artillery practice, which formed the sequel to the presentation of these princely gifts. A sheet was attached to the opposite face of the ravine. The green valley again rung to the unwonted roar of ordnance; and as the white cloth flew in shreds to the wind, under a rapid discharge of round shot, canister, and grape, amidst the crumbling of the rock, and the rush of the falling stones, the before despised sponge stave became a theme of eulogy to the monarch as well as to the gaping peasant. A shout rose, long and loud, over the pealing echoes which rattled from hill to hill; and far along the serrated chain was proclaimed the arrival of foreign guests, and the royal acquisition, through their means, of potent engines of war."

It may perhaps be useful to glance again in this place at some few of the details connected with the French system of intrigue in Eastern Africa. M. Combes and the two D'Abadies, who sometimes represented themselves as simple travellers, sometimes assumed the airs of political agents, and threatened all who offended them with the vengeance of their government, had been for a considerable period in the Red Sea, flitting about from port to port, for the purpose of spreading alarming rumors concerning the designs of the English in Africa. At Tajura M. Combes tried at first the effect of soft words, but these failing, he attempted to land by force, upon which 'ce brave homme' Mohammed Ibn Mohammed collected his people together, assailed the Controller-general, and finally drove him from the harbor. In this rencontre our St. Simonian politician, who was seeking to renew his relations with 'La Femme Libre' of Abyssinia, and also to enact the part of a spy, gave the old sultan to understand that his devotion to English interests would cost him dear, since he would infallibly return with a number of ships of war and blow him to the devil. He had scarcely disappeared from the scene when the Messieurs D'Abadies came forward, and by the hints and suggestions which skilful political emissaries know how to frame, sought to awaken in the minds of the natives the most alarming apprehensions of the English. Nor were their efforts altogether without success. Our recent purchase of the islands of Musshahh affording them a handle, they labored so skilfully that they contrived to set the Sultan of Tajura and several neighboring chiefs completely by the ears. The malecontents retired to the mountains full of wrath against the English, but the people of Tajura liking the chink of our dollars, proceeded to the ultima ratio with the D'Abadies, and treated them to a taste of lapidation. Fortunately for them they possessed the means of flight, and escaping to Hodeida on the Arabian coast, from thence fulminated their scientific anathemas against perfidious Albion, and her still more perfidious allies the worthy Danakil of Tajura. In this quarter, therefore, the sun of France appeared for a time to be set; for with an obduracy never enough to be reprehended, the English authorities refused to further the designs of their persevering rivals, and left them to fight it out as they best might with the rough diplomatists of the coast. In the interior, meanwhile, French intrigue

wore a somewhat brighter aspect. An officer, it is said, had arrived in Amhara with numerous camel-loads of presents, containing perhaps among other things additional portraits of Louis Philippe, for the King of Shoa, and through the agency of a native messenger despatched, it was said, from the seacoast of Tigré, certain trinkets of gold of French manufacture were forwarded to Sáhila Selássi, as an earnest of the fine things that were in store for him if he would only consent to break off his meditated relations with the English. The Shoaan despot could never be accused of inattention to his own interests. Accordingly, so long as the English with their presents were at a distance, while the French were supposed to be pushing forward post haste to adorn his person and enrich his coffers, he regretted that he had sent to solicit an embassy from our presidency, and fancied that the conquerors of Algeria might be more desirable and profitable allies. He was prepared therefore to turn a cold shoulder to Major Harris, and for some time after his arrival treated the embassy with marked disrespect. An event trifling, perhaps, in itself, soon occurred, which occasioned a revolution in the mind of the Shoaan king. A Frenchman naked, wounded, and destitute, suddenly made his appearance in his dominions, declaring that he was the only survivor of the escort and embassy which had been charged with the presents of inestimable value, sent by the King of All the French to his Majesty Sáhila Selássi. The story of this individual was strange and marvellous. He had set out, he said, from Tigré in company with M. Combes, the St. Simonian Controller-general, and forty other persons; they had passed through the provinces of Argobba and Lasta, and were already beginning to felicitate themselves upon being almost in sight of their journey's end, when they were set upon by a tribe of Galla, who, like the Chaldeans in the Book of Job, put them all to the sword, 'While I,' exclaimed M. Alexandre Evan, 'am escaped alone to tell thee.' But it was not by the Wollo Galla alone that M. Evan was endangered. The governor of Efrata, through whose country he passed, cast wolfish eyes upon his plump haunches, and endeavored to kill and eat him. How he escaped from the clutches of this anthropophagite M. Evan could not explain, but escape he did, and carried, as we have seen, the tale of his disasters to the court at Debrà Berhan.

Sáhila Selássi, who knew not until now that he was a king of cannibals, very clearly perceived that there was no further hope of rich presents from France, and looked upon the catastrophe described by his naked guest as a clever little drama, got up by the ingenious M. Combes for his entertainment. However, it did not entertain him, and by the treatment he received M. Evan was soon made to understand that the bearer of monstrous lies is sometimes less welcome than the bearer of gifts. Though supplied with food, he was compelled to trudge along the highway barefoot, until, on his arrival at the capital, he was intrusted with the honorable and lucrative employment of putting flints into the king's muskets. This occupation he carried on in one of the courts of the palace, where, half-naked, shivering, and hungry, he day after day, as Mr. Krapf observes, knocked the skin from his knuckles, until his hands were covered with blood. But he was pitilessly compelled to persevere in order to purchase exemption from starving. A shrewd man nevertheless was M. Evan. He soon formed a plan of escape, attended however in the execution with considerable risk. He desired to be thought a monomaniac, but at the same time so to temper the suspicions he excited that he should not be taken for a dangerous madman, and knocked in the head. His course lay between Scylla and Charybdis, but being no less dexterous than bold, he confidently reckoned upon success. The little culinary project of the governor of Efrata suggested to M. Evan his proper cue. To every person he met he declared that he was detained in a sort of slavery, and that immediately after the feast of the Holy Virgin the king and his family designed to eat him, the royal Besabesh undertaking, we suppose, the picking of his bones. This crotchet he circulated so widely, that it at length, as was intended, reached the king's ears. Sáhila Selássi did not exactly know what to make of his guest, but it was only when the accusation was formally repeated, through an interpreter, in his own presence, that he became convinced of the Frenchman's madness. Of course, he had simply to do with a spy, sent thither to watch the progress of his negotiations with the British embassy, but this idea not suggesting itself to the royal mind, M. Evan was not only suffered to depart, but supplied liberally with the means of proceeding to Gondar.

The business of the treaty meanwhile

progressed rapidly. Major Harris reached the court of Shoa in the month of July, 1841. Some of the difficulties which he had to encounter we have hinted at rather than described. Sáhila Selássi at first looked upon him with distrust and apprehension, having somehow or another learned to cherish the idea that wherever the genius of England extends her trade, there she silently but irresistibly lays the foundation of an empire. But the British ambassador, by the exertion of a rare sagacity and an admirable talent for business, completely changed the texture of the king's thoughts. What representations he made to him, and what arguments he employed, through his unaccountable suppression of all political documents, it is only permitted us to conjecture. It seems probable, however, that as Major Harris soon made himself acquainted with the relations in which the various states of Abyssinia stand towards each other, he was enabled to prove to Sáhila Selássi that the power with which Great Britain allied itself must inevitably triumph over its rivals. He may possibly also have alluded to the fact, proved incontrovertibly by experience, that whatever eastern state has hoped to support itself through French influence has found, in the long run, it was leaning on a broken reed. He could scarcely, in fact, fail to show his majesty that the star of England is in the ascendant in the east, and that whatever other approaches it, is soon compelled to 'pale its ineffectual fire.' Whether these were the arguments employed or not, certain it is that Sáhila Selássi soon comprehended the difference between the French and English, and resolved to cultivate exclusively the friendship of the latter. He drew between the representatives of the two countries whom he had seen a comparison by no means favorable to our Gallic neighbors. He beheld the one all flattery and compliance, infinitely tolerant of ignorance, superstition and vice, and big with magnificent promises, which proved in the end to be nothing but wind; while the other, somewhat stern, haughty and stoical, though winning withal, overloaded him with presents, consulted his best interests, and promised, by their countenance, to elevate him in power and consequence above all the surrounding despots. Gladly, therefore, did he enter into a commercial treaty with Great Britain.

Let it not, however, be supposed that the King of Shoa comprehended all the advan-

tages which such a treaty, if properly acted on, was calculated to secure both to him and his country. Had he been capable of so much foresight, he would undoubtedly have exhibited greater perspicacity than most of our politicians and merchants at home. Some vague ideas of great profit, of augmentation of power, of extended dominion, of posthumous glory, flitted over his imagination. The extraordinary energy and self-confidence displayed by the British guests communicated themselves, in part at least, to his mind; and so long as they were present with him, he felt as though he had been lifted above himself, and projected, by a single effort, into the sphere of civilization. Distrust of his own character made him dread their departure. He knew they had placed him on an artificial eminence, from which he feared it would be necessary to descend so soon as the foreign props should be withdrawn. Besides, the notion always haunted him that the mission would never retire, unless in consequence of some offence given to it by him, in which case it would probably go over to his enemies, and strengthen incalculably their hands against him.

For these and various other reasons, it is obviously necessary to maintain a permanent mission in Abyssinia. A careful investigation of the matter, however, has led us to believe that the station of the resident ought not to be in Shoa. To render our view intelligible to others, it may be necessary to enter into some little explanation. There exists, as our readers will doubtless remember, a spiritual power in Abyssinia, closely, in its character and action, resembling the popedom of Rome. This power has, from the earliest ages, been placed in the hands of the Abuna,* or patriarch, who, though shorn of much of his external splendor, still exercises an extraordinary degree of influence over both prince and people in all the states which have been erected upon the ruins of the Æthiopic empire. Fortunately for Great Britain, the present Abuna's leanings are all towards us. He received most of the instruction, which renders him superior to his predecessors for centuries back, from Dr. Lieder, an English missionary, residing at Cairo, whence, according to custom, the Abyssinian patriarch is always taken. He,

* Major Harris, who has adopted a perverse system of orthography, has metamorphosed this classical name into Aboon, just as he has transformed Negús into *Negoos*.

consequently, loves and cherishes the English name, looking probably also with some little partiality on the simple grandeur of the Protestant religion, while he strongly dislikes and despises that of Rome. Another circumstance, which may be regarded as favorable, is the extreme youth of the patriarch, who has not yet, we believe, attained his twenty-fifth year. Should Great Britain, therefore, enlist, or rather retain, him in her interest, the probability is, that during his patriarchate, which may reasonably be expected to be a long one, we might so completely establish our influence in Abyssinia as to be able to bid defiance to all our rivals. Of this fact the French are so well persuaded, that they already begin to affect a contempt for the patriarch, to depreciate his authority, and to maintain that no benefit could be derived from conciliating him. Properly to effect this, our ambassador should reside in the same city with the patriarch, through whom he might operate upon the minds of the clergy, and thus, in the end, effect important modifications in the whole system of Abyssinian civilization. To look, in the meanwhile, after the material interests of our commerce in each *Æthiopic* state, a political agent ought to be stationed at each court, subordinate to the resident, and responsible in the first instance to him. We may seem, perhaps, to contemplate too vast and expensive an establishment; but if the value be considered of the commerce which might thus be opened up with Central Africa—if due weight be given to the power we might thus exercise over the spring heads, as it were, of the slave trade—if we reflect upon the political preponderance which our position in Abyssinia would give us over regions scattered far and wide, including the whole coasts of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, together with Nubia and Egypt—the price we might be called upon to pay would seem to be as mere dust in the balance. No conception can at present be formed of the extent to which our commerce with Central Africa may hereafter be advanced from that which is now carried on.

Complete information, even respecting the articles with which eastern Africa conducts its traffic with the east, we can scarcely be said as yet to possess. Circumstances, however, have come to our knowledge which may throw some light on the stream of wealth which flows through it towards the Red Sea, enriching every city, town, and

hamlet, through which it passes in its course. Many places in this part of the world owe their being entirely to commerce. In some localities, cities and flourishing emporia may be said to exhibit a sort of phenomenal existence, the duration of which is measured by the actual presence of the trade that gives them birth. At Berbera, for example, throughout a considerable portion of the year, the traveller who chanced to land or arrive there discovers nothing but some eighteen hundred or two thousand empty huts, between which the prowling hyenas or jackals in troops scour and howl by night. Man seems to have abandoned the place for ever. The port is as destitute of shipping as the town of inhabitants. On a certain day, however, fixed and known to the disciples of trade, a few white sails appear in the offing approaching the desolate and deserted shore; and on land, probably at an equal distance, clouds of dust spreading and surging up into the atmosphere, announce the approach of what might easily be mistaken for an army. Long strings of camels, mules, and asses, heavily laden, and escorted by warriors on horseback, with match-lock, lance, and shield, emerge from beneath these clouds and make towards the silent streets. In a few minutes doors fly open, tents are pitched, fires are kindled, life of every kind abounds, and Berbera is transformed into a populous city. And what a population! There is scarcely, perhaps, a single people or tribe dwelling within a thousand miles of the spot which has not its commercial representative at Berbera. There you behold the Banian from India peering forth cunningly between piles of rich goods; the Persian, with shawls from Kermán and turquoises from the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea; the natives of Mesopotamia, and Oman, and Hadramaut, and Yemen, and the Hejaz, with whatever commodities the soil of Arabia produces; the Egyptian, the Nubian, the Abyssinian, the Dankali, the natives of Susa, Enaria, Kaffa, Kambat, and Zingero; the Hurruri, the Isah, and the Somaui, all surrounded by the productions and merchandise of their respective countries. The whole of this multitudinous assemblage, brought together and pervaded by the spirit of gain, is engaged from morning till night in excessive turmoil and wrangling. Honesty, moreover, is a rare visitor among them. Each endeavors to overreach the other, high words arise, quarrels spring up, blows are given and return-

ed, lances flourished and creeses drawn, and here and there a pool of Mussulman or Pagan blood tells of the way in which bargains are sometimes concluded by these rough customers. All the dialects and idioms of Babel pass current there, each man screaming at the top of his voice in order to make himself heard amid the indescribable din, created partly by human tongues, partly by the neighing of horses, the strange grunting of the camel, the bellowing of oxen, and the braying of asses. Dogs, too, of every size and species, lean, hungry, savage, and without masters, prowl about the purlieus of the mart in search of offal, howling and barking to augment the concord of sweet sounds that denotes the whereabouts of the devotees of commerce.

Nevertheless in this strange and discordant hive a prodigious amount of business is transacted, partly by means of barter, partly through the instrumentality of silver and gold. Among the principal articles of traffic in this great fair must be enumerated slaves of all ages and of both sexes, but particularly females. These, whether Christians, Mohammedans, or Pagans, are generally of tender age, children kidnapped from their parents, or sometimes perhaps sold by them in defiance of the most sacred instincts of nature. These are purchased by the Mohammedans, to be educated for their harems or employed in household drudgery, and being transported into Arabia and Persia, as formerly into Sindh, soon retain of their parents and their country scarcely a remembrance. We cannot, however, concur with those who think they are the less to be pitied on that account. Not to have dear friends, not to have a country to love, may be reckoned among the greatest ills that flesh is heir to. True, the slaves may become attached to their new country, may even, when well used, learn to entertain some affection for their masters; but these bastard feelings are altogether weak and inoperative compared with the spontaneous impulses of the heart, with the original inspirations of nature, which custom cannot wholly quench or time obliterate. In the heart of the slave, therefore, there is ever a war of emotions, and the gratitude for favors received cannot always subdue, though it may blunt the edge of that revenge which the infliction of intolerable injury never fails to engender. Besides, it is to take a very narrow and ignorant view of slavery to confine our regards to the treatment which the captives meet with in a strange land. Have

they not mothers, fathers, and brethren, who mourn for them at home, who behold empty the place they were wont to occupy in the hovel, who see dust settling on the basket or the calabash which their tiny hands once carried, out of which their little sable lips once drank the refreshing waters of the neighboring spring? We have said that parents sometimes sell their children. But nature has provided that crimes so heinous shall be rare. In most cases the heart of man and woman, however hardened or degraded by barbarism, yearns towards its offspring, and will rather share with it the most sordid destitution than voluntarily snap asunder the links of affection. To prove this we need only reflect upon the care and arts put in practice by the wretched inhabitants of the interior of Africa to protect their little ones from the ruthless slave kidnapper. As a general rule the parents, who live in constant terror of those human vultures, place their children carefully between them in bed at night, supposing it impossible they should thence be stolen. But, as the toils of the day and the heavy influence of a sultry climate usually plunge them in deep sleep, the man-stealer enters their hovels, like the fabled ghouls of the Arabian tales, and, without waking their natural guardians, snatch the infant from the breast and the boy from his father's arms. Sometimes the dread of this leads the poor hunted African to construct a second story in his hut, where he deposits his children, and imagines them to be there out of danger. But the agents of the slave trade laugh at his poor precautions. They raise their ladders to the roof, push aside the palm thatch, and without disturbing an individual among the inmates, carry off their slumbering prey. To obtain possession of girls bordering upon womanhood, other stratagems are put in practice. Near the brooks and springs generally found in the vicinity of an African hamlet, the kidnappers lie in ambush about the dawn of day, when the women and maidens generally go forth to fetch water. A number of fleet horses are stationed close at hand. The miscreants having carefully reconnoitred the village, and discovered that no men are stirring, rush forward on their prey, seize, bind, and lift them on their horses, and before the alarm can be given, or their brothers and fathers come forth to the rescue, are already scouring away far upon the plain, heedless of the shrieks and cries of their wretched captives. It may be said, therefore, without the slight-

est exaggeration, that the curse of the slave trade penetrates through the whole length and breadth of Africa, and envelopes its entire population in a cloud of fears and apprehensions. No man lays his head on his pillow in peace, neighbor views neighbor with suspicion, suspicion engenders hatred, and thus feuds are kindled which are seldom quenched but in blood. Besides, for what are all the sanguinary forays undertaken by one powerful tribe against another? Is it not that the victors may carry away and sell the wives and sons and daughters of the vanquished? Let the reader examine Major Harris's account of the ferocious incursions made by Sáhila Selássi into the territories of the Pagan Galla, and he will understand something of the curse which the slave trade proves to one whole quarter of the world. He will behold villages in flames, fathers, sons, and husbands weltering in blood upon their own thresholds, which they had vainly endeavored to defend; and yonder upon the burning plains troops of wo-begone and desolate women, exhausted by sobbing, their eyes swollen, their cheeks pale, but bearing still their children in their arms, as, pricked and goaded like cattle, they toil forward to hopeless servitude before the lance of their ferocious captors:

"A succession of richly cultivated plains, dotted over with clusters of conical white houses, in parts surrounded by clumps of towering junipers, stretched away from the foot of the mountain, the very picture of peace and plenty. Embosomed between the isolated peaks of Yerrur, Sequala, and the far-famed Entotto, lay the wide plains of Germáma, thickly peopled by the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, upon whose doomed heads the thunderbolt was next to fall; and full in its centre two placid silver lakes, like great mirrors, reflected back the rays of the morning sun across sheets of luxuriant cultivation, extending for miles, nearly ready for the sickle. Far beyond, the long wooded line of the Háwash, rolling its troubled waters towards the plain of the Adáfel, loomed indistinctly through the haze; and in the extreme distance, the lofty blue range of the Aroosi and Ittoo Galla, skirting the mysterious regions of Gurágué, bounded the almost interminable prospect.

"The morning mists loaded with dust raised by the tramp of the Amhára steeds over acres of ploughed land, hung heavy on the heaths, green slopes, and partially screening the approach of the locust army, conspired to enhance its success. Twenty thousand brawny warriors, in three divisions, covering many miles of country, and linked by detachments in every direction, pressed on towards the in-

visiting goal; their hearts burning with the implacable hatred of hostile barbarians, and panting to consummate their bloody revenge. Taken entirely by surprise, their devoted victims lay helplessly before them, indulging in fatal dreams of happiness and security, alas! too speedily to be dispelled. Hundreds of cattle grazed in tempting herds over the flowery meads. Unconscious of danger, the unarmed husbandman pursued his peaceful occupation in the field; his wife and children carolled blithely over the ordinary household avocations; and the ascending sun shone bright on smiling valleys, which, long before his going down, were left tenanted only by the wolf and the vulture.

"Preceded by the holy ark of St. Michael, veiled under its scarlet canopy, the king still led the van, closely attended by the father confessor, and by a band of priests, with whom having briefly conferred, he turned round towards the expectant army, and pronounced the ominous words which were the well known signal for carrying fire and sword through the land. 'May the God, who is the God of my forefathers, strengthen and absolve!' Rolling on like the waves of the mighty ocean, down poured the Amhára host among the rich glades and rural hamlets, at the heels of the flying inhabitants; trampling under foot the fields of ripening corn, in parts half reaped, and sweeping before them the vast herds of cattle which grazed untended in every direction. When far beyond the range of view their destructive progress was still marked by the red flames that burst forth in turns from the thatched roofs of each invaded village; and the havoc committed many miles to the right, by the division of Abogáz Maetch, who was advancing parallel to the main body, and had been reinforced by the detachment under Ayto Shishigo, became equally manifest in numerous columns of white smoke towering upwards to the azure firmament in rapid succession.

"The embassy followed close in the train of the Negroos, who halted for a few minutes on the eastern face of the range; and the eye of the despot gleamed bright with inward satisfaction, whilst watching through a telescope the progress of the flanking detachments as they poured impetuously down the steep side of the mountain, and swept across the level plain with the fury of the blast of the sirocco. A rapid detour thence to the westward, in an hour disclosed the beautifully secluded valley of Finfinni, which, in addition to the artificial advantage of high cultivation, and many hamlets, boasted a large share of natural beauty. Meadows of the richest green turf, sparkling clear rivulets leaping down in sequestered cascades, with shady groves of the most magnificent junipers lining the slopes, and waving their moss-grown branches above cheerful groups of circular wigwams, surrounded by implements of agriculture, proclaimed a district which had long escaped the hand of wrath.

This had been selected as the spot for the royal plunder and spoliation; and the troops, animated by the presence of the monarch, now performed their bloody work with a sharp and unsparing knife; firing village after village until the air was dark with their smoke, mingled with the dust raised by the impetuous rush of man and horse.

"The luckless inhabitants, taken quite by surprise, had barely time to abandon their property and fly for their lives to the fastness of Entotto, which reared its protective form at the distance of a few miles. The spear of the warrior searched every bush for the hunted foe. Women and girls were torn from their hiding to be hurried into hopeless captivity. Old men and young were indiscriminately slain and mutilated among the fields and groves; flocks and herds were driven off in triumph, and house after house was sacked and consigned to the flames. Each grim Amhára warrior vied with his comrade in the work of retributive destruction amongst the execrated Galla. Whole groups and families were surrounded and speared within the walled court-yards, which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. Wretches who betook themselves to the open plain were pursued and hunted down like wild beasts; and children, of three and four years of age, who had been placed in the trees, with the hope that they might escape observation, were included in the inexorable massacre, and pitilessly shot among the branches. In the course of two hours the division left the desolated valley laden with spoil, and carrying with them numbers of wailing females and mutilated orphan children, together with the barbarous trophies that had been stripped from the mangled bodies of their murdered victims."—Vol. ii., p. 189-193.

This exhibition of barbarity, so disgraceful to the King of Shoa and his subjects, did not, however, terminate in the usual manner. For, although the influence of the British envoy was not sufficiently powerful to prevent the foray, it at least so far prevailed with the despot as to induce him, when his cupidity had been gratified by seizing on the droves and herds of the vanquished, to offer some reparation to humanity, by liberating upon the spot the whole of the captives. Major Harris by no means seeks to monopolize the credit of this signal transaction. He undoubtedly mentions first the efforts of the embassy, but is careful immediately to add, that the Reverend Louis Krapf, whom Sáhila Selássi greatly respected, united earnestly in making intercession for the prisoners. It was by the joint efforts, therefore, of our political representative and spiritual minister that the King of Southern Abyssinia was persuaded

to bestow freedom on many hundred Galla women and children. Some attempts, we are aware, have been made to throw doubt upon this affair; but the mere harboring of a suspicion is absurd. Several English gentlemen were present besides the envoy, and their testimonies corroborated the statement of the fact transmitted to the Indian government. Moreover, was there not a missionary of the Church of England on the spot, and that missionary a man jealous of the honor of his calling, and remarkable for the strictness of his integrity? Has he impugned the correctness of Major Harris's relation? Weighing man against man, we should not be disposed to doubt the envoy's veracity, even if he had; but, strengthened by the evidence of such a witness, our reliance on the accuracy of the facts related by Major Harris is complete.

A second occasion soon presented itself of proving the hold which the British envoy had acquired over the despot's mind, attended by much the same circumstances. Nor were these the only striking acts of humanity which, during his residence at the court of Shoa, Major Harris was enabled to perform. In one of those excesses of fury to which despotic princes are liable, Sáhila Selássi issued an ordinance, condemning to slavery and all its concomitant toils every person throughout his dominions who, according to immemorial custom, had intermarried with any of the king's slaves. Upwards of four thousand seven hundred individuals were, by this cruel decree, torn from their families, inscribed on the list of the king's serfs, and constrained by force to labor at the royal works. It is not easy to imagine the sorrow and consternation which this act occasioned throughout the country. There was scarcely a family which, in a greater or less degree, was not affected by it. Still, accustomed to oppression, inured to the odious caprices and violence of tyranny, the Shoans obeyed their master's mandate in sullen silence. There was no insurrection, no riot, no one contemplated the renewal of the Ides of March. The slaves smothered their rage, but, stung nevertheless to the quick, they cursed the king in their hearts. To deliver Sáhila Selássi from the disgrace of this measure, and his subjects from its humiliating consequences, Major Harris repaired to the palace, and, obtaining an audience, made so earnest and successful a remonstrance, that the infamous order was revoked. The intelligence spread rapidly

through Shoa, where, in every family, high or low, blessings were showered on the name of Great Britain.

It is rarely that the political resident at a foreign court enjoys opportunities of triumphing over practices so barbarous as those which excited the successful hostility of Major Harris. Dr. Johnson has celebrated in his 'Rasselas' one of the ancient customs of Abyssinia, which he has invested with a sort of poetical interest, and rendered familiar to the public. We allude to the confinement of the Abyssinian princes, all save him who reigned in what the doctor's somewhat quaint muse denominates the Happy Valley. This barbarous expedient does not, it is well known, trace its origin to Johnson's invention. From the remotest ages the uncle and brothers of the reigning prince were immured, not in a rural paradise, but in a gloomy mountain fortress, surrounded by deep moats and watchfully guarded. Europe owes perhaps the first intimation of this cruel illustration of royal jealousy to Urreta and Baretti, whose account is thus abridged by Ludolf. "The children of the Negus, as soon as they have received their names, are conveyed into a certain delicious place, in the midst of a large mountain, called Amark, where a stately castle is built, encompassed with the River Borohr, and fortified with a strong wall. Thither, as soon as the father is dead, the principal nobility go, and choose the eldest son, unless he be incapable of so great an honor, to succeed to the government. There is there a very large library, of above ten thousand volumes, all manuscripts; a seminary for the education of the sons of noblemen; and a bishop, with several of the inferior clergy, for the instruction of youth." The practice varied in different ages, and by some writers it is said to have ceased several centuries ago in Northern Abyssinia. This, however, was not the case in Shoa, where the ancient and wise precaution, as Ludolf considered it, was strictly observed up to the period of the British embassy. During its stay, Sáhila Selássi, having been attacked by fever, was so far reduced and dispirited, that he considered himself on the brink of the grave. The consciousness of his many crimes now tormented him. He knew that he had frequently towards his people been guilty of capricious cruelty. He felt that he had behaved with inhuman severity towards his blood relations. He trembled therefore at the approach of death, and was altogether

in a frame of mind to make some reparation for the transgressions of his past life. While such were his thoughts and sentiments, Major Harris pleaded before him the cause of his captive brother and uncle. The result we will permit him to relate in his own words.

"I will release them," returned the monarch, after a moment's debate within himself. 'By the holy Eucharist I swear, and by the church of the Holy Trinity in Koora Gádel, that if Sáhila Selássi arise from this bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to the enjoyment of liberty.'

"The sun was shining brighter than usual, through a cloudless, azure sky, when the British embassy received a welcome summons to witness the redemption of this solemn pledge. The balcony of justice was tricked out in its gala suit; and priests, governors, sycophants, and courtiers, crowded the yard as the despot, restored to health, in the highest spirits and good humor took his accustomed seat upon the velvet cushion. The mandate had gone forth for the liberation of his brother and his blood relatives, and it had been published abroad, that the royal kith and kindred were to pass the remainder of their days free and unfettered, near the person of the king, instead of in the dark cells of Goncho.

"There were not wanting certain sapient sages, who shook the head of disapproval at this fresh proof of foreign influence and ascendancy, and who could in no wise comprehend how the venerable custom of ages could be thus suddenly violated. The introduction of great guns, and muskets, and rockets, had not been objected to, although, as a matter of course, the spear of their forefathers was esteemed an infinitely superior weapon. Musical clocks and boxes had been listened to and despised, as vastly inferior to the jingling notes of their own vile instruments; and the Gothic cottage, with its painted trellises, its pictures, and its gay curtains, although pronounced entirely unsuited to Abyssinian habits, had been partially forgiven on the grounds of its beauty. But this last innovation was beyond all understanding; and many a stupid pate was racked in fruitless endeavors to extract consolation in so momentous a difficulty. The more liberal party were loud in their praises of the king, and of his generous intention; and the royal gaze was, with the rest, strained wistfully towards the wicket, where he should behold once again the child of his mother, whom he had not seen since his accession, and should make the first acquaintance with his uncle, the brother of his warrior sire, who had been incarcerated ere he himself had seen the light.

"Stern traces had been left by the constraint of one-third of a century upon the now unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were shortly ushered into the court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each other's

shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes, regaining the natural rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell, as they had been instructed by their burly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate, but despotic relative, whom they had known heretofore only by a name used only in connexion with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was as yet a stranger to their ears.

"Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white men by his side who had been the instruments of its termination; but the dull leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects; and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the fetters and the dark dungeon! The iron had rusted into their very souls; and, whilst they with difficulty maintained an erect position, pain and withering despondency were indelibly marked in every line of their vacant and care-furrowed features.

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners, by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now presented to the king. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him; and after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the remainder of their existence near his own person. Again the joke and the merry laugh passed quickly in the balcony—the court fool resumed his wonted avocation; and, as the monarch himself struck the chords of the gaily-mounted harp presented by his bloated brother Amnon, the buffoon burst into a high and deserved panegyric upon the royal mercy and generosity.

" 'My children,' exclaimed his majesty, turning towards his foreign guests, after the completion of this tardy act of justice to those whose only crime was their consanguinity to himself—an act to which he had been prompted

less by superstition, than by a desire to rescue his own offspring from a dungeon, and to secure a high place in the opinion of the civilized world—'My children, you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen, that, although far behind the nations of the white men, from whom Æthiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa.'—Vol. iii. pp. 386-390.

Notwithstanding that the principal trade of Africa is in her own children, the other articles which she even now supplies to the commerce of the world are known to be singularly rich and varied. The cotton of Abyssinia, though short stapled like that of Dacca, is so soft and delicate as to resemble silk, and this even where little skill or care has been bestowed on its cultivation. Were British capital and industry introduced and applied to the raising of it, an unbounded supply might be obtained, which would render us completely independent of the growth of America. To the neighboring countries Shoa exports hides and grain of all kinds, and the small states immediately to the south and west of it abound in productions of the most costly nature. Here we find frankincense and myrrh equal, if not superior, to those of Hadramaut, with ostrich feathers, and civet, ambergris, and coffee and gold—the coffee transported on the backs of camels to the sea-coast, and then shipped for Europe under the name of Mocha. There is something curious in the way in which the gold dust is often brought down to the shores of the Indian Ocean and Red Sea. The merchants, while traversing the countries where it is collected, pour it into hollow canes, which they stop carefully at either end, and sometimes, we believe, use as walking-sticks. Another valuable article of merchandise consists of the skins of wild beasts, lions, tigers, panthers, but more especially those of the black leopard, which appear to abound chiefly in the jangal of Guraghé. To these may be added rhinoceros' horns, the ivory of the elephant and the hippopotamus, of which, for many ages to come, an almost unlimited supply may be reckoned on. For, in many parts of the interior, elephants are found in vast droves, which cover the plains and hills for miles; and in the lakes of Shoa, hippopotami are so numerous, that hundreds may frequently be beheld at once, sporting like porpoises on the surface, diving, rolling, or blowing up

small jets of water into the air, as though in imitation of the whale.

From what has been said above, it will, we apprehend, be obvious that Great Britain cannot in justice to herself neglect to establish, commercially and otherwise, her influence in Eastern Africa. Other nations, possessing much fewer facilities than are at our command, have for some years past exhibited great industry and perseverance in the endeavor to exclude us from that rich market. Along the whole coast of the Indian Ocean, from Sofala upwards, the Americans have been seeking to establish themselves a footing. They have likewise entered into negotiations to secure to themselves the sovereignty of the island of Socotra, where the East India Company had once a *dépôt*, and which it meant, we believe, to purchase. But neither these manœuvres, nor the efforts of the Imâm of Muscat, need much disquiet us. The only real source of uneasiness is the system of restless and perfidious intrigue carried on in that part of Africa by the French, whose object clearly is to found in Abyssinia an empire, which shall become the rival of our own in Hindustân. To accomplish this design they will spare no pains, and stick at nothing. It is long since French statesmen have bade adieu to all principle, and laughed at frankness and honesty, as things only fit to amuse Englishmen. Fortunately the reach of their understanding is far from equalling the laxity of their political creed; otherwise, through the supineness which England has of late displayed, we might long ere this have been beaten altogether out of the Red Sea. Our position at Aden, France regards with the utmost jealousy and envy, which, not being able to drive us thence, she can only exhibit by depreciating the place, exaggerating its inconvenience, and the sacrifices which its possession demands of us. But if the mercantile interest in this country be true to itself, we shall shortly supply our neighbors with still more painful incitements to envy. It is perhaps not generally known, that a ship destined to attempt the navigation of the Juba, has already doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and that a rich assortment of goods, suited to the markets of the interior, has been despatched overland and up the Red Sea to meet her. The problem, therefore, will probably soon be solved, whether the Juba and the Gochob be the same river; and if so, how far its waters may serve as a road into the interior. Possibly also the Haines river may be found to

unite, near its embouchure, with the Gochob, in which case another rich succession of markets may be reached by water. Even the project suggested by a French traveller may not be altogether impracticable—we mean the navigation of the Hawash, which, from the lake of Aussa, would carry barges and small vessels up to the very foot of the Abyssinian Alps, to within a very short distance of the Nile. Much, at all events, may be done, and something must, if we would not behold the largest and noblest field yet remaining for commerce to reap, pass into other hands. Africa has been made to feel she has wants which Europe can supply. Her curiosity has been piqued, and in more than one quarter a glimpse has been obtained of the advantages of civilization. The name of England, now purified from the stain that once attached to it, operates like a talisman in Africa, awakening the hostility of the vicious, but inspiring with confidence the humble and the oppressed. To us the slave-trade,* there and every where else, must owe its extinction, if extinguished it is to be; and this consideration, united with many others, ought to urge us, without loss of time, to acquire a commanding influence in the Christian, but uncivilized kingdom of Abyssinia.

For the growing interest which is, at present, felt in this subject, the world is chiefly indebted to Major Cornwallis Harris, who has published by far the most important work on that part of Africa which has ever appeared since the days of Bruce. M. Rochet D'Héricourt, in his clever and amusing production, supplies considerable information, though, from his consanguinity to Sir John Mandeville and Mendez Pinto, it is less to be relied on than might have been desired.

* Some truth there is, but dash'd and brew'd with lies.

For example, he tells us that he discovered the sources of the Hawash, whereas we know, from authorities on which we can depend, that M. Rochet, during the *Gurâghê*

* On the subject of the African slave-trade, we beg to refer the reader to the highly interesting and able work of Mr. M'Queen, entitled 'A Letter to Lord John Russell,' now inserted in the introduction to his 'Geographical Survey of Africa.' It abounds every where with the most valuable information, compiled from authentic sources, and advocates sound and liberal views of policy in whatever relates to African commerce.

expedition, never quitted the king's camp, never saw the sources of the Hawash, and knew nothing concerning them but what he obtained from others. The same observation would apply to several other parts of his narrative. But our object not being to say unkind things, we quit M. Rochet, after having given the above taste of his quality. Of the travels of MM. Combes and Tamisier, it were better, perhaps, to say nothing, since they cannot be put into any decent hands. The authors pride themselves upon having exploded whatever opinions other men hold as most sacred. They are St. Simonians by profession—that is, have every possible tendency to immorality and indecency. When they set out to travel, it was in search of *La Femme Libre*, and they undoubtedly found her in Abyssinia, where it might have been well for public morals if they and their manuscript had remained shut up for ever. A group of savages, who were probably of this opinion, once endeavored to give them the benefit of what Sir Thomas Brown calls 'the fiery solution'—in other words, entertained the project of roasting them in a hut. But our St. Simonians seem reserved for greater things, that is, to be employed by his most Christian and most moral majesty, Louis Philippe, in disseminating French philosophy among a people sufficiently depraved and degraded already.

As a perfect contrast to these ribald volumes, we ought perhaps to mention the journals of the church missionaries, which, though written in an unpretending and somewhat careless manner, abound with valuable information. The object of these travellers was not to pervert the minds of the Abyssinians, but to lead them into the ways of truth, to inspire them with a love of holiness, to breathe a spiritual breath as it were into their material system, to elevate them to the level of other Christian nations. From these journals, Mr. M'Queen, in a preliminary memoir, has extracted all the geographical information, which he has condensed and arranged with his accustomed skill and ability, so that it may in some respects be regarded as a supplement to his own admirable work on Africa. To none, however, of the above travellers could we refer for a complete description of Abyssinia and its inhabitants. Whoever would understand that country thoroughly must study the work of Major Harris, which is at once popular in form, and philosophical in substance. Nowhere

do we remember to have read a more admirable picture of barbarous manners. The narrative is full of movement, and strewed thickly with anecdotes. The descriptions are vivid and picturesque, and the characters which come before us are delineated with a master's hand. Major Harris's style is that of a man of genius,—animated, full of imagery, glowing, and picturesque. That it should be displeasing to some classes of readers we can easily understand. That which is bold and elevated is calculated to excite no sympathy in minds overmastered by the opposite qualities. But the public, free from envy and jealousy, and seeking solid instruction, blended skilfully with amusement, will recur again and again to this admirable work, which we look upon as a permanent ornament to our literature.

One unfortunate defect we cannot, however, pass over. Either through his own fault, or the fault of his position, Major Harris has provokingly kept back every kind of political information. No allusion to French intrigue do we any where find in his pages, so that if we have obtained any insight into the matter, we owe no thanks to him. We think this affectation of diplomatic secrecy absurd, especially since Major Harris must have known that there were numerous other travellers in the country through whom the whole facts of the case would sooner or later be placed before the country. In reality, therefore, the only thing he has succeeded in concealing is the extent to which his own influence prevailed in counteracting French intrigue, which may or may not be matter of regret to the public.

MOROCCO AND FRANCE.—Hostilities have broken out between Morocco and France: besides the indomitable barbarian chief Abd-el-Kader, the French are beset by the fanatical and furious subjects of the Emperor Abd-er-Rahman. Whether a "holy war" has been proclaimed, and whether there is any regular war at all, are doubtful points; Lord Aberdeen thinks not, he tells us in Parliament: but it is certain that the French have roused up a great border-foe, that might be able to pour countless and unceasing thousands upon their territory—to be repulsed, no doubt, but at what endless toil and cost! This gives a new turn to the occupation of Algeria. Should Morocco persevere in its hostility, France will probably be compelled, by the difficulty and annoyance of finding men and funds for this new contest, to procure for her position in Africa some definitive settlement, in order to bring other influences to bear upon the Moorish Emperor.—*Spectator*.

RESIDENCE IN THE CITY OF NINGPO.

From the Chinese Repository.

Notice of a seven months' Residence in the City of Ningpo, from December 7th, 1842, to July 7th, 1843. Communicated by the Rev. W. C. MILNE.

YESTERDAY, in company with Mr. Lay, I embarked for Ningpo; and at an early hour this morning, we reached the city. As soon as I arrived at the lodgings, my teacher, in whose charge they had been left, apprized me that the abbess had greatly incommoded him during my absence, and had broadly hinted her wish that I should look for other quarters. When I had listened to his details, I perceived that an early removal was most desirable. A little after I arrived, the superior came forward, and prostrating herself on the ground, knocked head and implored that I would move forthwith. I told her I would certainly do so as soon as suitable apartments could be engaged. She has evidently endangered her unlawful gains by admitting me into these premises, and prudential motives induce me to hurry away.

Having called upon the degraded Shú, we bent our steps to the commander-in-chief's. We found him in possession of the quarters occupied last year by the Madras artillery, not far from the Artillery gate.

He is the commandant of the department of Chüchau, on the S. W. corner of the province, and is at Ningpo doing duty for his excellency General Lí, who has lately been appointed in room of his deceased predecessor. The name of this deputy is also Lí. He is an aged gentleman, of a fine tall figure, but affected with a partial paralysis of the right eye. His speech is slovenly, his manner indolent, and his notions are aristocratic. He wore a handsome dress, carried a red coral button, and his official cap flourished from behind a slender plume of peacock feathers. The attendants, that stood immediately about his chair, were ensigns, sergeants, and corporals, with brass and white opaque buttons.

From this aged official we turned to pay a visit to the táutái, who was named on the 14th of December, as having lost his honors and office. He only awaits the arrival of his successor, to deliver up the seals of office. This officer (whose name is Luh) has a fine oval countenance, over which is

diffused the flush of health. But he looks depressed and anxious. He was one, with Shú táláuyé, who urged the government to pacific measures, although he had been—during the first brush of war—one of the most pugnacious. He is a man of Shántung, and now looks to returning to the bosom of his family. The reputation in which he stands, as a scholar, is high. He is spoken of as having been very just, prompt, and efficient in the administration of his office; and his removal from its functions is much regretted by the people. Ever since his return to Ningpo, after the conclusion of the treaty at Nanking, whither he and Shú had previously been summoned by their excellencies the imperial commissioners, he has conducted himself toward the English with uniform deference and courtesy; and, in losing him, they are deprived of the services of an enlightened friend.

While we were sitting in the táutái's audience-room, Lí Jülin, the successor of Shú, entered. He also is a native of the province of Shántung. He does not appear to be above 33 years of age, and is considered one of the most fortunate men of his day. It is his literary acquirements that have gained him favor at court, for, at the early age of 19, he took the second literary degree, and was immediately after appointed to the chief office in Funghwá, a district in the department of Ningpo, not more than twenty miles distant from this city. When the English attacked the defences of Chápú, he held office at that port, but happily for him, he was absent on a tour of inspection, or he too might have shared the fate of Luh and Shú. He has but lately arrived in this city, and is now administering for the department. He had seen Sir Henry Pottinger, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Thom, during their last visit to Ningpo, and appeared *au fait* on many recent events. His intelligent conversation and unassumed kindness give great hope that he will follow up the liberal views of his predecessor, and become of essential service to those foreigners who may visit this commercial mart.

The Mohammedan priest brought with him a follower of the prophet, who had recently come to town. This stranger gives very distinct information of a class of religionists in Káifung fú, the capital of Honán, his native province, who, from his description, resemble the Jews. He says, they refrain from eating 'the sinew which

is upon the hollow of the thigh,' and they do not touch the blood of animals. He recognized the Hebrew letters as those used in their sacred writings, and could trace, in the sound of Hebrew characters, a connection with words which he had heard them utter. The testimony of this individual precisely coincides with the brief notices published by Dr. Morrison, and with some of the lengthened details laid down in Grosier's *History of China*, vol. iv. chap. 11.

We now made for the Yúshing kwán, the temple of the Táu sect at the North gate, noticed before as a very large and extensive edifice. It lies close under and within the city walls, and is covered in at the back by a thick grove of trees. The avenue that leads from the outer lodge to the 'sanctum,' is clean and cool. It is shaded over with the branches of some lofty trees, that rise on each side of the walk, and throw a sombre quiet over the whole place. The venerable priest, a man of short stature and slender make, but of mild and genteel manners, politely volunteered to show us round the building. We passed from one apartment to another through this corridor into that, and in the immense building did not meet with more inmates than half a dozen of the sacerdotal order. The spacious chambers, rooms, and halls are tenanted by sculptured, carved, and painted images of all sizes, shapes, and ranks, male and female, young and aged, animal, human, devilish, and imagino-divine.

There were two prominent idols that chiefly attracted our attention, and as we contemplated them, filled us with solemn sadness. They were the representatives of Shángtí, the High Ruler of the universe. These huge images are lodged each in its own apartment, and in form, attitude, and attributes, are perfectly distinct. As the true Christian views these man-faced likenesses of Jehovah, this wooden, clayey, and gilded embodying of the *invisible One*, he must mourn over the fall of the human intellect, and tremble at the mockery and defiance to which it has lent its powers.

That man is not a *grateful*, nor is he an *enlightened* Christian, who can only smile at the folly of his fellow-creatures in attempting such semblances of the incorruptible God, or who can nickname them *idiots* and *blockheads* for worshipping these dumb shows. It is the light of Bible truth alone that has dispelled the darkness, 'in which we also walked sometimes,' or our ances-

tors; and it is to the power of Scriptural knowledge, that we have to ascribe the emancipation of our minds from the corrupting, the stultifying dominion of idolatry.

As the Foundling hospital (the Yuhying táng) was over the way, we begged the priest to introduce us to the building and its inmates. To the left hand of the outer porch is a crib, upon which the abandoned infant may be laid. Over the door are emblazoned the characters *kiáu ching páu ch'ih*, 'nurture to maturity and protect the babes.' On crossing the threshold, you open a finely paved square. To the right and to the left, there is a side door, with the words *nái fáng*, i. e. 'milk room,' or nursery, upon it. A number of coarse looking women were peeping through the lattice at us, with squallababies at their breasts, and squalid boys and girls at their heels. These women are their nurses, and these children the foundlings. Each nurse has two or three to look after. But I have rarely witnessed such a collection of filthy, unwashed, ragged brats. There are at present in the institution from 60 to 70 male and female children. One side of the house is appropriated to the girls, and the other to the boys. We got admittance into the girls' nursery, which consists of from 20 to 30 rooms, in two or three flights running the one behind the other. The boys' nursery is its exact counterpart in filth, as in every thing else. But the apartments of the housekeeper or superintendent, looked decent,—forming a good contrast to what we had just seen.

The object of the institution is to afford to outcast babes, or to the children of poor and destitute parents, the protection and nurture of a home. Boys remain under its benevolent roof, until they attain the age of 14 or 15, when they are hired out to service, or are adopted into some family, and girls until they reach their 16th year, when they are engaged as waiting-maids, or are taken into concubinage, or are betrothed by a parent in favor of his son or grandson.

This institution is above a hundred years old. It was erected in the first year of the emperor Kielung's reign, at which time it numbered only twenty-four distinct apartments. During his reign and since his demise, it has undergone various repairs, and has been much enlarged, so that now there are upwards of 100 rooms, including superintendent's quarters and public halls. It has lately been repaired, after a partial

demolition during the occupation of Ningpo by the British forces in 1841 and 1842.

There is a temple within the city that is worthy of a passing visit. It lies to the south of the 'Bridge gate,' from which we discovered a path close under the city walls leading us to it. The range of the edifice is long. It bears an elegant front, decorated with a group of handsome reliefs, among which are embossed in gilt the characters *Tungyóh kung*, 'the palace of the Tungyóh god.'

On entering we found it almost deserted. None of the regular priesthood made their appearance, and no votaries were to be seen. The only persons to be descried, besides the doorkeeper, were mat-makers. It appeared indeed to be more of a mat-mart than a sacred building. The images are dusty and filthy, and show other signs of disuse and neglect. On pushing our way to the extreme end, we espied a gallery of idols and attempted to ascend the stairs. But the doors were barred, admission could not be gained, and our attention was directed to two notices, the one placed at the bottom of the right hand flight of steps, warning '(those that eat) strong-meats, (and drink) wine, not to enter;' the other upon the opposite side, advising 'the unclean person hastily to retire.'

Passing out again to the street, we perceived a wicket on the right hand of the principal gateway. It was open to us, and we were invited to behold the exhibitions intended to depict the terrors of hell. The apartment is called *tíyóh*, 'the earthly dungeon;' it is a dark, dreary cell. In the centre of the ground floor, there are images of hideous aspect, standing in threatening attitudes. Behind them, groups of small figures in stucco relief are plastered upon the wall, which exhibit the pains and penalties of hell. These are arranged in three or four rows, rising one above the other until they reach the ceiling. Each group has its judge, its criminal, its executioners, and its peculiar form of punishment. The judges are attired as officers generally are, and the executioners as police-runners. The penalties vary according to the heinousness of the culprit's crime, and the horrors of future punishment are depicted before the spectator in every possible form. To be whipped, to be bastinadoed, to be seared with red-hot irons, to be strangled, to be speared, to be beheaded, to be sawn asunder, to be flayed alive, to be squeezed, flattened, and crush-

ed between two thick planks, to be split up, to be bored through and through, to have the eyes dug out or chiseled out, to have the limbs torn off one by one, to be plunged from a cliff, or a bridge, into a dungeon below, or a rapid torrent, to be pounded in a heavy mortar, to be boiled in a hot-water caldron, to be burnt up in a furnace, to be baked at the stack, to have hot liquids poured down the throat, etc. etc., constitute their ideas of future punishments, and are the counterpart of the torments inflicted by the Inquisition in Europe upon the magnanimous adherents to the Protestant faith.

Turning from this spot we bent our steps to the *Tien-fung táh*, which is named by foreigners the Tower of Ningpo, or the Pagoda of Ningpo, or the Ningpo Obelisk.

As you ascend the river from Chín-hái, and come within five or six miles of Ningpo, this is the most prominent object that arrests the eye; and, to foreigners who visit the city, it is a point of no little attraction. As soon as they enter the east gate of the city, they make for it, and wind their way in a southeast direction. After shaping their course through numberless streets, it abruptly bursts upon their view, rising 160 feet over their heads, and towering high above the surrounding houses. This pyramid is hexagonal, and counts seven stories, and above twenty-eight windows. At every window there is a lantern hung up; and, when the obelisk is illuminated, which I have seen only once during my stay, the scene is very gay.

The building is in much need of repair, for it is daily becoming more dilapidated, and has already deviated several feet from the perpendicular, hence it might not inappropriately be called the Leaning Tower of Ningpo. As it is in the keeping of a Buddhist priest, who lives in a monastery behind, we were under the necessity of awaiting his arrival. He, poor man, finds it advantageous to keep the keys, since it is in that way alone he can secure the largesses of his foreign visitors. By ascending a flight of narrow stone steps, that run up in a spiral course through the interior of the column, we reached the uppermost story, from which the finest view one could desire opened upon us. The entire city and suburbs were beneath; the valley of Ningpo with its hamlets, villages, hills, mountains, rivulets, and rivers lay all around; and, away in the distance to bound our horizon, we had chains of mountains

on the one hand, and the sea with its islands on the other.

The date at which this tower was founded is exceeding antique. It is indeed more ancient than the city of Ningpo.

The district of Ningpo, in the time of the original Han dynasty, or at the Christian era, was very small. During the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, it rose in importance. At the commencement of the tenth century, and in the reign of T'ait'sú, the first monarch in the line of (wút'í) 'the Five Dynasties' which successively contended for the mastery,—it was organized a larger district. During that emperor's short sway, the foundation of the city walls was laid by Hwángshing, a native of the place. But the 'Tower of Ningpo' had been reared one hundred or one hundred and fifty years previous to that event. In raising this superstructure at that anterior date, the object sought for accorded precisely with the belief which, at the present day, obtains through the whole empire, that the presence of such an edifice not only secures to the site the protection and favor of heaven, if it already bears evidences of enjoying it, but represses any evil influences that may be native to the spot, and imparts to it the most salutary and felicitous omens. The tower has accordingly stood for the last 1100 years. But its history during that period, as given in 'the Annals' already referred to, has been much checkered. It has fallen to ruins, and been rebuilt. It has been burnt almost to the ground, and been reconstructed. It has been struck by lightning, and been repaired. Its pinnacle has been blown down in a hurricane, and has been restored. Some portions of it are now undergoing amendment. But its days appear to be numbered, and ere long its downfall may be announced.

Still pursuing our walk, we came to Hien Hióh kung, 'the District Literary Hall.' Each department in the empire owns a literary hall, and so also does each district. Accordingly, this city, as it is the principal in the department, has two such halls. The Department hall is that generally known to foreigners under the name of 'the temple of Confucius,' and lies within the northeast, or Artillery gate. The District hall or college was laid in ruins amid the disasters of 1841, and is now rising out of a mass of wrecked materials into a neat, orderly, and attractive range of buildings.

In these times there is more of name and show than reality or utility in such an institute. It was originally designed to be the residence of the literary officer, appointed to preside over the interests of learning in the district, but especially to patronize and promote the studies and views of those candidates who should be so successful as to take the first degree. Here they were to pursue their daily studies, and to undergo their monthly examinations, under his immediate inspection. But, from the degeneracy of the age, it has almost become the seat of a sinecure. Somewhere between, but behind, the District hall and the Department temple, there is the site of the commander-in-chief's palace. But there is scarcely one stone left upon another, so thorough has been the work of destruction.

Having crossed an arched stone-bridge, which, in the vicinity of the two temples lately mentioned, is thrown over a narrow part of the lake, we took the road to the right hand, and arrived at the ancient sculptured gate of a large public institution, which, from its proximity to the opposite lake, is called Yueh hú Shú-yuen, 'the Moon Lake College.'

At its foundation, nearly 200 years ago, it was called I'-tien Shú yuen, 'the Charity Field College,' a name in which a clue is given to the objects of its erection, viz., to aid the humble scholar, or to assist the poor and illiterate in getting an education. For the support of a teacher, fields have been granted, from the produce of which he receives 4000 catties of rice as his premium. The sacrist is also entitled to 400 catties. Not many months ago, it was occupied by the officiating commander-in-chief as his official residence.

From this spot we proceeded to the famous and valuable repository of books—the library spoken of before under the name of the Tienyih kóh. Our object in repeating this visit was to inspect two rare birds, of whose arrival we had lately heard. They are natives of Siam, and are generally known by the name Sienhóh. They somewhat resemble the crowned crane, the *Grus carunculatus*. They are both of them quite young. The one is a male, the other is a female. They are nearly of a size, but of the two the male looks the larger and more robust. The legs are long. The head is of a handsome black, forking off behind. On the crest there is a red skin. The rest of the body is white, except the

secondaries of the wings, which are not red, as represented in Chinese drawings, but black and overlap the tail. These have both been purchased by an Englishman, and it is said are to be carried to Great Britain.*

This is the bird that is worked upon the embroidered breast-pieces of the official dresses worn by the highest ministers and nobles of the state. None under the first rank of dignity are permitted to bear such a badge. In a native work on the ornithology of the country, there are many curious, and some prodigious, stories given regarding this fowl. It relates that the bird is capable of being kept in life for 1000 years; that, at 60 years of age, it can sing exquisitely and regularly every hour of the day; that, on reaching its 1000th year it can ascend trees, but not before; that it has a beautiful scarlet tuft of down or velvet skin on the crown of the head, to which the poison of the serpent, that it is reputed to be so fond of eating, determines; and that the downy or velvet crest is often formed into a bead, and made up with those ornamental necklaces, which the high officers wear around their necks, that, in case of imperial displeasure, they may destroy themselves, a matter (so report goes) very easily effected by merely touching the venomous bead with the tip of the tongue, when instant death follows.

Last night we were honored with a large present from his worship Li Júlin, upon whom we had waited the previous day. These gifts were sent as tokens of friendship, and intended at the same time as a recognition of the courtesies we had paid. They consist chiefly of tea, fruit, and sweetmeats, in separate baskets, the sum of the lots being even and not odd, and each lot being made up of an even number of packets, according to the prevalent idea that, in an odd number there is bad luck, but in a complete number there is good. On a festive occasion, especially, this rule is almost universal. But in making presents at a mournful season, such as the death or burial of a friend, or the anniversary of his death, the odd number obtains. Connected with the receipt of presents, there are one or two formal peculiarities that deserve to be noticed. Should the present be large, it is generally expected that only a portion of it will be accepted, the rest to be returned

with your card of thanks, *unless it is especially requested by the donor that you should take the whole.*

Then, on your accepting the present, whether a part or the whole, you are under an obligation to make each of the bearers a gift of money, the amount of which will vary according to *the class* of the messengers, if mere coolies or if personal attendants,—according to the *quantity* and *value* of the presents,—according to the *quality* of the donor,—and according to *your own* station in society. The servants, on returning to their master, apprise him of your bounty, which, with his permission, they retain for their own benefit.

These appear to be fixed rules, to which I have not known a single exception during my residence at Ningpo, except in the case of intimate friends. In other parts of the empire the custom may vary. But in this department at least, it seems to be, not only universally, but uniformly observed among the well-bred community. It is a usage, however, that is not unfrequently taken advantage of by bad fellows to impose upon the stranger. For instance, several attendants will accompany the presents when one or two are quite sufficient. It happened once that a knave, who was some way or other connected with the *chífú's* office, went to my lodgings with a pair of ornamented candles, purporting that they had been presented to me by his worship. As I was not at home, the fellow could get no remuneration for his trouble. Being informed, however, that I was dining out, he made for the residence of my friend, and handed in a card with the candles. But, from the form and style of the card, and from the nature of the gift, which stood in awkward juxtaposition with the large and handsome presents that his pretended master had only the previous evening sent to me, it was evident that it was an attempt at imposition. The fellow was dismissed with little ceremony. He was probably hard pressed for money, and adopted this clumsy expedient to replete his purse. But, that the servants of the *chífú's* office might be warned against repeating the cheat, I apprized his worship of it, to the no small perplexity of his attendants.

As I have lately had a good opportunity of learning much about the nuns and nunneries of China, it will be fit in this place to give a short digest of the items I have been able to collect. In doing so, it will be better to embody all I have gleaned in

* Pwántingqua of Canton has a pair of these birds at his country seat.

an account of the convent—a wing of which I occupied.

It is situated on a line with the lodgings I at present hold, and about 200 yards distant from them. It is dedicated to the idol, generally named in European writers, the Goddess of Mercy. Hence the building is called the Nunnery of Kwányin. The full appellation of the deity is Kwánshí yin, that is, 'observing the sounds (the cries) of the world.' It is represented as a female, who is supposed to extend her gracious patronage to all that, in trouble and difficulty, raise the cry for compassion. It is one of the numberless objects of idolatry, introduced by the Budhists from the west. In the whole of China, there is no idol that meets with more respect and honor; and, since women form the overwhelming majority of the devout, and Kwányin being the special patroness of the weaker sex, they of course chiefly apply to her,—there is not any other that is more frequently invoked in favor of frail humanity.

The great allurements presented by the promoters of Buddhism in China, to the mind of the aspirant who would consecrate herself to the altar of this goddess, is the absorption after death into the unknown Budha,—a matter which, the more mysteriously it is represented to the mind of the ingenuous but credulous candidate, the more taking it becomes. This personal advantage is held out by the institution, to facilitate the succession of an order of priestesses, who can gain access where the formalities of society cannot admit the stranger priest, and who are qualified to work, both with dexterity and with impunity, upon the feelings of the class that is the most susceptible of religious impressions. To keep up this order of the priesthood, the rooms of the deceased, or, as they will have it, the annihilated or absorbed, must be filled up either by purchase or by self-dedication. In the case of purchase, babes, or girls of very tender age and good promise, are preferred and bought up at a very low rate. To my personal knowledge, a sweet child only four years of age has been offered by its own mother to an abbess for the paltry sum of four dollars!

But there are some, who either are dedicated by their parents from their birth, or who, when they come of age, voluntarily consecrate themselves to the service of this deity. When the case is optional, it arises often—if not always—from having been thwarted in some of their prospects or wishes.

I have seen a blooming nun of nineteen, who 'left the world' and all its concerns, and took upon her the vows of perpetual virginity, in consequence of the untimely death of her intended husband. The nun to whom I allude had small feet, which had been bandaged prior to her misfortune, and her introduction to the priesthood. Of the nuns, whom one occasionally sees walking peaceably though the streets of Ningpo, there are a few who have small feet. Probably all of these have, after they have come to the years of maturity and discretion, taken the veil without compulsion and of their own accord.

The candidate is not admitted into full orders, until she attains the age of sixteen. Prior to this, and from the commencement of her ascetic life, she assumes the garb peculiar to the sisterhood. The chief apparent distinction, between the novice and she in full orders, is that the head of the latter is wholly shaven, while the former has only the front part of her crown shaven. The younger nuns have platted cues flowing down behind. As to the habit which this devout class wears, it on the whole so much resembles the dress of the Budhistic monks, that it is in very many cases impossible, at first sight to distinguish the two orders. The nuns have large feet, clumsy shoes, long stockings and garters, full trowsers, short jackets, and wide sleeves—with bald pates and skull-caps, precisely as the priests have. But the priestesses have smoother countenances, softer looks, sweeter voices, and are more tidy.

According to report, the nuns of Súčau fú have reversed the general laws, and throwing aside the hempen cloth which is the material assigned to the self-denying sisterhood, have preferred silks and satins for dresses.

When the young woman has bared, or shaved, her head—a sign of making religious vows very different from that of 'taking the veil' adopted in the nunneries of Europe,—she is required to live a life of devotion and mortification. She must eat and drink sparingly, and her diet must consist of vegetables only. Strong meats and drinks are to be avoided as poison. The business and cares of this world are not to engross her attention. She has retired from it, and must be fitting herself for eternal canonization. Nothing should occupy her thoughts or engage her affections, but the service of the temple in the precincts of which she lives.

Daily exercises are to be conducted by her; the furniture of the small sanctuary, that forms a part of the convent, must be looked after and kept clean and orderly; those women, or men, who come to worship at the altars, and to seek guidance or comfort, must be cared for and assisted. When there is leisure, the sick and the poor are to be visited; and all, who have placed themselves under her special direction and spiritual instruction, have a strong claim upon her regard. That she may live the life of seclusion and self-denial, she must vow perpetual virginity. The thought of marriage should never enter her head, and the society of men must be shunned. On her death she will be swallowed up in nihility!

In the Kwányin nunnery, there are altogether seven inmates. The head nun is about forty years of age, and is more masculine in her temper than any Chinese woman I have met with. Her passions are violent, and when her anger is roused, it rises to a fearful pitch. She is a thorough scold, and keeps her pupils in perpetual awe of her. But what must be the hardened depravity of her heart, that, under a cloak of sanctity, seeks to hide those scenes of vice and debauchery which, with her sanction and encouragement, are acted under her roof! Her avarice is voracious. Her deceit is dark and deep. She is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Her disciples are six in number, their ages running between seven and twenty-five. Four of them, notwithstanding their spare diet, look fat and hale. The two younger are in a bad state of health. The abbess always pretended to be very fastidious in avoiding animal food, and every thing having a strong flavor. Yet she used to drink the ardent spirits distilled from rice, and appeared at times to be much under its influence.

Their daily services are conducted morning and evening. At the usual exercises, however, I have rarely seen more than two officiate. On special occasions, that are occurring every month, there are services which occupy the whole day. At some of these, they are aided by sisters from other convents in the city or the country; and, not unfrequently, priests are called in to join the sacred concerts, in which case the priests and priestesses occupy separate apartments, but proceed with the chants in unison.

Their sacred books consist of many volumes, printed in large text on fine paper.

For these they have a profound respect. I bought a copy from them, but they would not part with it until they had strongly urged me to give it an elevated place on my book-shelves. The rapidity with which the pages and sections of the books are hurried off at their religious services, is amazing. Both the young and the old nuns seem equally expert at their recitations. But there is nothing of a *devotional* spirit about them. Their demeanor is any thing but devout. When a choir of juvenile nuns meet together, it is shocking to see the levity with which they pay religious homage to the stock before them. They are as merry and tricky, as flirting and frolicsome, as any party of girls met to keep the birthday of one of their schoolmates. As much time is spent in reading and reciting prayers, cantics, &c., &c., the candidate, before she can be admitted into full orders, must undergo an educational training. She is taught to read, and many of them pursue the same elementary course that is adopted throughout the empire. They learn the Trimetrical Classic, the Four Books, &c., and are taught the ready use of the pencil. Some of the sisterhood, I have been told, are very well read in the lore of the country. It would appear, from what I have seen and heard, that the training of the novice is intrusted to that inmate who was last admitted.

Those among the laity, who have put themselves under the spiritual direction of a nun, are expected to confide in her as a teacher, and to submit to her as a priestess. Whether the devotee be a man or a woman, the nun who is the chosen preceptress gives to the individual a *new name*. Each nun is on the alert to cultivate the acquaintance of the disciple she has already made, and to swell her list of friends, because her support principally depends upon them. Behind the shrine of Kwányin, in that nunnery to which I have throughout been making a special reference, there is a slab erected with the names of subscribers, or donors, who for the maintenance of the order had promised or paid down small sums of money. To each of the female contributors there is a new name prefixed. Visitors from town and country are very frequent. These generally contribute a little in money or in kind, so that with the subscriptions of steady friends and the donations of occasional visitors, the means of subsistence are not lacking. Besides, there is property invested in houses and in land. That wing of the con-

vent which I occupied is entirely appropriated to lodgings, let out at a moderate rate, and capable of being made very comfortable, if one were not perpetually subject to annoyance from the boisterous money-seeking landlady.

The extra services I have above alluded to are got up by the patrons of the order on occasions of calamity, or prosperity, or when the abbess is successful enough to work upon the superstitious feelings of a husband, through the agency of a priest-ridden wife. The person, who sends requesting the services of the nuns, appoints the number of books to be recited at the shrine of the nunnery, for which he must pay a certain remuneration. At each service the nuns are said to receive respectively the small premium of 100 cash a day.

According to the statement of the superior to this convent, there are, in the district of Ningpo alone, thirty nunneries and above 300 inmates, the largest number in a single building not exceeding twenty. But the estimation in which the religious order is held is exceedingly low. They are described by all to be a class of women almost on the same footing with those who are lost to all the finest and most delicate feelings that are peculiarly the glory and the protection of the sex.

Like the male priests of the same religion, and like the popish priesthood in the Philippines,—they are not only not respected by the populace, but are detested for their profligacies, and dreaded for the influence, which they are supposed to exert on one's destiny by familiar intercourse with the spirits of the invisible world; hence, it is a common saying, that 'to meet with a nun in the street will be unlucky to your errand.' Indeed such was the profligacy of the dressy, small-footed, opium-smoking nuns of Súčau—the capital of Kiángsú province,—that the notorious Yü Kien, (who in 1841 hastened down to Chínghái as imperial commissioner invested with full powers to destroy the barbarian English by fire and by sword,) when he held the office of lieut.-governor in that province, broke up their establishments and disbanded the sisterhood.

To complete this notice of Chinese nuns and nunneries, I will refer to the two junior inmates of the Kwányin convent. The younger of the two died only a week ago, at the early age of seven years. She had been bought when six years old. When I came into the neighborhood, she was suffer-

ing a good deal from ulceration of the bowels. On the abbess hearing that an English physician had reached Ningpo, she applied to me for his assistance. Dr. Johnstone of the Madras Rifles, who was then on a visit of a few days, cheerfully consented, and prescribed for the sufferer from his private stock of medicines. This was in the end of last month. But the child was already beyond remedy, and death had fastened upon her vitals. On the morning of the 29th of December, while the elder nuns were rejoicing that the poor child was sleeping so soundly, they were not aware that the sleep of death had stolen upon her, until they perceived she was insensible to sound and to touch. It was breathing its last. When they ascertained this fact, the body was removed out of the room, and put into the wood-house, there to expire unattended. Aluh, her senior in age, although devotedly attached to this dying companion, was not allowed by her superior to watch over the closing moments of the poor girl. When it was laid in its rude coffin, the servant was ordered to throw in the doll with which she had played; and, after a sorcerer of the Táu sect had performed his incantations to quiet the spirit of the departed, and to bribe away from the spot any demons that might be lurking about, the coffin was placed under the city walls.

Aluh, her senior, is a girl thirteen years of age. Her father, who is dead, used to go about Ningpo hawking turnips and greens. On his death, the mother sold this poor girl to the nuns at the tender age of four. Being the sixth of eight sisters, (the seventh having in like manner been given over to a convent in the neighborhood,) she is named Aluh (the sixth); but her priestly name is *Tsáhsen*, 'Collected Virtues.' As she has not yet reached the age when she can be fully inducted, her head is not quite shaven. Her countenance is peculiarly striking, to which her present sickness adds a mournful interest, as it cannot fail to create serious apprehensions that she will not long be a survivor in this world.* And truly how deplorable, how cruel, is the mistake by which so many of the female youth of China are at an early age made over to a system, the influence of which is only to render their minds more corrupted, and to aggravate their future woes!

* She died on the 13th of the following May.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY H. MACNAMARA.

From the Metropolitan.

THERE does not exist a more perfect feature in human nature than that affection which a mother bears towards her children. Love, in its true character, is of divine origin, and an emanation from that Spirit, who Himself "is Love," and though often degraded on earth, we yet find it pure, sublime, and lasting within the maternal breast. Man is frequently captivated by mere external graces, and he dignifies that pleasure, which all experience in the contemplation of the beautiful, by the title of love; but a mother makes no distinction, she caresses the ugly and deformed with kindness, equal to, if not surpassing, that she bestows on the more favored. Too frequently are interested motives the basis of apparent affection, but it is not so with her, who clings more fondly to her children in their poverty, their misfortunes, ay, and their disgrace. The silken chains by which we are bound one to the other are sometimes broken with facility; a word, a look, may snap the links, never to be re-united; friendship decays or proves false in the hour of need; we almost doubt the existence of constancy—away with this doubt, while the maternal heart continues, as a temple, for the dwelling of God's holiest attribute.

She has watched her infant from the cradle; she will not desert him until separated by the grave. How anxiously she observes the budding faculties, the expansion of mind, the increasing strength of body! She lives for her child more than for herself, and so entwined has her nature become with his, that she shares in all his joys, and alas! in all his sorrows. "Not because it is lovely," says Herder, "does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore does she sympathize with his sufferings; her heart beats quicker at his joys; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him closer to her."*

SAY that her son falls into poverty; a bankrupt in fortune, he is shunned by former acquaintances and despised by most of his fellow-beings, but one will there be found, like a ministering angel at his side, cheering his despondency, encouraging him to renewed exertions, and ready herself to become a slave for his sake.

SAY that he is exposed to censure, whether merited or unmerited,—all men rush to heap their virtuous indignation on his head; they have no pity for a fallen brother, they shun or they curse him. How different is the conduct of that being who gave him life! She cannot believe the charge; she will not rank herself among the foes of her child. And if at length

the sad truth be established, she still feels that he has not thrown off every claim; and if an object of blame, he is also one of pity. Her heart may break, but it cannot cease to love him. In the moments of sickness, when stretched on the bed of pain, dying perhaps from a contagious disease, he is deserted by his professed friends, who dare not, and care not to approach him—one nurse will be seen attending him; she will not leave his precious existence to the care of hirelings, though now every instant in his presence seems an hour of agony. His groans penetrate her heart, but she will not let him hear the sad response; she weeps, but turns away, lest he should see her tears. She guards his slumbers, presses his feverish lips to hers, pours the balm of religion on his conscience, and points out to him the mercy of that Judge before whom he may shortly appear. When all is silent, she prays for his life; and if that may not be, for his happiness in the life to come.

HE dies.—The shock perhaps deprives her of life, or, if not, she lives as one desolate and alone, anxiously looking forward to that world where she may meet her darling child, never to part again.

With equal simplicity and eloquence, the tender affection of Hagar for her child is expressed in the Old Testament.* In a wilderness, herself parched with thirst and fainting from fatigue, she beholds her infant—her only companion—dying from want of nourishment. The water-bottle was empty. Placing her boy beneath a shrub, and moving to some distance, she cried, "Let me not see the death of my child!" "Let me not behold the severance of those ties, which nature compels me to support and cherish; let not mine eyes witness the gradual departure of that angel spirit, which I had hoped would afford me comfort and consolation in my declining years." And "she lift up her voice and wept." But she was not left childless, "for God was with the lad."

IF we reflect upon the inestimable value of this parent, we can appreciate the beauty of the psalmist's expression, when he compares himself, laboring under the extreme of grief, to one "*who mourneth for his mother.*" And was it not in accordance with the perfect character of our Saviour, that some of his last thoughts should be for the welfare of her who

* Genesis xxi. 14, &c.

† A very fine picture of maternal suffering is exhibited in the fable of Niobe, (Ovid's *Metamorph.* lib. 6, fab. 5,) after the destruction of her sons.

"Heu! quantum hæc Niobe, Niobe distabat ab illâ!"

* * * * *
Invidiosa suis, at nunc miseranda vel hosti!
Corporibus gelidis incumbit: et ordine nullo
Oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes."

And after the death of her daughters, how appropriate was her change into a lifeless marble statue, paralyzed—yet weeping!

* Mrs. Austin's fragments from German writers.

followed him through all his trials? When extended on the cross, pointing to the disciple whom he loved, he said to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son," and to the disciple, "Behold thy mother." And from that hour the disciple took her to his own home.

Among the greatest and the best of our fellow-creatures,* we shall find that they never forgot the duty owing to her from whom they not only received life, but frequently inherited superior powers of mind. We are all too apt to disregard blessings to which we have long been accustomed, and to appreciate them only when it is too late. Many of us have cause to regret the past on this account, and some would willingly begin life again, solely from a wish to serve and please those of whose worth they are now aware.

Trifle not with a mother's love! It is too valuable, too elevated, and, though it last to the end of life, too transitory. Like many objects of inestimable worth and power, it is yet delicate and sensitive; then wound it not by a thoughtless word or an unkind action, but cherish its existence with feelings of the strongest admiration and respect.

Let us endeavor to share in the sentiments of the poet, Kirk White, as expressed in the following lines:

"And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honors on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?—
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! where'er our steps may
 roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age."

PUNISHMENT OF APOSTATES FROM ISLAMISM.

From the Asiatic Journal.

A RECENT occurrence, which has established a precedent for interference by Christian governments, in matters of religion, with Mahomedan states, is too curious in itself, and too important in relation to its probable consequences, to be allowed by us to pass without a short notice. The relaxation of that severe system of anti-Christian policy which for so many

* Tasso, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Kirke White, Canning, may be adduced, among many others, as well-known examples.

centuries kept Turkey in a constant state of active or slumbering hostility with Christendom, and the adoption by the Turkish government and people of many of our habits and modes of thinking, seem to have invited this encroachment (for such we deem it) upon their peculiar laws, and in a matter which, a few years ago, would have thrown the whole Ottoman empire into combustion.

The short and simple facts of the case are as follows. By the Mahomedan law, as administered in Turkey, persons who, having embraced Islamism, afterwards abandon that faith, are liable to suffer death. This is no doubt a barbarous and cruel law, but it is not peculiar to Mahomedanism—witness the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford! There have been probably more persons put to death in cold blood, and according to the forms of law, for exchanging one mode of Christianity for another, than in Turkey for renouncing the established faith altogether.

In the Turkish empire, there have been individuals who, educated in Christianity, have apostatized to Islamism,—men of lax or abandoned principles, who hoped by such change to improve their worldly circumstances, or, perhaps, in a few cases, to gratify their appetite for pleasures in which the Mussulman creed permits its votaries to indulge without let or censure. It is barely or scarcely possible that one or two individuals in a century have conscientiously repudiated the Bible, in the belief of which they have been bred, and sincerely embraced the *Koran*. When the Barbary states were in their vigor, many Christians, captured by their rovers, became Mahomedans, either through compulsion, or in the hope of escaping the horrors of slavery; but that infamous system has passed away.

Recently, some individuals, who had apostatized from Christianity to Islamism, and become again converts (as it is termed) to their original faith, have been executed in Turkey. What might have been the motives of these men in thus dallying with a question of such vital importance to themselves, it is impossible to know; if the first change was a sordid or licentious one, the second may be as little sincere. But the motives of the converts are no part of the question.

The ambassadors of England and France at Constantinople have been authorized and instructed by their governments to demand of the Sultan that this practice, of putting to death converts from Islamism to Christianity, be formally and forever abandoned throughout the Ottoman empire. When this proposition was made to the minister of the Porte, he told the ambassadors that this was a religious question, in which the government could not act; at the same time, in order to evince his desire to fulfil the wishes of his Christian allies, the Sultan, although he could not abrogate a religious law, undertook that it should not in future be enforced.

This was a very considerable step in toleration, to be taken by a bigoted government, at

the instance of those whose motives it must suspect and whose faith it detests. The law was still to remain unrepealed, but inert, like our law against witches, up to a very late period. And this would probably have sufficed, if it had not been intended to establish a direct and unquestionable precedent for interfering peremptorily in such matters hereafter. The two ambassadors would listen to no stipulation short of a formal abrogation of the law. It was in vain they were reminded that this was no question involving the toleration of Christianity, which is secured by treaty; the ambassadors demanded interviews with the Sultan, and threatened that, if their proposition was not agreed to, they would cease communication with the Porte, and withdraw from Constantinople.

Whether the military and naval preparations, which were ordered contemporaneously with this demand, indicated an intention primarily to resist it, is matter of conjecture: the Turkish government is too feeble to engage in a war with any European power, even when the contest is for the defence of their faith. It has submitted.

In this event we foresee the ultimate overthrow of Mahomedanism as a principle of government. Similar occasions for interference will often happen, and they will never be neglected. The two creeds will thus be brought into a species of conflict, and Mahomedanism will sink from a dominant principle into the distinction of a sect.

The result may be beneficial; but we wish it could be brought about by different means. Neither England nor France has any greater right to require the Turkish government to forbear executing apostates who relapse, than to call upon that of Portugal to abstain from an *auto da fe*.

THE POLKA.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

WHEN we wrote last month, that there was little doubt but the Polka would soon leave Paris, and come to town *viâ* Folkeston and Boulogne, we scarcely imagined that our predictions would be so rapidly fulfilled. The Polka *has* arrived, and its London popularity bids fair to equal its Parisian, at least for a season. But we are bound to state our impression that this season will be a very short one.

The "Illustrated London News," with its usual active vigilance, was the first to herald the approaching *furor*, by giving the music of the dance, and illustrations of its execution, in which a lady with long plaited tails and a gentleman in melodramatic costume, were throwing their limbs about in unwonted action. Then advertisements of tuition in its mysteries

crept into the newspapers. Nobody as yet knew it, but all assumed the knowledge; and what they were at a loss to comprehend they invented of their own. Some announced that they had started for Paris to see how it was performed in society; others simply stated they gave lessons in it twice a-day; and one lady informed an anxious public "that she had had the honor of acquiring it from a Bohemian nobleman." How we should like to have seen the interview! and what a subject it would have made for the pencil of Mr. Leech, who in the portrayal of "foreign gentlemen," seedy and otherwise, stands unrivalled. Bohemia must indeed be the land of dance, from the days of La Esmeralda to the present time, when its very nobles give lessons therein. Imagine our returning the compliment, and dispatching one of our peers—Lord Brougham, for instance—to teach the college-hornpipe or the double-shuffle at foreign academies!

It was left for Easter Monday to reveal the music and the dance of the Polka to public ears and eyes,—the former at the Haymarket, the latter at the Lyceum and Princess's Theatres; and four days later the Opera followed their example. At the first-named house it was simply played by the orchestra, but at the others it was executed by the *corps de ballet*. Miss Farebrother, as a most bewitching robber, joined her band of forty very pretty thieves in its graceful evolutions at the Lyceum; and at the Princess's so many dark eyes and good legs flashed and twinkled in the figure, that the lookers-on were well nigh beside themselves. But at both of these theatres young ladies in the boxes became alarmed as they watched its intricacies, and whispered to each other, or thought to themselves, "Goodness gracious! shall we be expected to go through all those positions in society?" We believe we can relieve their anxiety by replying, "Certainly not;" for in both cases the Polka is a fine fiction, as now performed. We, who from our "Divan" remove the roofs of houses at our will, and, Asmodeus-like, lay bare their secrets, know that at neither theatre was any thing particularly understood about it at all. At one house, the tact of the gifted little woman who now manages therein, cleverly aided by her satellites and auxiliaries, contrived to throw additional attraction into a very clever burlesque by its apt introduction; and at the others, the evening "Fair Star" shone with increased brilliancy by the Polka, which emanated from the united heads, or heels, of Monsieur Jullien and Madame Vedy. A great man and a talented is Monsieur Jullien. You will find envious musicians, and gloomy frequenters of classical concerts, who call him a humbug. This we flatly contradict. He has unequalled tact in seizing, and ability in arranging, any subject of popular interest. And, even admitting that he is one, a man who can "humbug" London for three or four consecutive years is of no ordinary mind. How many are struggling to do the same; and, in the same, misera-

bly failing. We return to our original position: Monsieur Jullien is a great man and a talented: his quadrilles are only surpassed by his camellias.

But as yet there had only been a revelation of the Polka to Easter-holiday makers. On the ensuing Thursday its name appeared in large letters on the *affiches* of the Italian Opera, for the benefit of those living on the *entresol* of society. We say the "entresol," because those above them knew it already, from their intercourse with the best Parisian circles; but the intermediate people wished to learn it,—those *parvenu* gentilities who go to the Opera, not to be amused, but because they imagine being constantly seen there gives them position. The "Polka" was to be danced by Perrot and Carlotta; and the announcement, no doubt, drew together a good many who had seen the others,—people of inferior station, who boldly paid their eight-and-sixpence, or crept in under favor of a newspaper admission. "Now," they thought, "we shall see what the Polka ought to be; for the others have been mere *divertissemens*."

Well, the curtain rose, and discovered "an interior." It might be "a palace," "a hall of audience," "an apartment in the castle," "a splendid saloon," or whatever sort of scene the exigencies of the piece demanded. Then entered a grand procession of ladies and gentlemen, more or less Bohemian, in costumes that had done the stage much service. These marched about, paired off, and promenaded together again, until the audience wondered what would come afterwards. Next followed a "pas de deux," in which the scantiness of drapery excited virtuous indignation; and then Carlotta and Perrot bounded in, amidst the cheers of the spectators, and the Polka commenced.

What it was cannot very well be defined: to us it appeared a species of double Cracovienne run mad. Carlotta pointed her toes upwards, and clicked her brass heels together, and Perrot did the same; then they waltzed in unequal time, and leant backwards, and forwards, and sideways, and against one another, and turned each other round, until they finally spun off amidst universal applause, and the intense bewilderment of the spectators, now grèater than ever, as to what the Polka was supposed to be. For surely nobody would ever attempt all those evolutions in a ball-room!

The truth is this. The Polka is in itself as simple as the waltz; it is, in fact, a species of waltz in Cracovienne time, if we may be allowed to say so. Two people can dance it as well as two dozen, beginning or leaving off whenever they please; but, as the first half minute shows completely what it is, a different arrangement was necessary for the stage, and various figures were introduced, at the option, and according to the taste of the ballet-master or mistress. That it will ever become as popular in London as on the Continent we much doubt. There is, at the best, too much of the

ballet about it. But creating a sensation about any thing always benefits somebody; and in this instance, whether the dancing-masters, the opera-dancers, the theatres, or the music-publishers have benefited the most by its introduction, the end has been fully answered.

LOVER'S EVENINGS!

From the Literary Gazette.

It is but putting the apostrophe at another point, and making it Lovers' Evenings, to indicate how pleasant such evenings are. Time immemorial they have been so; blessed with the hopes of Youth, dear to the memories of Age.

But though of a like enjoyable kind, the Lover's Evening of which we have now to discourse is of an unlike description. It was the first public appearance of the gentleman of that name, so well known and so highly popular as novelist, composer, artist, dramatist, and lyrist, as the expositor of Irish character, and an illustrator of Irish music. Lover's Tales are among the raciest of his country's productions in that line; and his songs are sung from the court to the cabin,—touching in natural pathos, or rich in national humor. A patriotic ambition has, happily for those who can hear them, induced him to deliver lectures on the music of Ireland, and embellish them with examples from ancient times, from his admirable contemporary Moore, and (chiefly) from his own compositions, either already chanted throughout the three kingdoms, or novelties which, from their beauty both in language and melody, must speedily partake of the same enviable notoriety. On Wednesday, the handsome concert-room of the Prince's theatre was crowded, centre, reserved seats, and orchestra, with as fashionable a looking throng as we have ever seen on a similar occasion. At eight o'clock the lecture began; and, except the interruptions of numerous bursts of applause or laughter, the silent attention paid to the whole till nearly eleven o'clock* was the best tribute that could reward the successful efforts of Mr. Lover.

* Too late, however, and we are of opinion that no treat of the kind should exceed two hours, and conduct us into midnight. Encores, it is true, interfere with and destroy previous calculations of time; but in London, with its distances, many people desire to leave public places so as to get home at convenient seasons; and others in the upper ranks of life have often to visit private parties. Care should be taken to meet these requisites; for it is very annoying to quit what is so agreeable to us in the middle of our pleasure, and hardly less so to notice persons obliged to depart in order to avoid too late hours.

His own voice is of limited power; but what is wanted in physique is abundantly made up in genuine expression. The bard is the true interpreter of his own ideas; and to us an emphasis is worth more than the highest note ever reached by vocal organ. We love meaning far better than flourish, a vibration of our heart's strings beyond the purest shake ever executed, and a simple feeling of emotion above any pitch of tone that would astonish the world. When rarely united (as in one of the applauding audience who sat not far from us, Mrs. Alfred Shaw), the finished powers of music and just expression are indeed irresistible. But to return to our theme. After some pertinent and interesting introductory remarks, Mr. L. sang a new song, called *Whisper Low*, of which it is enough to say that it deserves a place beside his *Angels' Whisper*—"A baby was sleeping." He then proceeded to speak of the ancient harp and harpers, of the remarkable names given to the strings of the instrument, and other matters of curious lore, interspersed with many amusing anecdotes, and old as well as modern traits of Irish character. Every division was followed by a song, duet, or trio, aptly brought in, and charmingly sung by Miss Cubitt, a Miss Rollo Dickson, and the author. Among these, the glowing benevolence of the *Four-leaved Shamrock*, sung by Mr. L.; *Carolan*, sung by Miss Cubitt; *Molly Bawn*, sung by Miss Dickson; and, in conclusion, *Coo Coo* (a new song), also sung by this young lady; and *Widow Machree*, by Mr. Lover;—were lauded to the echo. The story of the "Curse of Kishogue" was told with inimitable drollery. And of new songs, destined for equal popularity with their predecessors, we may quote the following:

"Whisper Low."

"In days of old, when first I told
A tale so bold, my love, to thee,
In falt'ring voice I sought thy choice,
And did rejoice thy blush to see;
With downcast eyes I heard thy sighs,
And hope reveal'd her dawn to me,
As soft and slow, with passion's glow,
I whisper'd low, my love, to thee.

The cannon loud, in deadly breach,
May thunder on the shrinking foe;
'Tis anger is but loud of speech,
The voice of love is soft and low.
The tempest's shout, the battle's rout,
Make havoc wild we weep to see;
But summer wind and friends when kind
All whisper low as I to thee.

Now, gallants gay, in pride of youth,
Say, would you win the fair one's ear?
Your votive prayer be short and sooth,
And whisper low, and she will hear.
The matin-bell may loudly toll
But the bridal morn when all may hear;
But at the time of vesper-chime
Oh whisper low in beauty's ear."

Of a livelier character is

"There's no such Girl as mine."

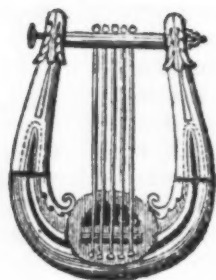
"Oh, there's no such girl as mine,
In all the wide world around;
With her hair of golden twine,
And her voice of silver sound.
Her eyes are as black as the sloes,
And quick is her ear so fine,
And her breath is as sweet as the rose,
There's no such girl as mine!

Her spirit so sweetly flows,
Unconscious winner of hearts,
There's a smile wherever she goes,
There's a sigh wherever she parts;
A blessing she wins from the poor,
To court her the rich all incline,
She's welcome at every door—
O there's no such girl as mine!

She's light to the banquet-hall,
She's balm to the couch of care;
In sorrow, in mirth, in all,
She takes her own sweet share
Enchanting the many abroad,
At home doth she brightest shine;
'Twere endless her worth to laud—
There's no such girl as mine!"

At the end, the room rose and loudly cheered this most entertaining and characteristic beginning of a long course of "Irish Evenings," which, like Wilson's Scotch, will delight the public, no matter to which of the three kingdoms they belong.

EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.—Our neighbors are honorable competitors in the field of geographical enterprise and scientific exploration. Accounts have been received of the Comte de Castelnau's expedition into the interior of South America, dated from Sabara, one hundred and fifty leagues north of Rio Janeiro, and some of the fruits of its labors, a collection of objects of natural history, have already reached Paris. The Comte Ange de Saint Priest, who lately published a collection of drawings of Mexican antiquities, (*Athen.* No. 814,) has submitted to the king a project for a scientific exploration of the provinces of Yucatan, Chiapas, and Central America; and a commission, composed of eminent members of the Institute, has been formed to organize the expedition, direct its labors, and trace its route. The king has created the bishop of Iceland a chevalier of the legion of honor, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him to the Iceland Exploring Scientific Commission; and the Geographical Society has awarded its gold medals, for the most remarkable contributions to geographical literature, to M. H. de Hell, for his journey to the shores of the Caspian Sea, and to M. d'Arnaud for his travels to the sources of the White Nile.—*Athenæum.*



From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE WINDS.

BY JOSHUA MINTY.

WHAT voice is in the winds!
There is a feeling in their lightest tone,
The soft gales sigh the storm-blast's hollow moan,
Each to the soul in language of its own
Speaks and an echo finds.

How light upon the ear
Breathes the soft murmur of the evening gale,
Wringing from memory full many a tale
Of home, and youth, and love, ah! visions frail,
As they were passing dear.

The whirlwind in its might,
That vanquisher of earth, the hoarse, the loud
Scourger of ocean, ruler of the cloud,
What is the whirlwind?—what but passion's
crowd
Of feelings as they smite.

How o'er the ravaged earth
Are strewn the fragments of her summer prime,
Like blighted joys that lie in after time
Upon the aching heart, whose only crime
Was to give passion birth.

The night wind sweeps along,
With fitful cadence sighing on its way,
As if the spirits of the bright, the gay,
The loved, the lost, were in its mournful play,
A melancholy throng.

How soft its gentle kiss—
And can it be that spirits from above,
Thus on the pinions of the night-wind rove,
Fanning the fever'd cheeks of those they love,
And whispering of bliss?

But now the morning breeze
Steals o'er the earth with fragrance on its wings,
Filling the soul with bright imaginings;
The flow'ret opens its bud, the wild bird sings—
There's music in the trees.

What says the breeze of morn?
That gentle hope within the human breast,
May thus breathe sweetly, calming it to rest,
Thus sing of happiness and regions blest,
To comfort the forlorn.

Then have not winds a voice?
Is there not language in each magic sound?

Are they not eloquent as on they bound
O'er earth and sea? When are they silent found?
When cease they to rejoice?

Among the snows untrod,
Along the vale and o'er the grassy hill,
Through trees, 'mid flow'rets boisterous or still,
By night, by day, the universe they fill:
Theirs is the voice of God.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

I SIGH IN VAIN.

I SIGH in vain
For freedom, and my spirit long hath pined
To tread the dark green hills of earth again,
To drink the mountain-wind.

More blest than I,
On silver wing the sea-bird far may roam,
Seek the glad sunshine of the azure sky,
Or the bright billow's foam.

The forest deer
Are in the green wood bounding wild and free,
While, fevered and heart-sick, I languish here
In lone captivity.

The bright sunshine
That warms the earth and lights the lonely sea,
May gladden every heart and eye save mine,
But scarce may beam on me.

I pine alone,
There is no smile to soothe the captive's woe—
No kindly breathing voice, whose gentle tone
Forbids his tears to flow.

Night's raven wings
May fan the mourner to a brief repose;
But the sweet pause from sorrow which she brings,
On me she ne'er bestows.

For when the stars
Beguile the dark arch of the midnight sky,
Sadly I watch them through my grating bars,
As they sail silent by.

Or if I lay
Me down on my straw bed, and seek to sleep,
In tortured visions scenes now far away
Will by my spirit sweep.

My throbbing head !
Oh, that my burning fantasies were o'er,
And thou wert laid cold in thy last low bed,
To dream of earth no more.

Man was not made
To waste in lone captivity away ;
Far better 'twere in quiet to be laid,
Mouldering in dull decay.

Welcome then, Death !
Too long thy seraph wing hath stayed from me.
Come, break this chain, and steal this fluttering
breath,
And set my spirit free.

From the Metropolitan.

THE ARAB MOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"In the march of a caravan, it is customary to bury the dead by the way-side, and I have known a poor mother carry the corpse of her infant for hours, loth to tell the secret which must entail a perpetual separation."—*Mr. F. Ainsworth's Tales of the East.*

SLOWLY and sadly o'er the desert wild
A wearied throng their languid way are keeping ;
The mother to her bosom clasps her child,
How tranquilly the gentle babe is sleeping !

All marvel when its eyelids shall uncloze,
Listing to hear its murmured accents breaking ;
They see not in that infant's calm repose
The deep and dreamless sleep that knows not
waking.

But she, the mother, *knows* that death is there,
And struggles not against the sad conviction :
How can she silently her trial bear ?
How can she still the outbreak of affliction ?

How can she light and careless speech command,
And veil her agony from each beholder,
Locking within her own the little hand
That every moment in her grasp grows colder ?

Oh ! she can deck with mimic smiles her face,
Fearing lest force the child from her should sever ;
The wayside grave—the desert resting-place—
These, these would tear her from her babe for ever.

And therefore doth she nerve her struggling
powers,
Calling up pleasant images to cheer her
Of the fair shady tomb o'erspread with flowers,
Where she may still preserve her darling near her.

Deep is the fountain of a mother's love,
Ever within her tender bosom springing,
Yet must our chastened reason disapprove
The love to outward signs thus wildly clinging.

Dear though it be to seek a loved one's tomb,
There pouring forth affection's fond revealings,
This robs not death of its repelling gloom,
This hath not power to heal the wounded feelings.

But thou, O Christian Mother, need'st not fear
The trial, though the child of thy devotion
Should find a grave,—dark, fathomless, and drear,
Beneath the whelming billows of the ocean.

Or lay unknown, unwept, in foreign ground,
Amid conflicting scenes of war and danger,
Where wild weeds cluster o'er the sun-burnt
mound,
Trampled beneath the footstep of the stranger.

Yet Faith shall in thy sorrow show to thee
A day when ocean and when earth shall tremble,
And from the plain, the cave, the field, the sea,
The Lord shall bid the slumbering dead assemble.

There shall He re-unite his severed ties,
There shall his people gaze upon each other,
And mid the rest thy dear one shall arise,
Greeting with smiles his fondly loving mother.

And proving that the lone and distant grave
Is but a brief and passing habitation ;
That Death the body can alone enslave,
And souls endure no lasting separation !

From the Metropolitan.

SPRING, AND THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE Spring ! the Spring ! O the joyous Spring !
It is coming again ! I can feel its wing
On the green hill top, in the sylvan vale,
And it flushes the cheek that is wan and pale ;
And the mother dreams, as she looks on her boy,
That flush is the herald of future joy ;
And fancies she sees in his bright young eye
The promise so dear, that he will not die.
But the beautiful bloom that lights his cheek,
Is the fading fire of a flame so weak,
That the breath of Spring does but fan to con-
sume,
And soon his cold ashes will rest in the tomb.

The Spring ! the Spring ! O the joyous Spring !
It brings life and death on its roseate wing ;
And the pale consumptive must bow his head
To the green sod, that covers the lonely dead.
When the violet basks in the genial ray,
And the wild-bird sings on the leafy spray,
His bloom will be gone, and his voice will be
hush'd,
And the heart of the mother lie lone and crush'd :
But a richer Spring will revive the bloom
Of that pale shrunk boy, in his timeless tomb,
And his soul will take flight on a brighter wing,
Than heralds the path of the golden Spring.

The Spring! the Spring! O the joyous Spring,
 Shall a thousand holy mem'ries bring,
 Of the beautiful flow'rs that have pass'd away,
 To bloom in the light of eternal day.
 Oh! why should we mourn, when the young
 heart breaks,
 Ere the guard of its virtues its post forsakes,
 To let the wild passions of earth come in,
 That stain the pure blossoms of youth with sin?
 Then weep not, fond mother, his young life's close,
 Though he fall in his bloom, like the first Spring
 rose;
 Say, what can'st thou offer so fitly to heaven,
 As the flow'r in the beauty with which it was
 given?

From the Spectator.

STANZAS.

BY BABOO GOVIN CHUNDER DUTT,

A native of Bengal.

WHERE is the gay melodious voice,
 O where the mirthful tone,
 That bade my kindred soul rejoice
 In hours forever gone?
 For ever gone!—aye—with that name
 A thousand memories throng,—
 The gentle look, the soothing word,
 The silvery laugh and song!

The lofty hall, and trellissed bower,
 Where waved the stately plume,
 And brightly glanced the midnight gem,
 And flowers breathed rich perfume,—
 They flash o'er memory's darkened eye,
 Like lightnings through a storm,
 And with them starts to claim a sigh
 Each well-known friendly form.

No soft lamp pours its silvery ray
 Through yon proud chamber's gloom,
 All silent is the mouldering way
 Where censers breathed perfume;
 But still resounds the lark's sweet notes
 Amid these scenes so fair,
 And still on morning's wings she floats
 To woo the fragrant air!

Though cold be Beauty's crimson cheek,
 And dim her laughing brow,
 And her blue eye no more bespeak
 A mind as pure as snow,—
 Yet still the rose blooms wild around,
 The Queen of Eastern flowers,
 And still the clashing waves resound
 Beside the forest bowers!

But hush'd is music's mirthful voice,
 And silent is each tone,
 That bade my kindred soul rejoice
 In hours for ever gone!
 And nature's sights are nothing now—
 A leaf, or breath of air—
 Unless, departed friends! with you
 Their glory I can share.

From the Metropolitan.

COME TO THE WOODLANDS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

O COME to the woodlands! the young moon is
 wreathing
 Her bright silver tresses with garlands of dew;
 O come where the music of nature is breathing!
 And the eglantine spreads its wild roses for you:
 Where glow-worms are peeping,
 The wild fawns are sleeping,
 The nightingale thrilling his sweet roundelay;
 The hymn of the night breeze
 Is heard in the pine trees,
 O Geraldine! come to the woodlands away!
 The twilight is fading, the night is advancing,
 The spring's sweetest odors are loading the gale;
 O come where the fairies by moonlight are danc-
 ing!
 To song and to minstrelsy, down in the vale:
 O'er violets, dripping
 With dew, they are tripping,
 Around the old oak, in their revels so gay;—
 Thy sweet eye is brighter,—
 Thy footstep is lighter,—
 O Geraldine! come to the woodlands away!

From the Athenæum.

MORN AT SEA.

'Tis glorious on the waters, (when young morn
 Shows in the golden east his rosy face,
 Laughing to see night's swift retreat,) to trace
 Our path midst spray and foam, like blossoms torn
 From the green hedgerow, when May clothes the
 thorn
 In robes of purest white. With rapid race
 The light sail coyly flies the wind's embrace,
 Eager to be pursued the while. As corn
 Bends to the Autumn breeze, so bends the mast;
 While like a sportive dolphin seems my boat;
 And I, Arion on his back, may float,
 And glimpse the mermaids as we hurry past,
 Peering into the depths; where broken rocks
 Protect sea flow'rs to deck their braided locks.

From the Metropolitan.

SONNET.

BY G. B. COWELL.

'Tis glorious, some bright evening, to behold,
 As sinks the chariot of the lord of day,
 The clouds, in garments robed of purest gold,
 Throng on all sides and close around his way.
 Thus were the Muses wont, methinks, of yore,
 To flit before the blind old Homer's mind,
 And breathe the magic of that heavenly lore
 Which still enthralls the heart of all mankind.
 Thus did they float before his mind's keen eye,
 In such rich colors, such bright radiance drest,
 As lightly gliding from their thrones on high,
 Those heavenly thoughts they planted in his
 breast,
 Thoughts, which ne'er fade, though centuries
 roll by,
 Whose blossom blooms with immortality!

MISCELLANY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS FOR INDIA AND CHINA.

—Steam intercourse with India is likely to be arranged in a manner to meet the wishes of all parties interested in the subject; and a rapid and most efficient communication will ere long be carried out, by means of powerful vessels to be employed by the Government of India, and probably by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Without pledging ourselves to details, we believe the following to be a correct outline of the arrangement at present contemplated. There is to be a bi-monthly instead of a monthly intercourse. The mails which leave London and Calcutta simultaneously on the 1st day of every month, are to be conveyed by the East India Company; those leaving on the 15th, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, if they obtain the contract; and the distance between London and Calcutta, and *vice versa*, is to be performed in forty days. The effect of this arrangement will be as follows:—The mail leaving London on, say the 1st January, will be conveyed *via* Marseilles and Suez to Bombay, whence letters will be transmitted, as now, to the various parts of the continent of India, and to Ceylon; those for Calcutta reaching that city on the 10th February, so that answers may be despatched by the homeward mail of the 15th, to be brought by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels, calling at Madras and Ceylon to take up the Bombay and China letters, which will arrive in London on the 25th March, in time to permit of replies by the outgoing mail of the 1st April, *via* Bombay. In the same manner, the mail leaving London and Southampton on the 15th January, will be conveyed by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels *via* Suez to Ceylon, where they are to drop the mails for China and for Bombay, and then proceed onwards, calling at Madras, to Calcutta, arriving there on the 25th February; thus allowing time to answer by the homeward mail leaving on the 1st March, and reaching London by way of Bombay on the 10th April, to which replies may be transmitted by the outward mail of the 15th April, which will convey despatches to Bombay, China, Madras, and Calcutta, by way of Ceylon. The intercourse with China will be monthly, the Peninsular and Oriental Company having undertaken the conveyance of a mail, which will be forwarded from Ceylon immediately on receipt of the outward mail of the 15th of every month. In order to carry these arrangements into effect, the East India Company are to provide three new vessels of competent power. The Peninsular and Oriental Company, to fulfil their part of the undertaking, have ordered an iron steamer of large power; they have also purchased the *Precursor*, conditionally, for £50,000, and offered \$23,000 for the *India*.—*Asiatic Journal*.

DR. WOLFF.—Capt. Grover has received a letter from Dr. Wolff, dated Meshed, March 24. The doctor fell in with Saleh Mohammed, called the Akhoondyadeh, whose circumstantial statement of what he said people told him of the execution of Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly, was published in all the papers. The doctor thus writes:—"Saleh Mohammed told me that the two persons who were put to death, and of whom he gave a circumstantial account to Col. Sheill, may

have been two other persons, and that the executioner may have belied him. Besides this, I must confess that two things are suspicious to me in the extreme: he first told me that the executioner who told him the story had been the executioner of Stoddart; on another day I asked him which of the two executioners had put Stoddart to death, and he replied he did not know!" The doctor also says:—"A caravan arrived here some days ago from Bokhara; and ask whom you will, the invariable answer is,—'They may be alive, for nobody has seen them executed, and the Gosh Bekee, or prime minister, who for five years was supposed to have been put to death, has suddenly come forth alive and well from prison.' The chief of the caravan of Bokhara, Mullah Kareem, who leaves that city every two months, and has a wife there, told me two days ago, that if any one asserts that he has seen the execution of the two eelchies, (ambassadors,) he is a liar!"—*Asiatic Journal*.

DOCK YARDS OF FRANCE.—The number of laborers employed in the several dock yards on the west coast of France at present, is 10,170, of whom 3465 at Brest, 1102 at Rochefort, 1212 at L'Orient, and 1127 at Cherbourg; besides 1000 artificers, &c., of the artillery, and 2053 other laborers on the marine works connected with the last-mentioned of these ports. The cost of the *matériel* of the French navy is estimated at about twelve millions sterling, or 298,463,000 francs, and out of this sum the ships themselves, without any of their equipments, are estimated to have occasioned an outlay of nearly £2,500,000. From the year 1826 to 1830, inclusive, the yearly consumption of hemp for cordage amounted to 2450 tons; it does not exceed at this time 1470. A ship of the line, with her entire equipments, is estimated to cost the state a sum of £116,000; for instance, the *Hercules*, which conveyed the Prince de Joinville to the Brazils, did not put to sea for less than £117,580, in which sum, however, some extraordinary disbursements are included.—*U. Serv. Mag.*

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MEDICINE.—This is a small but very select society, composed of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners. Its object is the mutual comparison, so to speak it, of notes, for general edification. It meets once a week, at the house of each member in rotation. At the last meeting—

The chair was taken by Dr. Hookie, at the head of his own tea-table. The worthy chairman, with a cup of Hyson in his hand, begged to propose as a toast, "Success to Practice." Drunk unanimously.

The secretary (Mr. Jones) then stated that Mr. Baggs had a communication to make to the Society.

Mr. Baggs would, with permission of the Society, relate an interesting case. The patient was an elderly lady, *atatis* 65; her complaint was a sinking at the stomach, accompanied by a singing in the ears; together with a nervous affection, described by herself as "alloverishness." He (Mr. Baggs) had called the disorder *Debilitas*, and *Tinnitus Aurium*. Ordered—Pil. Micæ Panis, box one,—three pills to be taken every night: and a sixteen ounce mixture, composed of Tinct. Cardamom: Comp. drachms ten: Syrup: Simp.: ounces

two: and the rest, Aqua: three table spoonfuls three times a day. The patient had been two months under treatment—expresses herself to have been done a world of good—but should like to go on with the medicine. He (Mr. Baggs) considered that he had been very lucky in his patient, and only hoped he might have many such.

A member here suggested the propriety of drinking her health. (*No, no; and laughter.*)

Another member thought that Mr. Baggs had made a good thing of it.

Mr. Baggs rather flattered himself that he had. He had charged "Iter," each visit, 5s., besides medicine, and he had seen the case daily.

The same member wished, if it was a fair question, to know what might have been the prime cost of the drugs?

Mr. Baggs said that the tincture in each bottle, he should think, was about threepence-halfpenny, and the syrup perhaps three farthings. The aqua was an insignificant fraction of the rate on that fluid; as was the Panis of the baker's bill.

One member considered that a few powders, now and then, might have been sent in. Another would have applied an Emplastrum Picis to the *Epigastrium*. It would have been 3s.

Mr. Baggs thought that a little moderation was sometimes as well.

The Society, generally agreed with him.

Dr. Dunham Brown then recounted an instructive case of gout, occurring in an alderman. He had been in attendance on him for a twelve-month, and had taken, on an average, three fees a week.

The Chairman next read a valuable paper "On Professional Appearance," in which he strongly recommended black gaiters.

A discussion ensued respecting the advantages of spectacles in procuring the confidence of patients. At its conclusion—

The Chairman inquired who was for a game at whist? Several members answering for themselves in the affirmative, cards were introduced. The Society separated at a respectable hour.—*Punch*.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND.—The Emperor of Russia is the only existing representative of the Emperor of the Fairy Tale or Arabian Nights' Entertainment. For fair speeches and rich gifts on every side, there has been nothing heard of like him since the little girl out of whose mouth came lilies and roses whenever she opened it, and out of whose hair was combed pearls and diamonds. He scattered his drafts for 1,000*l.* or 500*l.* about him with as much nonchalance as a stage Cræsus could distribute bits of white paper. Lords of the Household have received his Majesty's portrait set in diamonds; Equerries, his "cipher," similarly adorned; maitres d'hôtel have diamond rings; and even menial domestics have gold boxes, rings, and watches. In reading of this shower of good luck, one is carried back in imagination to the days of Danaë; Sinbad's Valley of Diamonds rises to the view—a fat cook setting a delicate roast before the Autocrat, which is withdrawn with a jewel sticking to it. But the provoking part of the story is the imperturbable phlegm with which John Bull endures this vision of Fairyland opening for a moment in the midst of his commonplace world. The Chelsea Bazaar, Mr. Ward's motion about the Irish Church, the Sugar-duties, a hundred other topics of the day, each in turn driving out the other, have already oblite-

rated the sensation caused by the lavish generosity of the Monarch who appears to "hold the gorgeous East in fee." We are too busy a people to mind portents long: it is very doubtful whether, were some of those green knolls once said to be the haunts of "the good people," to open at our feet and reveal the elves gambolling in caverns rich as that in which Aladdin found his lamp, the marvel would excite more than an exclamation of momentary surprise. The Imperial visit has come and gone like the lightning, "which doth cease to be ere one can say it lightens." If the Emperor—instead of, as is probable, merely gratifying a momentary whim—calculated upon exciting a *sensation* in England by his meteor-like transit, he has reckoned without his host.—*Spec.*

POLICE INTERFERENCE IN GERMANY.—An Englishman is just arrived in a German town, with half-a-dozen youths under his care, for the finishing of their education. Some of these youths are nearly grown to manhood. They have their guns and pistols, and practise at a mark, or at birds, in their tutor's garden. A flock of sparrows settles on a tree; they fire at them. A man in a neighboring garden raises his head and gazes sternly and significantly at them. Presently arrives a policeman, with a long printed paper of regulations against the shooting of birds, with all the pains and penalties. The youths lay aside the fowling-piece, and amuse themselves with shooting at the sparrows with pellets of putty, sent from a sarbacan or blow-gun, blown by the mouth. Presently appears again the grave servant of justice, with another long printed paper, showing how strictly it is forbidden to kill *singing* birds, with a list of those which are decided by the wisdom of the government to be singing birds, and the various fines for such offences, mounting up in severity from a tom-tit to a nightingale, the penalty for whose death is five florins, or 8*s.* 4*d.* Guns and blow-guns being thus spiked by the police, the unfortunate youths betook themselves into the open wood behind the house, where they supposed they could molest no one, and amused themselves with firing at a mark with a pistol. At the very first crack, however, out steps a *wood* policeman, in his long drab coat with green collar, seizes the pistol, pockets it, and walks off. Astounded at this proceeding, the youths for some time desisted from all sorts of shooting; but, tempted one day by a handsome brass cannon in a shop-window in the city, (what *do* these shopkeepers sell little brass cannons *for*?) they immediately conclude that with cannons you may shoot. People do not shoot singing-birds, at all events, with *cannon*. They therefore bought the cannon; and to avoid all possible offence, they carried it into the mountains, and far up there, in a rocky hollow, they commenced firing their cannon at a mark on the wall of a precipice. Bang goes the little cannon, back it flies with the shock,—out starts a policeman, and puts it in his pocket!

The patience of the youths was now exhausted. They demanded, "What! cannot we even fire a child's cannon?" The reply was, "Nein, das ist am strengsten verboten." "No, that is most strictly forbidden." The youths, with English spirit, protested against the seizure of their cannon. "Good! good!" was the answer, and the next day they were summoned to the Amt-house, and, on the clearest showing of the printed regulations, fined ten shillings.—*German Experiences.*

O'CONNELL.—After the close of the proceedings in the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench, on Thursday last week, Mr. O'Connell and the other traversers remained for about an hour in the Judges' chambers, awaiting certain formalities in order to their commitment. At a quarter after five o'clock, they were driven off in three carriages, accompanied by the High Sheriff, and escorted by a strong body of mounted Police, to Richmond Bridewell, in the South Circular Road. As they passed forth, there was a general cry of "Silence!" among the crowd; which was in a state of great "excitement," and several persons shed tears. Numbers followed the carriages; and a large crowd was collected at the entrance of the prison. Inside the prison-gate stood a numerous party of gentlemen, in two files, personal friends of Mr. O'Connell: they uncovered as he entered; and he shook hands with them. O'Connell and his companions were conducted to the Governor's house. Mr. Purdon, the Governor, being absent, Mr. Cooper, the Deputy-Governor, received the prisoners from High Sheriff Ball; and Mr. O'Connell was conveyed to rooms which he had engaged before the passing of the sentence. They are spacious and airy. Mrs. Fitzsimon and Mrs. French, O'Connell's daughters, were in waiting to receive him in his new lodging; and after a short interval, he walked with them in the large gardens belonging to the prison, to which his party have access. The Liberator seems to pass his time as pleasantly as a prison allows: he has an almost daily levee, admitting visitors for a few hours each day except Mondays and Wednesdays. The Dublin papers publish a letter by his chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Miley, dated "the second day of the Captivity," describing O'Connell at mass.

"Never have I beheld the Liberator in a sublimer attitude than this morning, as he knelt, I may say in fetters, before the altar he himself had freed. It was a spectacle of much grander import than even of a 'just man contending with adversity'; and if those who have been laboring so long, *per fas aut nefas*, to afflict his spirit, to embitter and disgrace his declining years, could have beheld the serenity of his countenance in receiving the divine communion, I would not say they would have been sorely disappointed, but, for the honor of human nature, I shall persuade myself that it would have repented them of their intent in seeking to fix the brand of a felonious conspirator on such a man. No; O'Connell is not sick—he is not sad; let no one believe it. I was beside him in the court; I accompanied him to the prison; it is scarce an hour since this hand that writes was grasped in his: and I aver, upon this knowledge, that he is in rude health, unshaken in his purpose, and undismayed as when he denounced the Union on Tara or Mullaghmast, serene in the spirit of his mind, and full of buoyant vigor. He is proud of his present position, and looks back upon the past with triumph; and never were his hopes of the future brighter than at this moment, or more akin to certainty."

The Repeal papers present a "tremendous excitement" as obtaining in the provinces; but the examples cited are not very striking. In one place the people shut up their shops in token of mourning; in others they got up early to hear the news; and on Sunday prayers were said for O'Connell's health and strength to bear up under the "unjust sentence." The most "alarming

excitement" occurred at Galaway. A foolish sexton, to curry favor with a gentleman who had arrived over night at his residence in the neighborhood, rang the bells of St. Nicholas's church; on which a mob collected, and would have lynched the sexton, but that some priests and gentlemen interposed and promised that he should be punished. He was summarily dismissed.—*Spectator*.

BYRON'S STATUE BY THORWALDSEN.—A case of an extraordinary nature is about to be brought before the London tribunals. Thorwaldsen, as is well known, had executed a colossal statue of Lord Byron, which he presented to the Chapter of Westminster, on condition of its being placed in that cathedral beside the monuments of other poets. The Chapter first accepted the offer, but it is equally well known that some scruples were raised afterwards against placing the author of *Don Juan* in this national mausoleum; and the case containing the precious marble was never claimed by the Chapter. The testamentary executors of Thorwaldsen being informed of this state of things, made some inquiries, and the masterpiece of Thorwaldsen was found lying on the floor of a cellar in a state of extreme deterioration, amongst the fragments of the case, which the humidity of the place had reduced to a state of perfect rottenness. Consequently, a person duly authorized by the executor addressed a formal reclamation to the authorities, but when the Custom-house officers went with him to the cellar, it was found that the statue had disappeared, and nothing but fragments of the case remained behind. The executors then addressed to the Custom-house a demand for indemnity. This, however, was refused, under the plea that it cannot be answerable for goods refused by the parties to whom they are addressed. The executors have resolved on bringing an action for damages against the Custom-house of London. The sum claimed is 30,000l. (750,000f.) at which the statue was valued by the artists of Rome on its being shipped to London.—*Morning Chronicle*.

POPULATION OF GERMAN STATES.—The Table of Population, on which the appropriation of the duties received on account of the German Customs-Union is founded, affords us the following data respecting the number of inhabitants in each State of the Union in the year 1843; viz. Prussia, 14,934,340; Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, 175,223; Bavaria, 4,370,977; Kingdom of Saxony, 1,706,267; Wurtemberg, 1,646,871; the two Principalities of Hohenzollern, 59,387; Baden, 1,290,146; Electoral Hesse (or Hesse Cassel), 692,835; Grand Duchy of Hesse, 811,503; Landgraviate of Hesse, 18,444; Brunswick, 265,835; Nassau, 398,095; and Frankfort on the Main, 66,338. The total population of States forming the Union, inclusive of certain isolated districts, Thuringia, &c., amounted last year to 27,623,815.—*U. Serv. Mag.*

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.—In a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, Marshal Soult admitted the holy war declared by Morocco against the French in Algiers. The papers also announce an untoward event in the province of Constantina. The garrison of Biscara, composed of natives in French pay, had revolted, murdered two French officers, and betrayed the post to the enemy.—*Spect.*



SCIENCE AND ART.

ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.—Among the many inscriptions of the Acropolis which have been published in the *Ephemeris* of the Archæological Society, are three or four of peculiar historic interest—the inscription on the base of the votive statue to Minerva of health, mentioned in the *Life of Pericles*, by Plutarch and by Pliny, the catalogue of the contributions of different towns to the treasury in the Parthenon, and the description, price and distribution of the work done in erecting the Long Walls.

The following statues and reliefs are of sufficient value to merit casts, were the means afforded from the museums of Europe:—10 pieces of the frieze of the Parthenon, of the 14 still in the Acropolis; 1 metope—the Winged Victory taking off her sandal, and another called the Bull of Marathon, reliefs from the exterior of the Victory Apteros, with part of a third, a beautiful little statue of a fawn, about 2 feet high; Ceres, or Diana, ascending a car, in a style resembling that of the Zanthian Marbles; about eight of the small sepulchral and other reliefs preserved in the Pinacotheca; several beautiful fragments of small statues, three of those preserved in the Stoa of Adrian; a torso of a Cupid; a bold sepulchral relief of an old man and a youth, 5 feet high; a finely draped statue, of the best era, 6 feet high, found at Andros, head wanting, having been replaced by a Roman bust, as the cutting at the neck shows; small relief, with inscription Athena, &c.; the colossal statue of Erechthonius, still in situ, below the temple of Theseus, 8 feet high, head wanting; colossal statue of Minerva Victrix, remarkable for its exquisite drapery, head wanting, near the Theseium. In the Theseium—the very curious relief, 6 feet high, of a Warrior with spear, with great remains of colors—a work of Aristeion, of the ancient school of Sycion; a beautiful figure, of the very best era, perfect all but the legs below the knee and the arms, 5 feet high, called the Apollo, from having a serpent on the base; a statue supposed to be Apollo Lycius, 6 feet; a beautiful little Silenus, with the infant

Bacchus on his shoulder, 3 feet; a Pan, 3 feet high; a beautiful little Terminus, 11-2 foot high, with three heads of the Diana Triformis, and one of Hermes; a sepulchral relief, 5 feet by 4, of a youth, dog and boy; another, of the same size, of female, nurse, child, and friend—both these pieces, in very prominent alto relievo, are admirable specimens of the common sepulchral style subsequent to the best period of Athenian sculpture. Several other reliefs, of small size and minor importance. No excavations have been made lately out of the Acropolis, neither is there any probability of any being made, for the Greek Government have no funds for the purpose, and the law prevents any individual from removing any antiquities from Greece. It is much to be lamented, that great part of the town is built over ancient remains, and little hope can any longer be entertained of any discoveries in Athens, except in the Acropolis. Indeed, many reasons combine to point out other places as affording better hopes of success in archæological research.—*Athenæum*.

MR. DRAYTON'S INVENTION FOR SILVERING MIRRORS.—By this gentleman's process, the mirror is, for the first time, literally speaking, *silvered*, inasmuch as silver is precipitated on it from its nitrate (lunar caustic) in the form of a brilliant lamina. The process is this: on a plate of glass, surrounded with an edge of putty, is poured a solution of nitrate of silver in water and spirit, mixed with ammonia and the oils of cassia and of cloves. These oils precipitate the metal in somewhat the same manner as vegetable fibre does in the case of marking ink—the quantity of oil influencing the rapidity of the precipitation. Mr. Faraday here referred to Dr. Wollaston's method of precipitating the phosphate of ammonia and magnesia on the surface of a vessel containing its solution, in order to make intelligible how the deposit of silver was determined on the surface of clean glass, not (as in Dr. W.'s experiment) by mechanical causes, but by a sort of electric affinity.

This part of Mr. Faraday's discourse was illustrated by three highly striking adaptations of Mr. Drayton's process. He first silvered a glass plate, the surface of which was cut in a ray-like pattern. 2d. A bottle was filled with Mr. Drayton's transparent solution, which afterwards exhibited a cylindrical reflecting surface. And, 3d. A large cell, made of two glass plates, was placed erect on the table, and filled with the same clear solution. This, though perfectly translucent in the first instance, gradually became opaque and reflecting; so that, before Mr. Faraday concluded, those of his auditors who were placed within view of it, saw their own faces, or that of their near neighbors, gradually substituted for the faces of those who were seated opposite to them.—*Ath.*

PNEUMATIC APPARATUS FOR VALUING THE RESPIRATORY POWERS, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS AND TABLES.—It consists of two instruments, the one called the "Breathing machine" for measuring "Volume," and the other called the "Inspirator," for measuring "Power"—by which the three principal observations for arriving at correct results are taken, viz., the number of cubic inches of air thrown out of the chest—and the power by which that air can be drawn in and given out. The "Breathing machine" consists of two vertical cylinders, one within the other,—the outer one contains water, while the inner one, being inverted, is intended to receive the breath, and hence is called the receiver; this receiver is raised in proportion to the quantity of air given out of the lungs of the person under examination. The receiver is counterbalanced by two leaden weights working in two vertical hollow brass perpendicular tubes. To each of the weights is attached a cord, which, working over a pulley at top, passes down another brass tube or column and connected with the cross-head of the receiver, which cross-head with the receiver works up and down by means of slots formed in the inside column. In order to determine how much air is given out, a scale is connected with the receiver, which ascends and descends with it; on this scale the figures represent cubic inches—calculated according to the contents of the receiver, which contains 388 cubic inches of air. The level of the water is the datum or standard line from which the number of cubic inches is to be determined. A bent glass tube is connected with the water in the reservoir, so that the level of the water in the reservoir is readily ascertained by an inspection of the tube: the divisions on the scale on the same level as the surface of the water, indicate the number of cubic inches contained in the receiver, at any elevation. The breath enters the receiver by a tube passing up through the reservoir of water, and when the experiment is concluded and the receiver is to be drawn down again, the air is discharged by a valve cock at bottom. Three taps are fixed in front of this machine, the one for drawing off the water when necessary; the second for discharging the breath through; and the middle one, called the drain tap, for draining off water that sometimes by accident is forced into the vertical tubes. The "Inspirator" is constructed on the principle of elevating by the power of the muscles of inspiration and expiration, a column of mercury, and according to the elevation of the mercury to determine the relative power exerted by these muscles. It consists of a

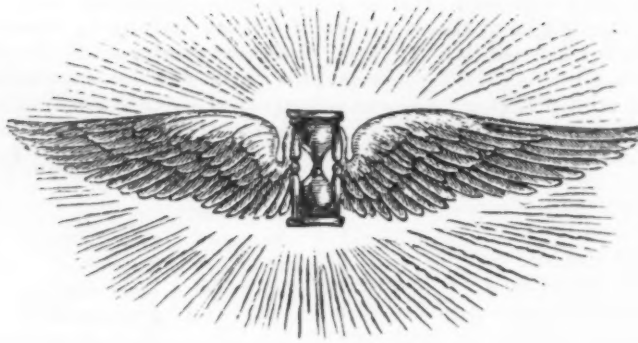
dial plate, graduated with inches and tenths, and is divided equally by a perpendicular line. The left side is graduated for measuring inspiration, the right half for expiration: certain words are engraved in each division expressive of different degrees of strength, thus—

Graduation of Power.

Inspiration.		Expiration.
1.5 inches,	Weak,	2.00 inches.
2. " "	Ordinary,	2.50 " "
2.5 " "	Strong,	3.50 " "
3.5 " "	Very Strong,	4.50 " "
4.5 " "	Remarkable,	5.80 " "
5.5 " "	Very Remarkable,	7.00 " "
6. " "	Extraordinary,	8.50 " "
7. " "	Very Extraordinary,	10.00 " "

These expressions of power are obtained from results of nearly 1,200 observations. The mercury is contained in a bent tube, one end of which is surmounted by a flexible tube, which is terminated by an Indian rubber nose-piece, through which the person under trial draws in or blows out to the extent of his power. Several persons, including fire-brigade men, wrestlers, gentlemen, and particularly Robinson, the well-made dwarf, thirty-six years of age, standing 3 feet 9 inches high, were subjected to the trial of Mr. Hutchinson's apparatus—and it was observed how accurately these cases agreed with Mr. Hutchinson's table of heights, by which it appears that the capacity of a man's lungs increases in arithmetical progression of 8 cubic inches for every inch of his actual height.—*Ath.*

LAND DRAINING.—Land is rendered cold and late by the *great capacity of water for heat*, as compared with clay or sand; the same quantity of heat which is sufficient to raise the temperature of earth or mould four degrees of Fahrenheit, and of common air five degrees, being only sufficient to raise that of water one degree; the residue being absorbed by the water and rendered latent. Consequently, when the land is saturated by water, the sun's rays, instead of being expended in heating the soil, are absorbed and rendered latent by the water which it contains, and the soil derives but one-fourth of the warmth which it would do were it filled with common air instead of water. Other injurious effects are, that it sours the land, and gives rise to the formation of substances hurtful to vegetation. These are caused by the exclusion of common air and the oxygen which it contains from the pores of the soil. Vegetable and animal manures thus remain imperfectly decayed, or decay is converted into putrefaction, and acetic, malic, tannic, gallic, and other acids substituted for carbonic acid and ammonia, the products of simple decay, and which, with the elements of water, are now recognized as the chief agents in the nourishment of plants. Superabundant moisture, likewise, renders the climate of a country insalubrious; but its injurious effects are more immediately recognized in supplying the roots of growing plants with a greater quantity of moisture than they are able to digest, and thus rendering them weak and dropsical.—*Ibid.*



OBITUARY.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.—March 8.—At Stockholm, His Majesty Charles John XIV. King of Sweden and Norway, and Sovereign of the Order of the Seraphim.

Of all that brilliant race of warriors and of statesmen called into sudden life by the terrible forces of the French revolutionary war to scour and sack the plains and cities of Europe, few were gifted with the more dignified and enduring energy which survived the crisis of their youth—one alone retained by his own deserts the kingly prize which had been flung to him. Of all the phantasmagoria of the French revolution, and the King-vassals of Imperial France, Bernadotte alone preserved to our day the position to which he had been raised; but he preserved it because, in a country jealous of its ancient liberties and of its national independence, he learned faithfully to observe the conditions of a constitutional government, and to maintain, even at the sacrifices of his personal sympathies, the honor and freedom of the land which had adopted him.

John Baptiste Julius Bernadotte was born at Pau, the capital of Bearn, Jan. 26, 1764. His parents were humble, but not of the very humblest condition, as appears from the superior education they were enabled to give him. Some accounts say that he was designed for the bar; but, in his 16th year, he suddenly relinquished his studies, and enlisted as a private soldier into the Royal Marines. Notwithstanding his superior acquirements and his good conduct, the year 1789 found Bernadotte only a sergeant; but after the revolutionary torrent swept away the artificial distinctions of society, and cleared the military stage for the exhibition and success of plebeian merit, his rise was most rapid. In 1792 he was Colonel in the army of General Custines. The year following he served under Kleber with so much ability and zeal, that he was promoted to the rank of General of Brigade, and almost immediately afterwards to that of General of Division.

In the ensuing campaigns, the new General served both on the Rhine and in Italy, and on every occasion with distinguished reputation; but he kept aloof from the conqueror of Italy—having even thus early taken up an ominous foreboding of his designs.

The weakness of the existing government, the talents, popularity, and character of the hero, and, above all, the contempt which he exhibited for the orders of the Directory, when opposed to his own views, might well create distrust in a mind so sagacious as Bernadotte's. He was so little disposed to become the instrument of Bonaparte's ambition, that, after the peace of Campo-Formio,

he flatly refused to serve in the army of England. With some difficulty he was persuaded to accept an embassy to Austria, from which he shortly returned. On the establishment of the Consulate, he received the staff of a Marshal of France, and in 1806 the title of Prince of Ponte Corvo was added to his other honors. In the German campaigns, as well as in the command which he held for a short time against the Chouans in the west of France, he was distinguished from all his military comrades by his consideration and generosity towards the conquered enemy. From 1806 to 1809 he commanded the first *corps d'armée* in the north of Germany; and it is recorded that his personal kindness to a body of 1500 Swedes, who had fallen as prisoners into his hands, first awakened among the younger officers of that nation those feelings of gratitude which led to his nomination as a candidate for the reversion of the crown of Sweden.

Of all the Imperial generals (for the sterner Republican spirits of the army had long been removed from the scene) Bernadotte was the least inclined to yield to Napoleon that servile deference which he so strictly exacted. The blemishes of the Imperial regime, the abuse of military power, and the jealousies which had sprung up between the *grands* of that transitory court, had alarmed his caution, and, perhaps, offended his sense of justice. Suddenly, and by a personal impulse rather than by any subtle combination of policy or intrigue, his name was mentioned at the Diet of Orebro, where the deputies of Sweden were assembled to choose a successor to Charles XIII. The consent of the Prince de Ponte Corvo had already been privately implied; that of the Emperor Napoleon was, not without misgivings, extorted from him. Bernadotte said, with characteristic acuteness, "Will your Majesty make me greater than yourself, by compelling me to have refused a crown?" Napoleon replied, "You may go; our destinies must be accomplished."

From that hour Bernadotte, or, as he was thenceforward styled, Charles John, Crown Prince of Sweden, turned with no divided affection to his adopted country. The first acts of his government were to refuse to recruit the French fleet at Brest with Swedish sailors, and to struggle against the oppressive exigencies of the continental system. In 1812 a secret alliance was formed between Sweden and Russia; and in the following year the Crown Prince assumed the command of the combined forces of Northern Germany against the French Empire. The reward of these services which he had rendered to the cause of European freedom, and to the armies of Sweden,

was his undisputed succession to that crown, which he owed neither to the sword nor to the arbitrary policy of his former master, but to the deliberate choice of the Swedish people. He showed himself worthy of the confidence of Europe by his undeviating adherence to those principles of order, justice, and forbearance, by which the maintenance of the general peace has been happily secured; and, by his frank and judicious compliance with the obligations imposed upon a sovereign by the free constitutions both of Sweden and of Norway, he earned the unbounded veneration of those nations. If we look back upon the annals of Sweden in the preceding half century, we are confounded by the perpetual revolutions which agitated the state and menaced the existence of its Kings. But since the accession of Charles John to the throne of Sweden, although the whole of Europe has at various times been shaken by important changes in the internal constitutions of its states, Sweden has continued to enjoy uninterrupted tranquillity and prosperity.

It was on his birthday in the year 1840, after a reign of nearly 30 years, that Charles John XIV. took occasion, in a speech from the throne, to survey with parental satisfaction the condition of his dominions. The population of the kingdom was so much increased, that the inhabitants of Sweden alone are now equal in number to those of Sweden and Finland before the latter province was torn from the former. The commerce and the manufactures of the country have been doubled, agriculture improved, instruction diffused, the finances raised from a state of great embarrassment to complete prosperity, the national debt almost paid off, a civil and a penal code proposed for promulgation, the great canals which unite the ocean with the Baltic have been completed, and lastly, the secular hostility of the Swedish and Norwegian nations has given way to mutual confidence, cemented by kindred institutions, and the enlightened government of the same sceptre.

Such are the claims of the late sovereign to the respectful and grateful recollections of his people. Of all the princes of his time, he sought most steadily and effectually to concentrate the whole energy of his government on the internal duties which it had to perform. He found Sweden exhausted by centuries of foreign war, which were followed by endless reverses abroad and convulsions at home; he has left her at the head of the secondary powers of Europe, and well prepared to uphold her interests and her dignity in those important questions which the course of events may, at no distant period, open for discussion on the shores of the Baltic.

A very interesting memoir of Bernadotte will be found in the volume entitled "The Court and Camp of Napoleon," but it is too long and too well known to be transferred to our columns on this occasion.

Bernadotte married the sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. His son and heir has assumed the royal authority, under the style of Oscar the Second, and announced his intention of continuing the government of Sweden and Norway in the footsteps of his late father. The Prince of Vasa, the heir of the old dynasty, has written from Darmstadt to all the great powers, to say that, "in the present position of affairs, he should certainly abstain from all demonstration; but that

he did not intend, on that account, to forego his own claim, as well as that of his family, to the throne of Sweden."—*Gent's Mag.*

The long-expected death of the Duke of Angoulême took place at Goritz on the 3d instant, after months of suffering. The Duchess and Duke of Bordeaux were with the expiring exile. It is stated that the French Court have gone into mourning.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Annuaire des Voyages et de la Géographie pour l'année 1844, par une réunion de géographes et de voyageurs, sous la direction de M. Frederic Lacroix. Paris. 1844.

This is the first of a promised series of little works to be published annually, and which are to comprise a popular survey of whatever, worthy of note, shall have been done in each year towards extending and enriching the field of geographical knowledge. The design is excellent, and the execution of this first part is, on the whole, very creditable. As a specimen of cheap literature it is a marvel, even as considered with reference to the average rate of price for French publications. The body of the work opens with a 'Resumé des Voyages de l'Année,' occupying fifty pages. Next we have fourteen articles (170 pages), either original essays, or extracts from books of travels not yet published, some of which are highly interesting. The rest of the volume is taken up with reviews of recent works, of which twenty-seven are noticed, and with useful tabular matter, lists of books, &c. The following statement, put forth on the authority of M. Hommaire de Hell, is startlingly at variance with opinions hitherto received. That traveller spent five years in exploring the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian. His work has recently begun to be published in parts; we purpose giving our readers some account of it when it shall have reached a more advanced stage of publication.

"M. Hommaire has ascertained that the difference of level between the Sea of Azov and the Caspian, is 18.304 millimètres (7.3 English inches) not 108 mètres (354 English feet) as asserted by Parrot and Engelhart in 1812, nor 25 mètres (82 English feet) as declared in 1839 by three members of the Academy of St. Petersburg. He proves that this difference of level is not the consequence of a depression in the land, as some geologists suppose, but results simply from the diminution of the waters in the Caspian. This diminution he traces partly to the separation of the two seas, and partly to the loss sustained by the waters of the Oural, the Volga, and the Emba, since the Oural mountains have been denuded of their forests, and the regions along the banks of the Volga have been brought into cultivation. Every thing combines to prove that the Caspian was formerly connected with the Black Sea in a line passing through the basins of the Manitch and the Kouma; and this junction would be renewed were the Bosphorus suddenly blocked up, as is found by an easy calculation of the amount of evaporation from the surface of the Black Sea,

and of the quantity of surplus water that flows from it into the Mediterranean. The numerous salt lakes covering considerable spaces in the provinces of southern Russia, prove that the Caspian was formerly much more extensive than it is at the present day. It was the gradual retirement of the waters of that sea, that left behind those remarkable hollows from which the Russians extract vast quantities of salt."—*Foreign Quarterly*.

Southey's Poetical Works, complete in one Volume. pp. 800. Double columns. Longmans.

Like the late popular edition of Moore, the publishers have here collected the poetical treasures of Southey into a single volume, together with the separate explanatory and highly interesting prefaces to former editions. These present much for the critic to reflect upon, and are peculiarly worthy of attention for the author's criticisms upon himself, and anecdotes connected with the composition of so many immortal writings. For Southey is one of the immortals; and when we view the vastness and variety of the productions contained within this volume, we feel that we are within the shrine of a genius of original character, great attainments, and extraordinary powers. To say more now would be superfluous. The public has every reason to rejoice in being enabled to possess such a monument of literary devotedness and magnificent talent. It is a library in itself.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Rebellion in the Cevennes. An Historical Novel, in two volumes. By Ludwig Tieck. Translated from the German by Madame Burette. Nutt.

Tieck is becoming better known and better liked in England every day. This is one of the best of his historical stories exceedingly well translated.

The rebellion of which it embodies the principal feature was one of that long succession of insurrections in which the small Protestant sects, such as the Albigenses and Waldenses, vindicated themselves to the death against the crusades and oppressions of the papal power. The characters in this narrative are nearly all historical, and Tieck exhibits considerable art in the way in which he blends his facts, and the dramatic incidents he interweaves with them, so as to produce a romance no less picturesque than true.

These rebellions and struggles for freedom of religious opinion are favorite topics with the German writers, but none of them exceed in interest the bold circumstances attending the movement headed by Roland, the hero of Tieck's plot. To the English reader these stories ought to be no less attractive. England is the champion of the protestant world. The dispersed and hunted protestants of all denominations in all parts of the earth look to England, with much the same feelings as the followers of the Greek church look to Constantinople—short of the historical tradition which consecrates it as the metropolis of their religion. It is hardly necessary to commend Madame Burette's labor to every body who takes an interest in such topics.—*Court Journal*.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht. By Lord Mahon, vol. 4. From the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle to the Peace of Paris.

History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Present Time. By Thomas Stephen, vol. 2.

System of Political Economy. C. H. Hagen, LL. D. Translated from the German by J. P. Smith.

Journal of a Missionary Tour through the Desert of Arabia to Bagdad. By the Rev. Jacob Samuel.

Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, as narrated by the Very Rev. R. Egbert, D. D., Bishop in the United Evangelical Church of Prussia.

Varronianus: a Critical and Historical Introduction to the Philological Study of the Latin Language. By the Rev. John William Donaldson, M. A.

Researches on Light. By Robert Hunt, Secretary to the Royal Polytechnic Society.

GERMANY.

Bibliotheca patrum ecclesiast. latinorum selecta. Cur. E. G. Gersdorf. Vol. xi. Firmiani Lactantii Opera. Tom. ii. *Leip.*

Vierteljahrs-Schrift, kirchliche. No. 2, (Ap.—Ju. 1844.) *Berlin.*

Atlas Von Asia. No. 2.: Karte Von China u. Japan. Von H. Berghaus. *Gotha*
Ueber das Verhältniss der ägyptischen Sprache zum semitischen Sprachstamm. Von Th. Benfey. *Leipzig.*

Suidæ Lexicon, græce et latine. Ad fidem optimorum librorum exactum post Th. Gaisfordum recensuit et annotatione critica instruxit Godofr. Bernhardt. Tom. I. Fasc. vii. et ult. *Halle.*

FRANCE.

Illustres Médecins et Naturalistes des Temps Modernes. Par M. Isid. Bourdon. *Paris.*

1688—1830, ou Parallèle Historique des Révolutions d'Angleterre et de France sous Jacques II. et Charles X. Par M. le Comte Maxime de Choiseul-Daillecourt. *Paris.*

L'Inde Anglaise en 1843. Par le Comte Edouard de Warren, Ancien Officier au Service de S. M. Britannique dans l'Inde, Présidence de Madras. *Paris.*

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
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
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
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
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
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
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
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
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
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